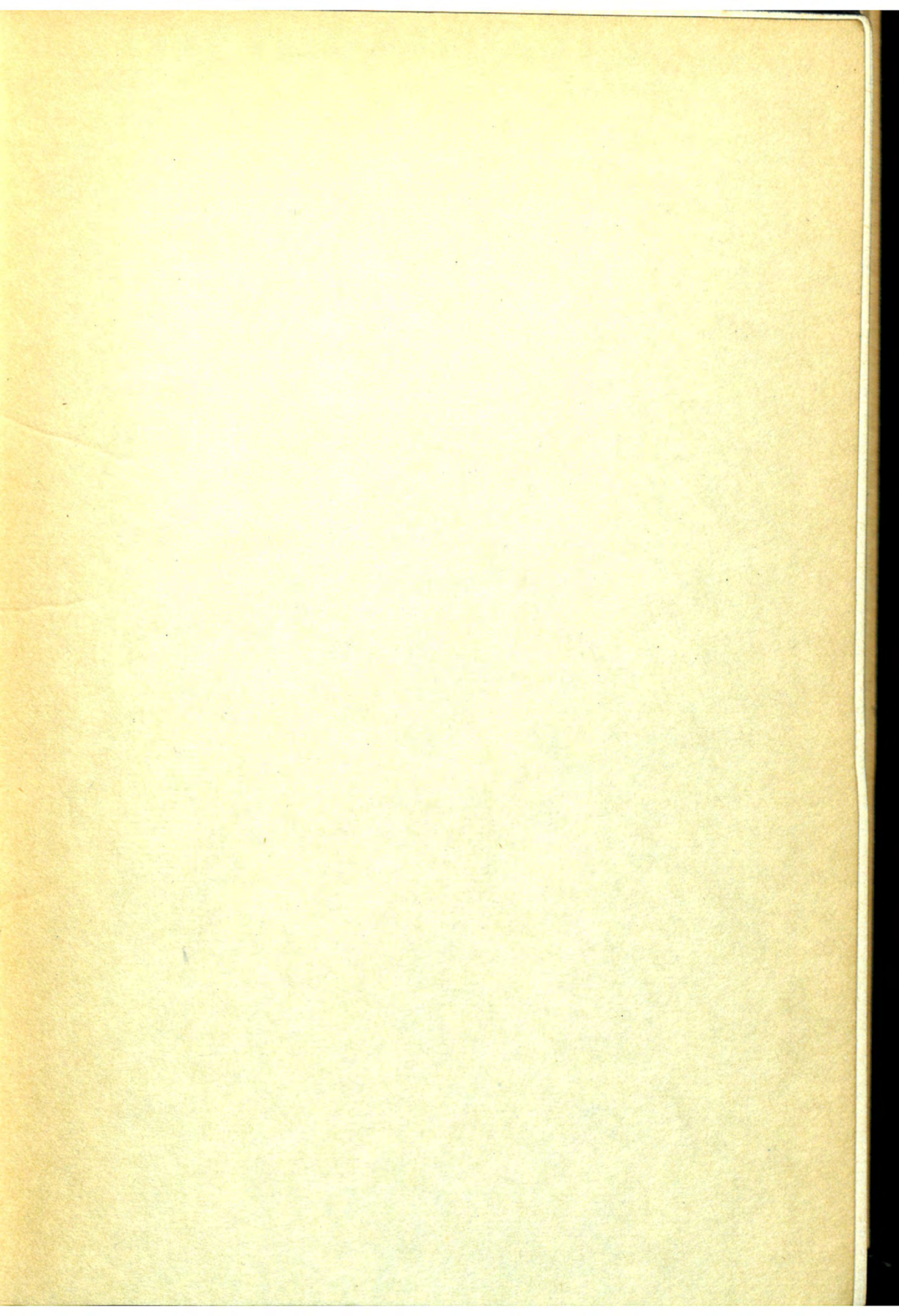
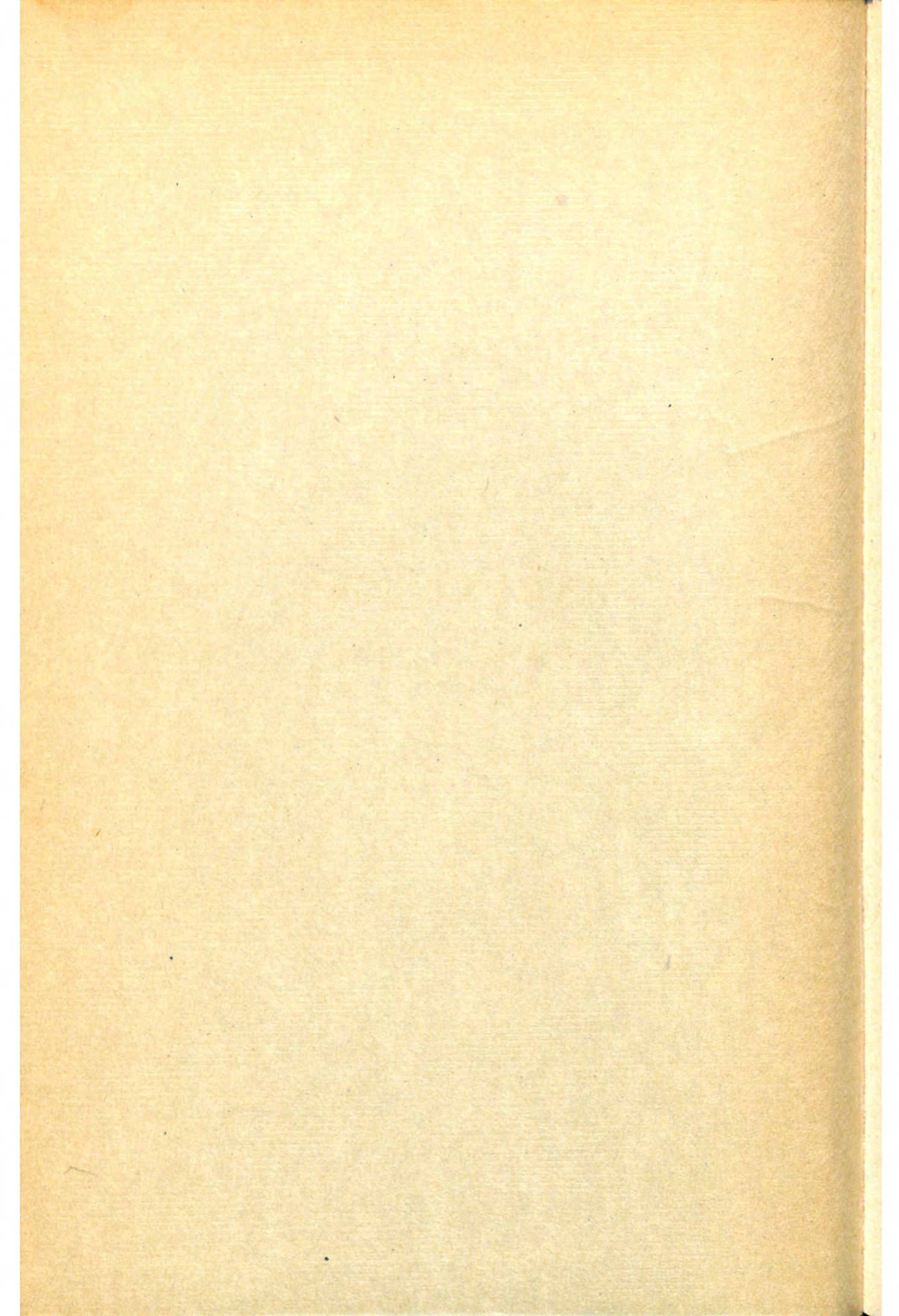


**MASKS
OF
LOVE AND LIFE**

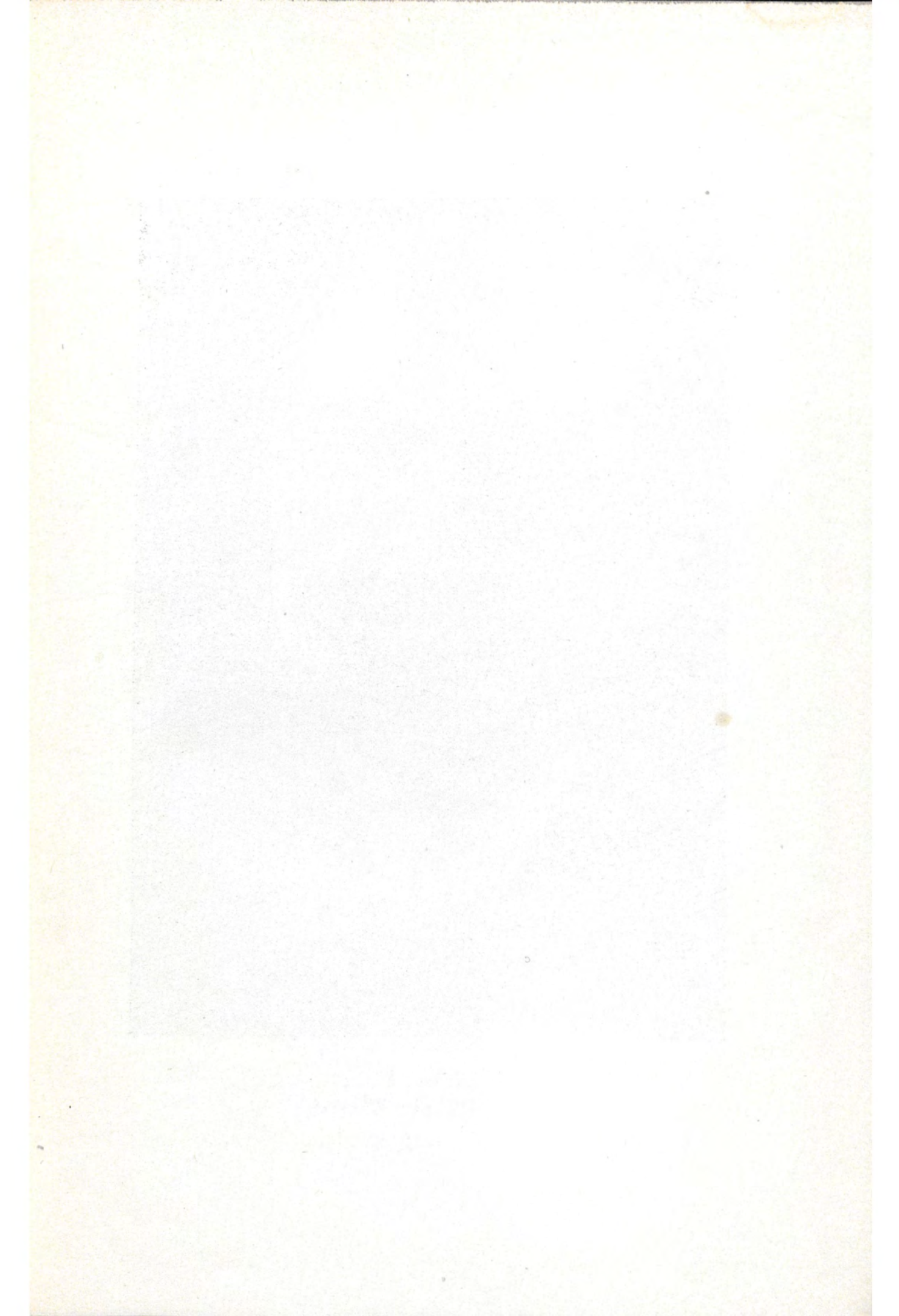


HANNS SACHS





**MASKS OF LOVE
AND LIFE**





DR. HANNS SACHS
(1881 - 1947)

MASKS OF LOVE AND LIFE



THE PHILOSOPHICAL BASIS OF PSYCHOANALYSIS

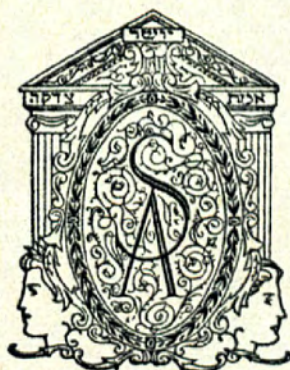
by

DR. HANNS SACHS

*Late of The Harvard Medical School
Founder of American Imago*

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION, MEMOIR, AND GLOSSARY
By A. A. ROBACK

FOREWORD *by* ANNA FREUD



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DIE PSYCHOANALYTISCHE HOCHSCHULE IN BERLIN

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FOREWORD

BY ANNA FREUD

HANNS SACHS was a pupil and follower of Freud for more than forty years. He remained, during this period, closely associated with the development of psychoanalytic theory, practice and instruction, as an outstanding figure in the progress of the psychoanalytic movement in Europe and the United States.

Since 1904, when he first became acquainted with the new science by reading Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams*, the position of psychoanalysis in the external world has undergone various and decisive changes. After having been repudiated by medicine, and disregarded by the orthodox schools of psychiatry, psychoanalysis has, especially since the first World War, entered into a new phase of its existence. It is accepted increasingly as an important approach to the problems of psychotherapy of the neuroses, to clinical psychiatry and — recently, under the title of psychosomatic medicine — to many disorders of the body which were hitherto regarded and treated as purely physical disturbances. Psychoanalysis has thus gained standing in the professional world: the teaching of psychoanalytic theories and their application to therapy has been included in the curriculum of some medical

Masks of Love and Life

schools in the United States; and at least a minimum knowledge of psychoanalytic principles is, in many places, considered indispensable for every medical practitioner, to enable him to make differential diagnoses between organic and functional disorders and to carry out preliminary investigations and treatments "on analytical lines."

This increase in medical prestige has, on the other hand, involved psychoanalysis in dangers and setbacks which are different from those of the past. For medical schools it is only natural that they should regard psychoanalysis above all as a valuable aid in carrying out their own special tasks. Analytical theory is, therefore, taught as a means to an end, the purpose being to gain new insight into mental and physical diseases and to acquire a new technical skill in dealing with them.

Under these conditions, other important aspects of the new science tend to be neglected. Psychoanalysis has, from its inception, aspired to be a normal as well as an abnormal psychology by offering a description of the mental apparatus as such, and by providing explanations of normal mental functioning and normal mental development. This new psychology is capable of a wide application to the social sciences, anthropology, mythology, literature and art. It is generally admitted now that psychoanalysis has proved its value as an abnormal psychology. But as a normal psychology too, it is increasingly making contributions to the social sciences and, furthermore, is yielding prac-

Foreword

tical and easily demonstrable results in the realms of education and re-education.

In this struggle — not between medical analysis and lay analysis, but between the relative importance of psychoanalysis for the medical and non-medical fields — Hanns Sachs has consistently thrown his weight on the latter side. As editor of the journal *Imago* (founded in 1912 in conjunction with Otto Rank, under the direction of Freud, and continued, in the United States, as *The American Imago*) Hanns Sachs was the first to summarize the work done in psychoanalysis as applied to the social sciences, and to advocate further research in these directions. As an author, he followed up these suggestions himself, in his own writings, which, apart from the description of clinical states, ranged widely over the fields of dream interpretation and the study of the unconscious; the exploration of fantasies and day-dreams; the conditions of artistic creativeness; the study of literary and historical personalities; and the importance of psychoanalysis for sociological problems.

For Hanns Sachs, more than for most authors in the same field, psychoanalytic psychology meant, above all, the means to inquire into the daily behavior of human beings, into their relations with each other and with their chosen love-objects, as well as into their attitude toward the inevitable problems of life and death. There is, in this respect, a straight line which can be traced from his first paper "Traumdeutung und Menschenkenntnis," (Dream-interpretation and the

Masks of Love and Life

Knowledge of Human Beings), published in 1911, to the present book *Masks of Love and Life*, written in 1946, which is now, after the author's death, presented to the public.

If, at any time, psychoanalysis will make a place for itself, not only in the medical schools of universities but in the faculties of arts and science as well, credit for this development will be due, to a large extent, to the researches and writings; in short, the life-work of Hanns Sachs.

ANNA FREUD.

London, July, 1948.

DR. HANNS SACHS

(*A Memoir*)*

HANNS SACHS was born in Vienna, in 1881, into a typically middle-class family, which counted rabbis and merchants in its immediate ancestry. The family originally had lived in Sudeten Land (Czechoslovakia) but had emigrated to Austria.

As was customary in Jewish bourgeois circles of Central Europe which had already tasted the fruit of emancipation and assimilation, a professional career was the desideratum of many parents for their children. Thus, the subject of our sketch found himself studying the profession of his father and uncles. It so happened that his brother-in-law and nephew were also practicing lawyers.

Like many other young men, however, who were inducted into law or medicine only to find that they had no hankering for their profession, or even a decided aversion to it, leaving it for art, literary work, or music, Sachs became more interested in general culture. He had read a great deal of the world's best literature, was a devotee of art, and became very fond of music, but poetry was his special love, and while still a lawyer, he translated into German, among other things, Kipling's *Barrack Room Ballads*.

* A short obituary by the present writer appeared in *Aufbau*; in January, 1947

Masks of Love and Life

Sachs always regarded himself as an indifferent lawyer, indifferent, perhaps, in the double sense. When I mentioned, in connection with a certain situation, that his legal training should have been of service to him, he replied "What sort of a lawyer was I? One that you had constantly to push uphill."

It would seem that in the life of every one that counts, particularly if he happens to be beset by personal problems of a special nature, there comes an occasion like a flash, a momentary illumination, which shows the way toward destiny. In Sachs's case, it was the reading of Freud's *Traumdeutung*. In Freud's interpretation of dreams, the young Sachs, in 1904, saw an original and fascinating piece of work. Deciding to become further acquainted with the then obscure doctrine, which later was to make its rounds the world over, he attended, not without trepidation, and in the company of a cousin to give him courage, but even then on the verge of making a hasty exit, one of the Saturday night lectures at the University of Vienna by the man who was to change the whole course of his life.

The practice of law was gradually becoming for him a distinct boe; and his purely literary activities were now invested with a new interest, viz., the application of the psychoanalytic torch to verse, the story, or play. Although the pioneer collaborators of Freud were practically all voracious readers and cultured men, Sachs probably was the real dilettante among them; and when he gave up his law practice, only the confluence of literature and psychoanalysis lay open for

Dr. Hanns Sachs

him. Around 1912, he had induced Freud to found *Imago*, a journal devoted to the interpretation of cultural phenomena (mythology, art, literature, religion) in the light of psychoanalysis; and, in conjunction with Otto Rank, he was commissioned to edit this journal of which 20 volumes had appeared in Europe, and which, after 1938, was continued in this country as *The American Imago*, now under the editorship of Dr. G. B. Wilbur.

In 1920, he was entrusted with the serious task of training psychoanalysts; and this new vocation was to be carried on in Berlin. We must remember that Dr. Sachs, unlike his colleagues, was not a psychiatrist. He had no medical degree of any kind, and the men he was to analyze were either medical students or physicians, some of whom had already been in psychoanalytic practice for years. It was a risky undertaking for a man with but a legal training and a taste for letters and art, nevertheless he acquitted himself so well that his reputation as a clear-sighted and effective mentor spread throughout the continent until he was invited, in 1932, just a year before the Nazis came into power, to join the staff of the Harvard School of Medicine. He was the only instructor on that faculty not to have an M. D. degree. Many of his friends and acquaintances, as a matter of fact, were astonished to learn that his doctorate was obtained in jurisprudence.

In Boston, he not only taught psychoanalysis at Harvard and Simmons College, and gave seminars at the Boston Psychoanalytic Institute, but acquired an

Masks of Love and Life

influential practice, for the most part, continuing the training work begun in Berlin; at the same time he edited his journal, *The American Imago*.

It was not until early in 1942 that I met Dr. Sachs, when he came to consult me about the publication of a book of essays which subsequently appeared under the title of *The Creative Unconscious*. He seemed to be quite upset about coming ten or fifteen minutes late, because he had not received the proper directions, and lamented the fact that it was the only time he could remember being tardy. I told him that so far as I was concerned, absolute punctuality was no virtue. Perhaps he felt more at ease about it, but it is quite possible that the habit he had built up, and from which he had never allowed himself to swerve, had become for him a mild anancasia. The first impression received, which lasted till his death, was that of an independent, objective, and, in spite of an occasional quasi-cynical remark about the world and its people, a most serious observer of life.

Hanns Sachs never sought to be in the limelight. He was businesslike enough, and direct, at times moody and a man of few words, yet underneath that indifferent exterior, there was a world of sentiment, and he was not devoid of warmth. He never looked upon himself as a professional. In his extremely enlightening article "Observations of a Training Analyst," which was probably the last thing he wrote before death snatched him, he tells us that "Psychoanalysis demands all of a man's humanity: it appeals constantly to the entire

Dr. Hanns Sachs

person" (*The Psychoanalytic Quarterly*, 1947, vol. XVI, No. 2, p. 162). For him, to live meant to appreciate and to serve. In addition to his near relatives, there were not a few who were assisted in one way or another, especially in the matter of escaping to this Country, with which he identified himself as his real home, and whose ideals thrilled him.

Although Dr. Sachs made no bid for popularity, he was highly esteemed among his colleagues for his sincerity and integrity, as well as for his erudition and understanding. Success was no goddess to him; and he was contented with the mead of reward which he received as a result of his straightforward application to his chosen work and his pleasant relations with all who came in contact with him. He was a gentleman in the best English sense.

Sachs did not publish a great deal. The Bibliography we find in *The Psychoanalytic Quarterly* (1947, vol. XVI, pp. 153-156) comprises 78 items. The present book would then be the 79th publication. True, the list is not exhaustive, and mentions nothing prior to 1911 but, even so, since most of the writings are short articles, reviews, and obituary notices — and a few are translations, cited also as original articles — the output would not be great over a life-time. This by no means indicates that he was not industrious, but that *Schaffen* was hardly his great goal in life. His was the appreciative and contemplative life. The spirit had to move him, or perhaps he needed a fillip from someone of whom he thought highly to give him the impetus.

Masks of Love and Life

Those who have known Dr. Sachs in his declining years may have gained the impression that he was an ascetic and much of the recluse, but in reality, he lived, if not as a sybarite, at least as a man of the world. In Berlin, he consorted mainly with society people, with prominent artists, actors and actresses, and was associated with movie stars. For many years he was the trusted advisor of Pabst, the leading German cinema director. He liked to entertain in great style, dressed well, and was carefully groomed, travelled extensively and by the best means of transportation, stopping at the best resorts and hotels. He was a well-known figure at premières, at studio parties, at gala balls, and night clubs.

His mode of living changed only after the shock he had received from the tragic plight of many of his friends in Europe; and that seems to have coincided with the first symptoms of his fatal disease.

If it is true that a character reveals itself especially in illness, then it may be said that Sachs accepted his lot in the last two years of his life with fortitude. Indeed, the last chapter of the book before us presents a picture of his state of mind during this ordeal. In his little volume on Freud, he relates that the latter would poke fun at his boundless optimism. Sachs remained an incorrigible optimist all his life, and even though he did not believe in immortality, he could still end his last work with the comforting words, "We enjoy our discovery with leisure, and, leaning back, we wait for the call to bed, hoping that it will be given by

Dr. Hanns Sachs

a soft and friendly voice. Thus the forerunner of death brings the message of life." Perhaps he here gives expression to an echo which dimly reverberated from something he had heard in early life about the manner of Moses' death. In Jewish lore, he is represented as dying, not as Freud in his *Moses and Monotheism*, surmises, at the hands of Jewish assassins, but at a most ripe age, with God's kiss on his lips; and it was customary to speak of a painless passing out as "death with a kiss." Such good fortune was not the lot of Dr. Sachs. He had turned 66 the very day he died, on January 10, 1947; and the meaning of *angina* is too well known to associate it with even a mere sting.

A true portrait of a man is scarcely complete without a specimen of his handwriting, hence a letter is reproduced showing the slight pressure for a person of more than average weight, the excellent spacing, the simple, although not conventional, letter formations, and the aesthetic signature, which bears a flourish in good taste, but most of all — and something I could never explain — the lower case *i*, instead of the capital letter, for the first personal pronoun. Freud used a lower case *f* in writing his surname, but the capital *I* appears in his English notes. Whether Sachs felt that the first person should not receive such prominence, in any language, or whether he unconsciously thereby showed his extreme detachment and impersonal attitude to things, the very fact is characteristic of the man.

A. A. ROBACK.

Masks of Love and Life

THE AMERICAN IMAGO

Professor S. Freud, Editor
Managing Editor, Dr. Hanns Sachs

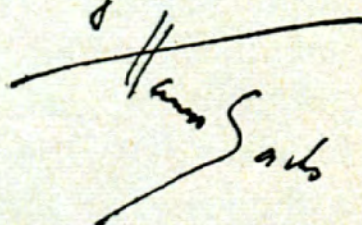
168 Marlborough St.
Boston, Mass.

Jan. 14th 1946

Dear Dr. Roback, thanks for the
enclosures which I return herewith. Well, let's hope
for the best.

I shall be glad to have dinner with you
on Sunday, but this time it is your turn to be my
guest. I will be back home at 7 p.m. according to
previous arrangements and therefore come to see you
at an early time. If I don't hear to the contrary
I will be at your house at 4:45 p.m.

Yours cordially

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'Hanns Sachs'. The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long horizontal stroke extending to the right.

A COMPOSITE OF TWO LETTERS, SHOWING SLIGHT VARIATIONS.
(size reduced)

INTRODUCTION

BY A. A. ROBACK

AFTER COMPLETING the proofreading of *The Creative Unconscious*, Dr. Sachs projected a laborious study on — St. Paul. It was a far cry from the poets and artists whom his colleagues, including Freud, had taken for their subjects, although Freud himself did go as far back as Moses. Dr. Sachs was to undertake a thorough analysis of the life and work, a psychobiography, of the Apostle who had intrigued so many minds both among the learned theologians and Semitic scholars, as well as among fiction writers, and no doubt he was well qualified for the task; for he had more than a bowing acquaintance with Greek, even though the Greek of the New Testament is hardly classical, and possessed an understanding of ancient history such as academicians cannot always boast of.

It was surprising, then, to learn that instead of the Paul tome, a small book on his relations with his friend and master, Sigmund Freud, appeared soon afterwards. This was no *Fehlhandlung* (symptomatic act) on his part, but probably a practical consideration, inasmuch as the research on St. Paul was becoming too burdensome for one who had been cautioned to look after a physical condition which eventually proved fatal.

Nevertheless, that Sachs did not neglect his in-

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vestigation into the milieu of St. Paul is evident from the fourth chapter of the present volume, but it is also apparent that Dr. Sachs was interested in something on a larger scale, which would *include* the inquiry into Pauliana; and out of his rich and ripe experience grew the present work, which constitutes a sort of confession of faith as well as a survey of life (or, perhaps better, *living*) in a setting of depth psychology.

That Sachs was at work on this volume might have been known to a few friends, but even they had no notion of its contents; and in the obituary which Dr. R. M. Loewenstein wrote (*The Psychoanalytic Quarterly*, April 1947, vol. XVI., No. 2) we read: "Death surprised him in the midst of an important creative work, parts of which, I fear, will remain irretrievably lost, but some of which, I hope, we may be permitted to know." Dr. Sachs's many admirers and readers will, therefore, be glad to learn that none of this work is lost, and that at the end of chapter XVI, "The Path to the Tree of Life," the author suffixed the word FINIS, which was ominous in this instance; for very shortly thereafter, it could apply to the life which brought forth the book that is at present before us. It is fortunate, indeed, that Dr. Sachs was able to give to the host of intelligent men and women who are interested in psychoanalysis his testament — a compact and significant Baedeker to the snags and snarls on our journey from cradle to grave.

The original title of the present book, that is, the one which the author had chosen, was *The People of a*

Introduction

Strange Planet, the initials of which — P. S. P.— recur very frequently in these pages. What he meant to convey was that our own population, on our very earth, behaved strangely, once you stopped to analyze their actions. It is as if, face to face with our own, or, better, other people's doings, we did not recognize the agents or perpetrators as belonging to our sphere.

Changing a book-title which could no longer be defended by the author was no easy decision; for even editors, at least some of them, are encumbered with what is generally honored as piety toward the dead. Luckily my experience with the late Dr. Sachs in a similar connection, when he accepted, without objection, the title *The Creative Unconscious* which I proposed to take the place of his own, viz., *The Mending of Shadows*, was a sufficient precedent and indication that had he lived today, he would very likely have been willing to substitute something else, probably, consenting, as he did before, to defer to the editor's judgment; for Hanns Sachs was one of the rare objective spirits who do not suppose that their word must stand, come what may. Incidentally, the earlier suppressed title "Mending of Shadows" was not repressed; for, as the reader will find, chapter VI of this book has been labelled "The Mending of Shadows."

An explanation of the change would naturally be due. The chief reason, of course, is that the original title might easily mislead and give rise to the belief that the book is on some phase of astronomy. It might find itself, in the bookstalls, alongside a volume on the

Masks of Love and Life

moon or the canals of Mars. The title is appropriate enough upon reflection after reading the book. One might be tempted to exclaim "Yes, we are such queer people — we of the genus *homo sapiens*!" but that surely is no novel discovery, after the last dozen years or so, anyway. "Everyone is queer but me and thee, Eliza, and methinks thou art a bit queer too." But is it the planet that is strange? The strangeness is not even in the people as such, but in their overt acts as compared with the motives, in the discrepancy between the conscious and the unconscious, in the strived-at-result defeating the purpose. In other words, we are dealing with *masks* which are covering the faces of all important phases of life, with love as its focus or centre.

Masks of Love and Life is, in a sense, a strange book. Dr. Sachs here sums up his outlook on life, and at the same time he supplies the *philosophical basis for psychoanalysis*; and who was there more qualified to do this than the man who trained scores, perhaps even hundreds, of psychoanalysts over a period of more than a quarter of a century on two continents? His vocation, however, was not the circumstantial vector which tells the story. He was sent to Berlin for this special work because he was built for it originally. There were many analysts in the entourage of Sigmund Freud who were capable enough, and who had made more spectacular contributions to the theory and practice of psychoanalysis, but it takes a temperament and point of view like Dr. Sachs's to steer and guide budding practitioners in their daily contacts with patients. The

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detachment, empathy, and distance which are so necessary in the appreciation of art must figure also in the training of men and women who are to peer into the minds of other, less fortunate, creatures than themselves. A surgeon may be very skillful, but he requires no great amount of wisdom to treat and operate. In psychoanalysis, wisdom looms large, although it would be absurd to say that all analysts are, by that token, wise.

To the outside critic, psychoanalysts occasionally draw a long bow, or, perhaps more specifically, they shoot more or less at random, and then encircle the mark so that it becomes the bull's eye. The doctrine (whether it relates to the castration complex, penis envy, or some other such mechanism) is propounded as if it were the apodeictic consequence of a long line of causally connected facts, whereas the reverse is true; the illustrations cited in cases are only circles around the particular theory taken for granted. In reading Sachs, we feel that he has started with fundamental facts that you and I have observed for years, and he explains them in perspective with other phenomena. The psychoanalytic term is introduced only as a key-word, and the structure is built up methodically, perhaps it might be said architectonically, much after the fashion of Freud, on a proportionally tridimensional scale, and not only in a vertical direction to form a sky-line, as is the case with many others.

Without introducing invidious comparisons, which

Masks of Love and Life

may be artificial into the bargain, it is perhaps permissible to speak of psychoanalysts who are concerned with the individual and those whose gaze is fixed on civilization as a whole. The former are largely therapists, practitioners who concentrate on individual trees. The cultural analyst surveys the forest, one might almost say the jungle, the *Urwald*, as it is called in German. Hanns Sachs, whose task was primarily to train therapists, rather than to treat neurosis, belongs to the latter category, and his observations, therefore, transcend the application of one theory or another, of this or that mechanism to a special case. In him we have a sociologist who, first of all, musters the data, and with no reference to his particular system. In the course of his treatment, however, the psychoanalytic searchlight is turned on, one might say, automatically.

There is yet another division which may be mentioned, and one that Georg Groddeck (*Das Buch vom Es*) has dwelt on considerably. He divides psychoanalysts into two types: the intuitive and the learned or scientific; and since he appears to favor the former, it must be clear that the dichotomy is not well-labelled. It seems to me that the two phases are *intuitive* and *technical*. Some psychoanalysts are far more technical than intuitive. Although in one of the chapters, he points out the pitfalls of intuitionism as against psychoanalytic advances, Hanns Sachs himself leans toward the intuitive. Throughout the book, he seems to be belittling the scientist as against the literary man in getting to the heart of things. Intuition alone is, of

Introduction

course, inadequate, but technical knowledge alone frequently leads to blind alleys.

The Substance

I have no doubt that many a reader who is not initiated into the mysteries of psychoanalysis will shrug his or her shoulders, wondering what the purport of the book is. Is it an exposition of human nature or a critique of society? Some will be annoyed by the style, because it will interfere with their grasping the continuity of the argument, so that they will perhaps miss the conclusion, and thus they will often suspect that the author is writing with his tongue in his cheek.

It is true, of course, that there is no argument in the sense of a logical construction of premises and conclusions. And yet there is a vital message which Hanns Sachs offers and which is developed with keen insight aided by all the implements of his foster profession and even the guidance received in his legal training.

The volume is a psychoanalytic textbook in disguise. Occasionally one is confronted by a technical term in a parenthetical clause, but throughout, the story is encased in a realistic frame. Sachs does not set out to prove anything. He merely points out phenomena and illuminates them. These phenomena are not just *disjecta membra* but form a concatenated chain of evidence.

The book is therefore, an exposition, but it is also an exposé, a critique of civilization, for P. S. P. (the

Masks of Love and Life

People of a Strange Planet) *are* society and constitute the subjects of our civilization. In general, he is dealing with the ordinary man in the street, the conventional philistine, no matter what his achievements are in some given field, outside that of self-knowledge.

Critics of society and civilization have plied their trade even before Rousseau, but since his time, they have multiplied. Perhaps the most trenchant and embracing of them all was Max Nordau whose *Conventional Lies of Civilization* and *Paradoxes* made a furore in their day. Sachs, however, is not bent on stirring up the world by showing up the hypocrisies and contradictions of our social structure. To a psychoanalyst, all this is taken for granted. They are rooted in life itself or at least in the make-up of *homo sapiens*. He can accept them with a smile, but he is also at pains to understand and trace them.

Such then is the task of Hanns Sachs whose seasoned experience as a trainer of practitioners and whose humanistic diversions have given him a vantage point for observation and reflection, covering nearly all aspects of civilization, with love, of course, as its core.

There have been others who dealt with the same topics in an expert manner, and who have come to the same conclusions many years ago. Whether or not Sachs read Albert Schweitzer's magisterial work *Geschichte der Paulinischen Forschung*, there is a great deal in common between the two approaches, except that the former writer gives a psychoanalytic twist to Paul's personality. I regard Sachs's reasoning on this

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subject as remarkably solid and fairly convincing to an unbiased mind. Although undertaken on a less grand scale, or, let us say, on a much smaller canvas than Freud's *Moses and Monotheism*,* Sachs's treatment is superior in detail work, and in the examination of sources. Sachs has followed more closely along historical lines, while Freud's impatience, understandable in the light of circumstances, has occasioned gaps here and there in the gathering, and some arbitrariness in the sifting, of the material.

The chapter on Paul is a link in the treatise because it serves to show the complete metamorphosis of a personality (reaction formation), and to point up the duality inherent in love (or hate) as well as the mental shuttling from the idea of life to that of death and vice versa.

Similarly, not a few of the most startling statements the non-initiated person will meet here have, in one form or another, been put forth by earlier writers. Let us, *e.g.*, take Sachs's likening the orgasm to a death spasm (p. 159) as a sample. Surely Amiel has adumbrated this observation in his Diary, when he wrote in it on February 15, 1870:

It is the moment of universal madness in which all personality as well as all individuality is suppressed, and when everything that lives communicates in a great death that is the cradle of new

* Just in case some reader might be interested, the most extensive discussion of Freud's last book is to be found in my *Psychorama*.

Masks of Love and Life

generations. Foresight demands annihilation. The Phoenix is reborn from its ashes, but it first destroys itself by fire. Hence the bitter disillusion, the heavy melancholy that follows the orgiastic exaltation of the senses. *Post actum omne animal triste*, says the adage*

What Sachs has done, however is to weld the different observations into a systematic whole in keeping with the principles of psychoanalysis. What we see in ordinary life and from one circumscribed angle is only a series of masks. Our civilization being what it is, the masks cannot very well be removed; but we can develop an instrument which enables us to see through the cover, and once we have done it with the one, then the second, third, fourth, and all down the line will be equally transparent, because one law governs them all. So-called perversion is not always perversion, but when it really is such, it is traced to neurosis, and neurosis harks back to incidents in the distant past of the individual. Love, hate, anxiety, jealousy, compulsion, and many other states of mind are protean forms, often intermingled with what might seem to be the exact counterpart. The author has attempted to dovetail the jigsaw puzzle we call life, by means of the psychoanalytic method.

The Style

Much of the difficulty in reading *Masks of Love*

* *Philine* (edited by Van Wyck Books), page 309

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and Life is due to the wealth of simile and metaphor, analogy and parallel, parable and allusion which fill the book. It veritably teems with figures of speech, poetical quotations, and symbolic intimations, which require a truly cultural background; and it is to be wondered at how a man who had been accustomed to the "whereases," "aforesaids" and "due processes of the law" could so drop that habit and adopt the flowery language of an Oriental poet to convey his meaning. Withal, the epigram is added for spice and flavor.

The beginner will at first find Sachs's style a liability; for although he will doubtless enjoy the elegant form, he will more than once be at a loss to pick up the thread and discover the actual upshot of a paragraph or chapter. Sachs is not concerned with the helplessness of the reader in this respect. He is virtually holding discourse with himself or his kind, else he would have eliminated the many qualifying clauses, asides, and parenthetical reservations. His story — and it is in reality a simple story told in plain language, avoiding technical or too learned terms — bristles with implications and undertones. It is as if the unconscious were playing a dominant part in the composition; and as if various instruments were chiming in at different times, with the *et sapienti sat* . . . wielding the baton.

Perhaps the origins, antecedents, and educational circumstances will account for the heterogeneity of the elements. A Jew, remotely of Spanish, and latterly of Sudeten Land origin, born and educated in Vienna,

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and functioning in Berlin, and the last fifteen years of his life in Boston, trained as a lawyer, but passionately devoted to the arts and literature, and eventually making psychoanalysis his all-in-all, could not write in prescribed textbook fashion. The man was too catholic in scope to present an *ex cathedra* manual for students. In fact, I doubt whether any true Viennese can wield a prosaic pen, but Sachs did not owe allegiance to Vienna alone. The Gallic spirit pervaded his outlook in almost the same degree. He was a disciple of the French moralists; and the delicate irony of a Pascal and the subtle innuendo of an Anatole France were just as much part of him as his German and Austrian background. He thus combines the style of the *geistreiche** feuilleton, for which Vienna is so famous, with that of the intimate *causerie*, celebrated in France.

Sachs confides to us his little escapades and embarrassments of childhood using almost the same turns of speech as the great French master, when, in his delightful *Le Livre de Mon Ami*, France writes of himself:

What I behold at such times in these gardens is just a little fellow trotting along on his way to school. . . . It is only my inward eye that beholds him, for this little fellow is a ghost, the ghost of that which I was five and twenty years ago. . . . On the whole he was better worth loving than all the other "I's" that I have lost since then.

* "Scintillating" is perhaps a better translation than "brilliant."

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Sachs has made no special effort to be florid. In reality, his seeming digressions help us to broaden our horizon; the plethora of illustration gives life to the disquisition; and the hundreds of analogies and figures of speech are a distinct aid in visualizing the complicated mechanisms of the unconscious. On the first reading, the layman will probably be diverted from grasping the full import of the analysis, but on a subsequent reading, the meaning will become not only clear but sharp as well. And even a third reading is recommended; for thanks to the florilegia and other attractions, the material will not sound flat or stale; and the appeal will only become greater. The glossary at the end of the book should serve a useful purpose. I have explained only the technical and other out-of-the-way terms used in this book.

In editing the work, I have found it necessary to make thousands of changes in the construction, wording, and punctuation, but, of course, I did not tamper with the sense. Since Dr. Sachs died before revising the text, a sentence occasionally was found incomplete, or a blank would occur (e.g. "red—"), which had to be filled in. Some of the chapter headings like "Peering over the Fence" were substituted for the original captions, like "The Other World," which might easily be misunderstood as the after-world. Dr. Sachs seldom bothered to translate his foreign quotations. In practically every case, so as not to discourage the non-linguist, I translated these phrases either in footnotes or in parentheses, in the text.

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That Hanns Sachs, after a dozen years or so in this country, could write English with such grace may surprise most readers, but, of course, the German syntax and idiom were not always avoided, and constituted a handicap in the editing. No doubt, in spite of the thousands of changes, a barbarism now and then eluded the editor's eye or struck the blind spot. One of Dr. Sachs's idiosyncrasies, aside from using dashes for commas to set off clauses, was separating, or rather, linking sentences by means of a semi-colon, bespeaking an almost ancient Hebrew parallelism. In some cases, this form of punctuation was left intact, so that the Sachsian mannerism or "foreignism" might not altogether be missing in his last book.

Grateful acknowledgment is here made of the assistance given by Dr. Sachs's nephew, Dr. Max Barsis, in furnishing data, not generally known, about his uncle.

CHAPTER I

PEERING OVER THE FENCE

The world that every man builds up in his mind out of some more or less reliable data, delivered by his senses, but mainly according to his experiences of pleasure and pain, to his wants, desires and anxieties, this world is never quite the same as that in which each of his friends and neighbors dwells. It becomes a world by leaving out what is disconcerting and adding here and there what aids the integration of his life.

Curiosity impels him to steal now and then a look into another man's world; this makes it necessary to peep occasionally over the fence which surrounds his own Ego — not an easy feat since these fences are high and hard to climb. ("Good fences make good neighbors.") Mostly it is from an insecure position and with some curious contortions that such glimpses of insight into another's mind can be obtained. Moreover, there are no means known to check up on their correctness. One man's vision may be another man's hallucination.

Anyhow it can be done and it is being done —

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though not as often as it is believed. Looking at the world through the eyes of another and yet remaining oneself is an accomplishment beyond the range of everyday routine. It would be comparatively easy if words would suffice for the building of a bridge between two inner worlds, but they are of very little avail. Their purpose is the easy and superficial exchange, as of the small coins that pass easily from hand to hand. They are blueprints, but they do not convey the essence of personality. It is true that they serve for something more than their official function and sometimes reveal a bit of the personality like the blurred profile of a king on an old coin, but usually it is all rubbed off so that it escapes conscious observation and serious notice.

Let us assume that two men have exactly the same biological inheritance and are brought up under absolutely identical circumstances, with this sole difference that one of them had a shrub of white roses outside his window and the other a red one. These two would form quite different emotional contents connected with the words "white" and "red" and with everything that connects with these ideas, which means that it would pervade their minds. The chasm would be vast, and yet so ineffable, that they could never come to a perfect mutual understanding. In spite of all the identities they would still live in different worlds. Or: we know all what "red" means, but to one who as a baby had his

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first intense experiences of satisfied longing associated with his mother slipping her red gown from her breast, although the word is acquired much later than the experience and maintains but a tenuous connection with it — to such a one "red" will have, all through life, a significance of a quite peculiar kind.

Words alone, however aptly and abundantly they are used, are inadequate for creating what we call technically "empathy" or "identification," — the direct insight into a world which is not ours. To be and at the same time not to be oneself is a troublesome business. It cannot be done by close and accurate observation, but happens by way of a sudden and rather mysterious trick.

This trick is performed under exceptional circumstances when the high crest of an emotional wave passes over the mind. An overwhelming force sweeps aside all considerations and makes the normal resistance against losing oneself in another vanish like a withered leaf on a furnace. A mind in flames is a different thing from the ordinary mind. Nine times out of ten the belief in a complete fusion of souls and intuitive insight is founded on self-deception by love's wishful thinking or on the vanity which welcomes the illusory reflection of its own image, but an authentic passion can work these miracles and lift the barriers between individual minds.

The psychoanalyst is given special opportunities for encountering these marvels since he uses an entrance

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which is close to the general approach. What he learns and knows is revealed to him primarily by words which are apt to become even less qualified for the transmission of intuitive insight than on ordinary occasions by being put into the straight-jacket of technical terminology. But they may leave their strictly limited effect far behind when they are received as the relics of primitive epochs of the mind, endowed with a life of their own and set free of their abstract contents. The mind that utters them must be tuned to a special receiver by the interplay of transference and counter-transference. Then they are recognized as the new flowering of wilted memories, of long forgotten epochs of the mind and of wishes which died unborn. Like a procession of resurrected dead they pass through the analysis; when these shadows, after absorbing a drop of life's blood by way of the transference, have verbalized for the first time their grievances and frustrations, they can be laid and sent to their rest.

The ideal picture of the scientific art, called psychoanalysis, is therefore that of a magician, evoking the shadows of the past, giving them new life for a few short moments and finally relegating them to eternal limbo. The practical execution is a good deal more pedestrian. The analyst, even at his best, is not able to bring into focus the full content of the analysand's Unconscious in the state of nature that is untouched and

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unalloyed, free from all distortions which are the reflections of his own Unconscious; he must be satisfied with collecting fragments and putting the scraps together as if working on a laborious puzzle. At best he gets single intuitive snapshots from which he combines a final picture by exact scrutiny and painstaking combination. It cannot even be said with certainty, excluding all other explanations, that the analyst gets a direct insight into his analysand's Unconscious; perhaps he sees it as a part of his own mind, the circumference of which has been enlarged so that it comprehends an approximately correct image of the forces which are kept submerged and invisible by repression, resistance, inhibition of the analysand. It would be useless to speculate which opinion is the right one. They are probably both correct to some extent, but will remain separated till better knowledge finds the point where they unite.

Suffice it to say that the psychoanalytic situation produces experiences regularly which occur otherwise, but as exceptions and under singular circumstances — flashlight identifications revealing what goes on behind the bulwark of the carefully defended Ego.

For a small group of specially gifted people, there exists a different, easier and more graceful method to execute the jump into other personalities and their moods. To it belong the great writers who exercise this

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extraordinary faculty through sheer intuition. They make use of the observations of all the externals as well, but allow them to function only as the janitors who open the door for the guest of honor. However, this privileged knowledge has its peculiar aim; its object is not the understanding of existing fellow-men, but the creation of fictional — yet by no means “unreal” — characters. These are produced with the help of identification which plays here between the creator and a part — of course, an unconscious part — of himself. By means of this identification, fragments of his Self which, under all other circumstances, remain as inaccessible to him as if they were independent selves, are conquered — or, to be quite exact, re-annexed. The creative artist finds new worlds, the worlds in which others live, within himself, but only for the purpose of creation.

Actors change with less effort into a new personality because the confines of their Ego are not sharply drawn, and they develop the habit of viewing themselves from outside in order to determine who they are or want to be at a given moment. Their art, till it dies in routine, is a series of impersonations which merge constantly into each other so that their proper Ego vanishes almost completely. However, they cannot give a clearer and more coherent account of how they do it or what happens to them than the other creators of fictitious personalities.

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The psychoanalyst tries his hardest both to do his duty as a scientist and to remain an observer; but when it comes to the higher problems of psychological insight, the line between observing and being is not easily drawn. A most unscientific looking experience interferes with all good resolutions:

It is the adventure of staring conscientiously into a microscope, then suddenly to glide through the lenses in an Alice-through-the-looking-glass fashion, and to land in the country of microbes, bacilli, spirochaetes, and other unicellular beings. Having become one of them, he shares, of course, their manner of living and loving, their sympathies and antipathies, their ways of acquiring food and of multiplying themselves. But he has kept his memory of the world in which he formerly lived, he can look back on it from his present point of view, draw comparisons and point out contrasts and even forget his metamorphosis for awhile. Yet, in view of his experiences and adventures on the other side of the lenses, his ordinary life and that of his former fellow-creatures will appear to him as an exceedingly small fraction of the phenomenon of life which he has learned to comprehend under new and broader aspects; our human ways will mean to him the specific form which life assumes on a strange planet.

If the curiosity of the analyst does not get blunted prematurely, his intimate and constant relation to the

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other world behind the lenses will gradually infiltrate his attitude to his fellow-humans. He will no longer take it for granted that the manners and methods which they have adopted in order to enjoy, secure, and prolong their existence are the exclusive, or even the best possible, ones for this purpose, nor feel convinced that their style in work, fight, social conduct, and copulation is unquestionably worthy of imitation. He will recognize variations of larger dimensions, get in touch with much grosser departures from the usual than those comparatively puny deviations which are offered by the various manifest forms of human behavior. This ought not to lead him to the construction of new theories or philosophical systems; he will have to learn to get along without such props in midsea of an emotional ocean, with its tempests, in order to live on terms of intimacy with conflicts and contradictions, monstrosities and freaks which never occurred in his customary world.

On the other hand, many interests and institutions, standing here in the first rank, dwindle there to insignificance or are revealed as pretentious means for the concealment of an unpleasant truth. The Unconscious—that is the medley of primordial drives and surviving infantility—predominates in the underworld, where the analyst spends his working hours, comprising the best part of his life; reason, reality, sense and logic are squared into a dark corner, and wishful thinking, day-

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dreaming and wool-gathering, styled by courtesy *phantasy* reigns supreme. No solid ground, no rigid structure exists, yet to make the paradox full — out of this fluctuating mass emerge the most stable patterns of human life. The coral-reefs are built up by molluscs. Here the result is called *character* when seen from inside, or labeled as *fate* under another aspect. No wonder that anyone who gets used to this sort of world feels but imperfectly at home within the narrower limits of the ordinary one. When it is observed from its otherwise hidden underside, and all its undeveloped potentialities are taken fully into account, human life looks like life on a strange planet.

It is no use asking which of the two worlds is the right one. To the man who lives in both, alternately, and cannot avoid comparing one with the other, both lose something of their absolute reality. Similarly the world, as it is contained in a great work of art, does not furnish a completion of the actual commonplace reality, but, within the magic circle of creative illusion, replaces it by another one of the creator's choice. This trick is performed with so much subtlety that the exchange of the usual world for the one evoked by the artist remains unnoticed. The psychoanalyst, too, gets wafted into a world that is not his own, and, living and breathing in its strange atmosphere, shares its wilful ways. Yet his attitude is different and peculiar; he does his com-

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muting from world to world — from home to office — not as a pleasure trip, but as a piece of regular business which, moreover, he has to accomplish on a prescribed route, not by the aid of fancy's wings. This makes him acutely aware of the effort that is needed to perform his shift adroitly and of the amount of energy he has to expend for that purpose. If he is not careful it becomes increasingly difficult for him to know for certain at a given moment on which side of the fence he stands and when such a disorientation grows on him, it represents a serious danger to the integrity of his self.

A description of the psychic acts that are performed differently in the Unconscious would lead into technicalities which are better omitted; it would be incomplete and open to misunderstandings anyhow. "Timelessness," "Coexistence of contradictions," "Fluidity of Libido," and other more or less pedantic terms give no inkling of the extent to which ideas play fast and loose when they get in touch with the forces of the Unconscious. The investigator must tie his reasoning power into a double knot, or still better, make it stand on its head to enable it to unravel these phantastic, and yet perfectly natural, contortions. An outsider cannot be expected to go through all that for the love of Mike or of psychology. The situation is eased when the baffled analyst makes the discovery that these things, which seem so alien to his logic and his intellect, bring with

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them a faint but unfailing memory of old acquaintance.

The simple elements of which this queer world is composed are steady and stable; no psychological atom-smasher has been invented for them to date. The difficulties begin with the study of their arrangements which change like the patterns in a kaleidoscope. They are fluctuating incessantly from reminiscence to fantasy, or from the shadow of one situation to the mirage of another, from one wish to its antagonist. However, patient investigation reveals that their most extravagant performances are in strict obedience to definite rules. This part of the mind is not lawless although it works according to regulations of its own, dissimilar to every one of the well-known sort, something like the relation of Non-Euclidean geometry to the old and familiar sort. To study these rules is the analyst's main ambition. Its end is not yet in sight; it would give us the biggest bite, ever tasted, out of the apple of knowledge, by bestowing on the initiated the godlike gift of predicting with unfailing certainty how any person under given circumstances would feel and act.

The first lesson for the visitor to the psychic nether world consists in learning how this constant repetition of a few patterns makes the life of man look like an old-fashioned wallpaper where a flower basket, a sailboat, and a shepherd girl return in endless succession. Of course, the patterns produced by life are not so regu-

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larly spaced as those turned out by machinery; they overlap sometimes or get blurred in places. The hidden hand of the inner destiny that directs the strings and makes the marionettes go through their prescribed movements is more firm and unpliant with psychoneurotics (more correctly, we call psychoneurotics those individuals who are held so strongly by the patterns which have been evolved in their childhood that they find it impossible to adapt themselves to the demands of a new reality later.) The "normals" if there is such a thing, are subject to the same fate, but under a more lax rule; their patterns are flexible so that their variations extend within a wide range, and it needs a thorough scrutiny to recognize their intrinsic sameness. The actors, the stage-settings, lighting, and costumes are different each time, some scenes are added, some eliminated, but on the whole it is always the same play with the same old plot.

"Fixation" of this sort does not give to the process of living the rigidity of a mask or of a doll without joints. The eternal return of the past makes the wheel of life turn around its hub. What has been must return; yet what is now will never be again — this weird contradiction, staring in the face of the psychologist, tells him how far he can go in his endeavor to solve the riddle of the goblins without losing his mind. (The rest he must leave to the philosopher who doesn't run this risk.)

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*And manifestly what brings the middle part
Is that which stays to the end and was there at
the start*

*("Und was die Mitte bringt, ist offenbar
Das was zu Ende bleibt und Anfangs war.")*
— GOETHE, West-Oestlicher Divan.

The force of this compulsion (*Wiederholungswang*) grows stronger and more inevitable the closer it is bound to the "centre of will," the mainspring of life-energy, the Unconscious.

So it turns out that "the Bard" was correct in stating that "love is not time's fool"; the Unconscious is impervious to time and the passion of the remote past remains as fresh and unimpaired as the effects of yesterday; when the two melt into one the distance in time, and evolution vanishes.

"Negatives" are not subtracted from positives, possibly because there is nothing purely negative about an urge and what is built on it. Hate does not diminish love, but both retain their strength in spite of the clashes between their contrasting impulses. When contradictory forces are added to each other, as happens not infrequently, a crazy sort of arithmetic results.

Facts and fancies don't bear any distinguishing marks. It is somehow a world of "the stuff dreams are

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made of"; the thinnest and flimsiest lacework of fantasy, ready to flit away and dissolve at the first ray of reason, is as real and important as any heavy-footed fact. This would not be so amazing if we were always aware of the power inherent in dreams. We feel it while we sleep, especially the anxiety; but what they did to us, all the upheavals of joy and sorrow, of love and hate, through which they have dragged us, we forget for the most part when we return to the light of day. They reveal their meaning and the force which is at their command to those only who have turned their faces resolutely from the upper world and retrace step by step the path leading back downwards. It is hard work, but well repaid by the chance of observing the gradual change of something that looked like a junk-pile into an intricately designed maze, constructed by combining realities and fantasies, past and present, honest truth and daring falsehoods. No inventor's genius ever thought out a more complex network.

In spite of all its eccentricities, this world, in which the primeval forces roam freely, becomes the favorite haunt of the analyst; he learns to look with some aloofness at the traditional and approved processes of the conscious mind. Constantly seeing psychic realities at close range and in the raw, he gets used to the presence of reckless and unbridled passion; the unexplored region of the personality, marked off as "Unconscious,"

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offers a more interesting field for his study than the reclaimed portion. It resembles a cyclopean wall, built of huge, indestructible rocks, tumbled roughly together but of enormous strength, whereas the conscious Ego is like the walls in a modern apartment-house with their elegant coat of paint and varnish where it is impossible to distinguish solid stones from mere plaster.

Another good motive for preferring the outlook from the *id-world* to the usual one is this: The knowledge of the Unconscious serves for a more profound understanding of the Ego whereas the insight in the ways of the practical and reasonable self with its so-called "Common sense," is of no help for the knowledge of anything that lies outside its own small world; and even there is doomed to remain fragmentary and unsatisfactory.

This shortsightedness and restriction is brought home to the Ego painfully by a lurid experience: anxiety. The various methods of ignoring it or denying its power, by whistling in the dark, are of no avail. Whoever has to face and fight it with his back to the wall finds his customary world surreptitiously filled by troublesome forms and figures until he feels surrounded by a crowd of distorted faces and threatening eyes, leaving no way open to him. When he has courage enough to keep his wits about him, he may learn to distinguish between anxieties of all sorts and descrip-

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tions: the static skeleton in the closet or the goblin who lies in ambush where he is least expected; the attack which sets the heart pounding against the ribs and the slow infiltration that paralyzes his body; the struggle against a giant's grip, or the slight but icy touch of unseen fingers; the violent strangling or the subtle poisoning of the atmosphere; the mild tension which borders on pleasure or the dreadful instrument of torture; the sharp spur to restless action or the clutch of inhibition.

All this goes on in the broad daylight of consciousness, just like hunger or pain. But while the sensation itself is as unmistakable as a slap in the face, its origin remains as mysterious as the smile of the Sphinx. This may be due to the fact that the Sphinx and the Nightmare are close relatives.

Fear is understandable, but anxiety? Why does it appear in apparently harmless situations, and why so early in the days of innocence? How does it get its stranglehold, and what can it mean that it comes in various disguises, in so many and so "questionable shapes"? No answer is forthcoming while we stay within the realms of the conscious Ego. It knows what anxiety is, it suffers from anxiety, it bows to it, but all this in ignorance of what has caused this trouble. The Ego is constitutionally unable to comprehend that it suffers from a constant and invisible threat that hangs, a remote menace, over its head, so long as things are

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well balanced, but becomes unbelievably dire and oppressive when an inner conflict arises. It announces the gathering storm, and while the Ego understands nothing of the whys and wherefores of this signal, it is extremely sensitive to its painful impact. It is aware of its sufferings — but of nothing else.

The greatest adventure of the Ego as love, hate, jealousy, passions and inspirations, rage and remorse, dreams and day-dreams, the transfiguration through art, and the exaltation by religion are quite often almost as surprising in their coming and going, in their causation and their consummation as the arch-mystery of anxiety. The Ego stands by like the good Samaritan whose hat has been pushed over his eyes by the drunk whom he tried to help:

*And he asks how this could happen
And why it happened just to him.*

*("Und er fragt, wie das geschehen
Und warum ihm das geschah.")*

To fill the place of the unknown sources of many of our affects, a great array of causes is kept on hand ready for the Ego since he is a zealous collector and warm admirer of well-regulated causalities. These are partly correct, but for the greater part fabricated for the

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purpose and never quite complete; the share of the Unconscious is left out and the gap is filled with whatever plausible material is at hand. This is called "rationalization"; and it can be said, with apologies to Aristotle, that man is first and foremost a rationalizing animal. Who disbelieves in these rationalizations and distrusts the sweet reasonableness of logical explanations is already on his way to the looking-glass world. With the gift — inborn or acquired — of this peculiar kind of second sight, he will observe the tortuous and surprising turns which human affairs take; their swinging from wish to inhibition and back again will inevitably suggest to him the forms of life on a strange planet.

I can remember some impressions of my childhood which have a sort of affinity with this task of slipping into another world which, at a much later time, I imposed on myself as my life's business. Maybe they have contributed something to form my disposition of becoming a "citizen of two worlds."

One, the earliest, belongs, after certain indications, to my fourth year. I remember no definite object, but the situation and its atmosphere are still quite present to me. It was a bright summer day, and for some reason I was brought from the summer resort, on the outskirts of Vienna (now a suburb), to our apartment in town. The memory I have kept is of recognizing the

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well-known, thoroughly familiar home, yet finding it translated into something quite strange and alien. What exactly produced this double-faced impression I can't remember. Anyway, I knew the familiar rooms well enough, but the carpets were removed, the well-known furniture disarranged and the mysterious objects which were standing around everywhere, wrapped in canvas or newspaper, might be — but I didn't feel that they actually were — the same things that had surrounded my normal home-life. All these details are blurred or partly submerged. What remains so strongly alive that I can recall it and get the feeling of its presence, as if the interval of time between the now and then didn't exist, is the very quiet, strangely yellow, summer light that pervaded the rooms, especially the kitchen.

The other memory is of later date. It is a winter Sunday evening. I am sitting on the deep, old fashioned window embrasure in the hallway of my grandparents' apartment. The others, my parents, grandparents, uncles and aunts, are in the next room. I can hear them (otherwise I would feel anxious alone.) I look out into the empty courtyard and the enclosing wall in the middle of which stands a statue, the dim figure of a nymph made of grayish-yellow stone, holding an urn out of which no water runs. That's all — but it makes me feel that out there is another world into which it is impossible to penetrate. Of course, it would not be diffi-

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cult to go down and enter the yard, but then the other world would have disappeared and the yard would be a part of this my ordinary world. Looking out into this other one gives me an eerie, but not unpleasant, feeling; and I sit there and stare out into the darkening yard, the flagstone, the wall, and the immobile figure with its empty vessel for quite a long time without feeling in the least bored.

I do not want to give the impression that I was an extraordinarily sensitive child or a poetic nature. I rather think that all children have such moments, and that most adults retain or recall them. I did not use them to create a fantasy world, nor did I try to put them into contact with the daydreams which in strict privacy, occupied my mind. These were unreal in another sense; they were not "outside"; they belonged to me and I to them and I guarded them as my own delights. They were, as I know now, the usual stuff, without originality: tales told and eternally recreated for the gratification of the typical wishes and in reaction to the characteristic frustrations of the child. It was the average fancy of ambition and adventure, vanity and eroticism (the latter in its childish form) as outspoken and unmistakable as later, in the customary manner, the material used was taken from tales and books with a few personal twists added.

These other moments, spent on the threshold of a

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strange world, formed a portion of my mind. I have reason to believe that they occur to most children and are no proofs of an unusual, individual gift of fantasy. Yet they usually get pushed aside or obliterated, whereas in my case, by the intervention of fateful or fortuitous events, they survived in undiminished force. Neglected for a long time as a useless dead-weight of memory, they finally became the cornerstone of my work.

CHAPTER II

LOCKED IN A ROOM WITH OPEN DOORS

In a family of my acquaintance were two brothers, the younger of whom had an idiosyncrasy: a dread of open doors. The older one became impatient as older brothers will be, and, wanting to break him of his habit, he threatened: "One day I will lock you up in a room with all the doors open."

This apparent Irish bull contains a grain of hidden wisdom. The reasoning behind the unreason could be reconstructed as follows: "An open door is uncomfortable for those who have the will to pass it, but are afraid of their own will and wishes. An open door makes my brother nervous, because it reminds him, as a symbolic representation, of the conflict between his wishes and his inhibitions; it means a challenge to his will-power which he does not dare to face — in short, a temptation of some sort which he wants to avoid. The more doors are open, the stronger gets his tendency to lock himself in." This unconscious wisdom came to light as nothing better than nonsense because peevish-

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ness took the place of a serious attempt to convert it into understanding; as it happened, the older brother's superiority and freedom from inhibition was obscured by his own Unconscious, that made him pay back the younger one's symptom in kind. The younger brother's slight but marked anxiety in regard to open doors is an illustrative case of the reaction to a symbol. The fear of living in face of an open door, the urge of thinking about it as well closed — these are signs that occur in the life of every man. It is the function of civilization — and has been from the earliest stages — to see that as few as possible may escape through one of these open doors.

Such prohibitions, some of them handed down through untold generations from our prehistoric, perhaps even from our hairy ancestors, are not only standing in the way of action, they work deeper inwards and control that part of the Ego where the wishes mature into will; they obstruct all further growth as the frost of a night nips in the bud the future blossoms and fruits. They would destroy the power of uninhibited wishing and uproot it altogether if such complete annihilation were possible. These rules of suppression and repression are a wild medley of the most diversified bans and interdicts: cannibalism and nose-picking, adultery and "thou shalt not put a knife into thy mouth," parricide and flatulence, commandments is-

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sued from Sinai and impositions learned in kindergarten stand side by side, grouped together without rhyme or reason.

Whatever the nature and origin of these inhibitions may be, the official allegation is always that they have succeeded in closing the door completely, and effectively, for all time.

That is the doctrine preached to the "Population of the Strange Planet" (which we shall henceforth call P. S. P. for short) by their teachers — priests, prophets, shamans, jugglers, judges, metaphysicians, politicians, moralists, most philosophers — and they never get tired of telling each other, especially when they find a favorable opportunity to impress this belief on the minds of the younger generation. But the result does not quite answer their purpose.

These doors are not really shut at all. With some of them, as with cannibalism, it is almost true, just the tiniest chink left open, and becomes visible only when extreme necessity throws a sharp light on it. Others are ajar, some half-open, and a good many have remained wide open all the time. Since the P. S. P. are brought up to make themselves and all others believe that these doors are shut, and that it was and always will be impossible to pass through them, they are actually locked in a room with open doors on every side.

The description of the different attitudes of the

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P. S. P. to those quasi-locked doors, each of them characteristic of its epoch and place and individual circumstances, represents what is commonly called the study of the history of civilization and culture and of the changing currents of morality.

Seen from the side of the other world, these diversifications lose much of their interest. They are, after all, only different means for the same end, consequences of the necessity to make humanity move on the old and dusty road and keep it off the grass. These cultural restrictions are reflected by the individual when he looks longingly within himself and anxiously at the open doors. The different elements of which even the simplest personality is composed respond each in its own way; sometimes they mingle and combine their forces; sometimes they fall out with each other, while the conscious Ego, in its eagerness for self-deception, tries its best to remain unaware of the existence of such internal alliances and quarrels. "And the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us."

The P. S. P. generally insists, all the proofs to the contrary notwithstanding, that their Ego is one and undivided and of high stability. The official code, with its strict rulings about the doors which are to be considered open or shut, is founded on this popular fiction, and, in its turn, tries to maintain it; being handed down from one generation to the next, it becomes warranted

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by the highest, although mostly anonymous, authorities. It consists of incongruous and sometimes contradictory maxims and is not less subject to change than all other human affairs, but the P. S. P. love to think of it as unalterable and inviolable. This sacred code is nominally obeyed to the letter by all except perverts and criminals and other open enemies of the social order. However, some transgressions are committed shyly but joyously whenever circumstances seem favorable; on other matters, its pronouncements are universally venerated and disregarded.

That these famous doors are actually more or less wide open, yet by general consent and convention declared shut, suffices for the great mass of the average P. S. P. They accept the belief wholeheartedly that these thresholds cannot be passed and assert it solemnly in the face of their own experience. But about some of these open doors their belief is not merely a conventionality, but a down-to-the-ground, genuine, sincere conviction. Even in these reserved cases when, urged by their impetuous wishes, they make tentative efforts to pass through, nevertheless, confronted by the effects of an intimidation which was started long, long ago in childhood, these attempts have not much chance of success. Only the truly adventurous spirits will dare to walk through these doors with open eyes. The others will get nothing for their pains but a bump on their

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head. Those who proceed with courage and self-confidence get through without difficulty, but the anxiety and the prospect of guilt-feeling after the deed are a high price to pay.

That love is blind, that nobody knows when and why he falls in love is a truth as old as the hills. It is not less true, although less loudly proclaimed that *not-love* is even more thoroughly and absolutely blind. The origin of love may be obscure, its choice remains an inscrutable decree of destiny, but its presence is always as evident as daylight. *Not-love* is not only blind, but also invisible, can be traced only indirectly — like a virus.

"*Not-love*" comprehends all those opportunities of high spiritual adventures which are met, but overlooked. Everyone of the P. S. P. encounters plenty of them on the turnings and crossways during his wanderings through the space of his destiny. They would enrich his life and vitalize its sterile and deadening aspects if they were given a fair chance. The P. S. P. could enjoy a ten-time-greater share of life than they actually have if they were able to discover and utilize these lost opportunities. They complain loudly or by sullen protest of the monotony and triviality of their existence and are not aware that they could have drama and comedy, alarums and excursions, all kinds of emotional surprises and exploits, were they not stricken with blind-

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ness in passing the fateful moment. Once neglected, the magic is lost till another opportunity opens its gates, which is likewise ignored. Not to see the open gates is a higher grade of self-protection against temptation than to persuade oneself that they are shut. The hungry and unsatisfied mind is yet not aware of its loss, inflicted by *not-love*. Inevitably *not-love* as a pure negative is far more hidden, steeped deeper in darkness than love.

For instance: practically all of the P. S. P. are fond of having now and then a restful time when struggle and effort give way to peace and relaxation. Everybody loves to hear and read about the man who spends his evenings cozily at his fireside and, putting himself in his place, fantasies of many quiet evenings with a pipe and a glass of something, reading or musing in a comfortable chair. But with most of them the plan is always put off for some indefinite future, a mirage which they pursue in vain. When they try it actually, they don't enjoy it, can hardly stand it for a long while. Instead of being relaxed, they become restless and fidgety, they remember that they ought to join the boys tonight for some special reason or that they have neglected the Smith family too long; eventually, to their great relief, the telephone rings and off they go, exchanging eagerly the much coveted fireside and the interesting book for the windy street and empty gossip.

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The world is open for travel in all directions, but the well-trodden thoroughfares are generally preferred to fascinating nooks and byways. Peregrinations into another moral climate follow strictly the same rule and the tourists in a land of unexplored thrills seek anxiously to accept a new style of living without feeling outraged, disgusted, or tricked. Men who believe that they are fond of respectability stay with their musty old friends, in fact, because they lack the spontaneous energy to get rid of them. What they call their respectability is but a form of early senility.

Another case: a man visits, by one of those curious accidents, an art-gallery, and in the midst of the usual polite indifference, comes upon a picture or a statue that makes his heart leap; or he hears a piece of music — just a short passage — or reads a few lines of a poem which touch and thrill him deeply. He goes through one of the rare moments of bliss that come and go as a gift of destiny, unexpected, without preparation or guidance, a pure emotional response which has nothing to do with snobbism, nor with conformity, nor with catching other people's enthusiasm. It would seem certain that a person who has discovered such a surprising entrance to happiness would from then on visit museums, go now and then to a concert, even occasionally read poetry, in short do something to repeat the beatific experience by spreading his nets far and

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wide to recapture it. Nothing of the sort. He will fly from such occasions like the burnt child from the fire; at best a "good resolution" will be made at a time when he can do nothing about it; otherwise the idea doesn't come to him and he holds on to his newspaper and the crossword puzzle — because "there is nothing else to do."

The spectres and shadowy images of what they could have done, could have felt, could have been, hover around the minds of many of the P. S. P. Sometimes they take tangible shape in the form of regrets or of resolutions for the future: "Next time . . ." or "if I were young again . . ." In a negative way, the indefinite and elusive presence of these ghosts of lost opportunities has a permanent effect. It produces a feeling of disillusionment with the dreariness and emptiness of the actual existence by contrasting it with a vague yet poignant "might have been."

All these people — and their name is legion — have not been so resigned from infancy. They have made early starts in the direction of a richer and fuller life and continued them in a somewhat desultory manner during puberty and adolescence. But after that their ventures shrink to surreptitious attempts in a restricted area; only to the chosen few — the creative spirits — eternal youth and inexhaustible readiness is given. Those who become worldly wise, and dignified, and

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full of common sense, according to the opinion of their friends, stand for the rest of their lives and stare at the open doors, firmly convinced that it is either not feasible or unbecoming to go a step farther.

It is not necessary to look down from another planet to discover facts like these. They lie open to observation; but their evaluation is neither simple nor obvious since false names and borrowed titles are liberally used to obscure their significance and true nature. They are grouped under different headings and attributed to a multitude of incongruous, but uniformly commonplace motives, called weakness of character, lack of energy, indecision, undeveloped will-power, deficient *élan vital*, procrastination, obstinacy, indifference, superficiality, and what-not. A great part of them is accredited to the "Strength of Habit" which has, it must be admitted, a tremendous influence. Unfortunately, this explanation leads to a new riddle; namely, why the command of this force is irresistible in many situations yet ineffective in some others.

The real cause for *not-love* is more unpleasant than these popular explanations will have it: all these self-contradictions can be reduced to anxiety. Sometimes it becomes plainly visible; generally it is masked and well disguised, or "rationalized"; it may appear as a purely physical phenomenon or done up in somatic wrappings, but always with the identical end: To keep

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the P. S. P. from drinking, at their pleasure, the water of life, to deprive the men and women of the inner freedom which should be their birthright; to make them "*glebae adscripti*," as the serfs were called in the middle ages — in short, to keep them locked in a room with open doors.

They stay put in their old grooves not, as they pretend to themselves, because they prefer them, but because they have no choice, and they invent all sorts of reasons, explanations, and apologies — most of them after the "sour-grapes" pattern — to avoid looking their anxiety in the face and fighting it with the only effective weapon: insight into their true self.

Anxiety, with the help of various disguises and under different aliases, is the bond by which the P. S. P. are held down and deprived of a part — and who knows how often it is the best part? — of their lives. Some are simply chained like Fido to his kennel, some soar a bit and then hang like a kite in mid-air, attached to a string, and some are bound writhing to the inflexible rock like Prometheus, — but all have lost their inner freedom.

Another chip of the same block: deep down in the groundwork and cellar of the mind there is a small cavity, or a sort of hole. Out of this rise various cloud-lets and nebulous formations which, on reaching the upper strata, assume shapes and lines, are transformed

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into melodies, rhythms, and harmonies, into wit or wisdom — in short, into originality. The men and women who devote their lives to moulding the amazing shapes of these fleeting clouds are called artists (or poets, prophets, philosophers, scientists, inventors, etc.). There is no dividing line between them and the common herd of the P. S. P. Gods are descending to earth, men are climbing up to heaven and demi-gods are welcome visitors here and there. Humanity, new-born in every child, looks at the world with ever new eyes and a fresh creative mind. Vulgarity and triviality are not congenital defects although they make their appearance all too soon. Everyone could get at least a foretaste of originality and a modest but thoroughly enjoyable portion of creativeness if the hole from which these clouds issue, remained open. But anxiety will clog it till it is stifled. When it is slammed shut, boredom moves in and sits on it for all future days.

To hold such a loophole open is the veritable business of life for those few minds that are free enough to care for it.

CHAPTER III

THE FREE MAN

Those who have not squandered the inheritance of their childhood and are able to keep the freedom of their minds — their creative vigor, imagination, inspiration, originality, independence, courage of thought, readiness for new beauty or by whatever name their precious possession is called — are the elect, the dominators and the powers in the spiritual hierarchy, in which the genius holds the highest rank and the "rugged individualists," the "queer types" stand on the lowest step. It all depends on how much of sheer obstinacy and negation is mixed with genuine and serene freedom. Those who tenaciously insist are too rigid to be really free; their pranks are but the badge of their servitude worn upside down. Their shortcomings are reflected by the narrow limitations of their creative faculty.*

* A. A. Roback in his *Psychology of Character* ("Character and Adjustment") takes a different view of these "rugged individualists," but it all hinges on the purpose, motivation.

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In the sphere of thought and fantasy, of invention and discovery, the creative mind is undisputed master and can balance the world on the point of a needle. Genius makes beauty shine forth where hitherto nothing was seen but confusion, and detects the long hidden truth in a haystack of contradictions and denials. Using the divining rod of his art, genius discovers or recreates the entire emotional experiences of mankind — past, present, and future — expressing himself in a way that defies all formulas. What hitherto has been nothing more tangible than delicate and recondite vibrations of the soul finds its incarnation through his work, and achieves a tangible and durable existence in the minds of men; this is the creator's invaluable bequest to which all who wish may become heir.

Of this grand and faithful freedom not much is left, as a rule, when the man of genius is compelled to relinquish the domain of ideas and fantasies and to move outside the world which — as poet, artist, or scientist — he has built up in his mind. He shrinks on encountering the jumbled and trivial aspect which reality assumes when it has to be taken, not in the coherence which a creative mind gives it but, bit by bit, in disparate fractions, for the sole purpose of the next practical and profitable move. The inner freedom remains unimpaired, but it is coupled with the disadvantage of receiving much less about the intentions of

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average people than the average man knows. This precarious situation will always arise since the highest minds, in spite of their creative possibilities, are moved by the same primitive urges so that their aims are now and then on a level where they are identical with those of the "Blunt monster with uncouth heads":

*Me you seldom understand
And I understand you rarely
But when both in mire we land
We understand each other squarely.*

*("Selten habt ihr mich verstanden,
Selten auch verstand ich euch,
Nur wenn wir im Kot uns fanden
Dann verstanden wir uns gleich."*

— HEINRICH HEINE

The sad truth becomes then manifest that a freed man is not yet free or that the candle and its light are two different things.

Is originality or creativeness necessarily absent from the life-work of those dealing with hard realities and fulfilling their destiny by the foresight and wisdom which they apply for the solution of the purely practical problems of their times? Is there no bridge leading from inner freedom to the creation of great historical

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and cultural events? Has no one ever shaped the destiny of nations masterfully just as the poet dominates the material of his ideas and inspirations? Are legislators and rulers, revolutionaries and reformers, organizers in war and peace, makers of history never admitted to the fulness of a free life of the spirit?

The answer is not clear; it would hardly help to quote the names of those whose greatness is universally acknowledged. They are great — but only as specialists who found their life's work on a sharply limited basis. They have succeeded in freeing themselves from anxiety and inhibition, but only in a certain direction; they have learned to pass through one or other of the open doors, and from then on their energy is focussed on that outlet. Not mediocrity is their drawback, but a lack of the wide open spaces of interest which are the privileged grounds of inner freedom.

Napoleon stunned the world by his fabulous resourcefulness; he is justly admired as a general, legislator, administrator, and leader of men in a new society. But when behind this cloud of great qualities, his person emerges, he is found to be nothing more than the greatest of experts in his specialties; his attitude to life is hemmed in by his one-sided, inexorable, monomaniac ambition which binds him as closely as any inhibition. His exploits have left a far deeper track in history than his individuality. It has to be so. Those of the P. S. P.

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who are bent upon building with single blocks of hard, resisting reality must and will devote all their life to the same aims. Even if they are free from all ordinary prejudices in their choice of means to gain their ends, this will not enlarge the foundations of their task. The artist, philosopher, or inventor is on the lookout in every direction; they will listen to new sounds without the previous question, "What's in it to benefit my projects?" This, combined with the faculty to recognize in the present the past, and in the past the future, would be a dangerous attitude for the man of action who has to fix his attention strictly on the next step before him and to measure exactly the distance separating him from his goal.

It happens occasionally that a burning ambition is coupled with shallowness of imagination and a narrow mind. In such a case it is time to look out for trouble. Running incessantly and getting nowhere, such a mind will wish to destroy everything and everyone (those who plunge straightway into insanity are comparatively harmless): to protect the Ego from the threatening disintegration, it will try to tear the world to pieces as a child does to its doll when it finds nothing else to do.

The rarest thing on earth is the man of action and performer of truly mighty deeds whose personality is able to expand and diversify itself freely quite as much as that of creators like Shakespeare, or Dostoyevsky, or

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Goethe, but who, with all his inner variability, will never lose the perfect sanity of a coherent and fully integrated mind. A man possessing the firmness of purpose and the unerring judgment which is needed for the accomplishment of his earth-shaking schemes, who doesn't become the slave of his ambition; who has the gift to estimate shrewdly men and events at their right value, but is free enough to brush aside his well-considered judgment when his inner voice tells him so is a phenomenon indeed.

Among the familiar figures of history the great man of action who preserved his inner freedom intact is not only rare, but unique: "Here was a Caesar! When comes such another?"

In him who was called the "divus Julius," the god-like offspring of Venus, all human character types were as much alive and present as they were in the author of *Julius Caesar* and *Faust*. But in him they were all set to action, ready to hammer the world into the shape he wanted it to be and subjected to the working of his central will. In the midst of kaleidoscopic changes he remained always the same perfectly organized personality. He was "the man to all women" but also "the woman to all men." The most dandified young man about town (Sulla the dictator called him "*male praecinctus puer*" because he dressed in such an extravagant way) was also the youth who wept because

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he had done nothing for immortality at the age when Alexander had conquered the world. He made himself immensely popular with the pirates who had taken him prisoner; they laughed their heads off when he told them he would have them all executed — and after ransom had been paid, he pursued them, captured their ship, and kept his promise. When his soldiers spoke with awe of the enormous host of King Iuba which they were to meet in battle, he told them by way of encouragement that the enemy was of fabulous strength — 10 legions, 30,000 cavalry, 100,000 light infantry, 300 elephants, "and now you have heard it from my own mouth you will kindly have done with rumors and gossip." He was to his soldiers indulgent and severe, to his enemies kind and cruel, to himself at times rigorous in imposing privations and in defying his weakness, at other times giving his passions, and even his whims, free rein.

As an author, he achieved the highest qualities — simplicity and lucidity, in a degree that has remained unequalled for two thousand years. His style is considered today as the shining example of unblemished excellence as it was thought of by his contemporaries; and yet, as author as well as in his other capacities — as general, statesman, reformer of the constitution and of the calendar — he never gives the impression of an "*homme de métier*." In everything that he did, even in

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his most grandiose plans, there is something playful and fantastic, almost amateurish. To the admiration of his exploits is joined the feeling that he himself was different — and greater — not only than one or the other of his deeds, but than all of them taken together.

Even his death bears this stamp of superiority and aloofness. Certainly he must have been able to read the mind of the conspirators, and could have torn to pieces the clumsy net which they prepared. Perhaps he went one step too far in playing with them, perhaps he underestimated their passionate obtuseness — the absolute opposite of his own free and fluent mind. They killed him, but they did not obtain, not for a moment, not even when absolutely unopposed, "liberty" — that is the oligarchic rule — for which they committed the murder. Instead of putting the republic under the domination of aristocracy, as they had expected, they first engendered civil war and then — for many years — the hard rule of Octavianus Augustus. It really looks as if Caesar's death was the final mockery inflicted on those whom he beheld with amusement while he lived. "And the spirits of the wise. . . ."

Caesar has given the world the only example of a life and death in perfect freedom as far as fate ever permitted such fulfilment to any one of the P. S. P. Others may have reached the same achievement, but they remain in the twilight of history and cannot have

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been on the same scale; they lack the style of the grand historical picture. Who knows how many of these free spirits existed without living up to Caesar's high aims, shaping their independent course through life according to their own free choice, within the law or without it, mixing with the crowd or staying in strict seclusion and realizing all the emotional patterns within their possibilities by way of inconsequential acts and adventures? Some of them may be found among the criminals or among the hermits and saints or among the "*Lebenskünstler*," those people of whom it is said that they make of living a fine, if not always a gentle, art. I can only say that I have never met one.

For the rest of mankind — the enormous majority — it holds true that, "thus conscience doth make cowards of us all." This conscience which makes "enterprises . . . lose the name of action" is as much akin to the anxiety which makes open doors impassable as a sprite is to a hobgoblin; there are more Hamlets among the P. S. P. than are dreamt of in our philosophy. This explains why the play has such a general and profound appeal although it is full of riddles and obscurities for the scholarly mind.

Trying to track this anxiety down to its lair is a job like that of the hero of many myths and fairy tales whose adversary constantly changes shape when cornered, and thus eludes him. Conscience is only one

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more of these transformations, among which figure also: invincible shyness, stage-fright, boredom mixed with tenseness, despotic force of habit, narrow traditionalism, general suspiciousness — not to speak of the various reactions of the body, like cold sweat, palpitations of the heart, rigidity of limbs, sudden hunger, and so on. The queerest thing about this scourge of P. S. P. is that it is in great demand as an indispensable spice for pleasure. Anxiety, in the form of gradually heightened tension, is one of the most effective devices of literature, being presented by the simple adventure story (heroine rescued from the rails in the nick of time) as well as by the highest intricacies of stagecraft and novel-writing. Scenic railways and similar contraptions try — and not in vain — to attract the more primitive sensationalists, offering them hearty doses of anxiety. The close relation between anxiety and sexual pleasure, the easy transitions from one to the other, especially in certain experiences of puberty and in dreams, bear sufficient witness.

The problem of the relation between anxiety and pleasure is not so hard to solve as it looks. Anxiety can be pleasant when it appears in small quantities, carefully doled out, rising rhythmically and, most of all, when its source can be kept under strict control. The artificially fabricated anxiety of fiction, for instance, is always well in hand since it depends on the

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willing coöperation of the reader or spectator; he can drop the illusion and step out of it any moment. (Can he? Evidently not always — but that is then a borderline situation between pleasure and neurosis.) On the other hand, a reality situation which provokes a certain amount of well-managed anxiety may be allowed to exercise its attraction.

It sounds paradoxical, but it is attested not only by the close relationship between anxiety and sensual pleasure, but by many cultural institutions — by art and religion, myths and superstitions — that the P. S. P. in general can enjoy life neither with anxiety nor without it — just as married partners say about one another shortly before the divorce. It is their lot to oscillate from the wish to the fear, and back again, or to stay suspended in mid-air between them.

A boy — I presume he must have been around seven years old — went to a birthday party and enjoyed himself immensely. His crowning pleasure was, of course, the sweets, but he declined to taste one special kind of cake. The adults who knew how fond he had always been of it, and perhaps read his greed in his eyes, tried to persuade him, but it was all in vain; he rejected it obstinately, but when all of it had been eaten by the other children, he broke into tears and remained disconsolate till he was sent home. It need hardly be said that he wanted this special dessert more than anything else.

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An educational psychologist, if present, would have said that the boy was hindered by shame — using the word as another of the numerous pseudonyms for hidden anxiety. But of what was he ashamed? Why was he afraid to show his thoroughly legitimate delight in the presence of his friends and playmates? Probably because he liked it more than they did, liked it too much, liked it to the brink of self-abandon. From that he shrank and was caught in the meshes of the old rule of falling over backwards; ("overcompensation" and "reaction formation" are the analytical terms). Distrusting his power of self-control, he reacted as if it were a dangerous temptation to his integrity and self-control, and refused it altogether. This abnormal severity and dread of self-indulgence makes the analyst who has seen similar reactions by the dozen surmise that he had given himself good reason to distrust his power of resistance on different and less innocent occasions. He had not been strong enough to give up another delight although he knew that those whose love he wanted to retain or to whose authority he looked up did sharply disapprove of it.* It is left to anybody's guess what the boy's sweet, but condemned, pleasure was.

Shame — anxiety — guilt feeling, by whatever name

* The author's allusion is evidently to the retention of stools, which according to Freud, plays an important part in the formation of character.

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we prefer to call it, worked on him and made him feel that he would rather suffer the deprivation than enjoy what he desired so much. We find in him a beginner in the art of stopping before one of the open doors.

The moral of this story is that the boy (the father of the man) learns to be abstemious against his will because he is afraid of the force of his greedy wishes and of the consequences entailed by them.

The impact of anxiety, hemming in the free movement of the mind, begins very early, almost simultaneously with life. It can be seen hovering over the cradle of every newborn inhabitant of the P. S. P.; it takes a decisive part in the development of human civilization from its beginnings. Primitive tribes are beset with taboos and the fear of demons. Taking accurate measurements of the length and weight by which anxiety binds us has not made it easier to bear.

The universally popular belief in the existence of a time free from oppression by anxiety and guilt in the past or of possible liberation in the future — the golden age, paradise, the millenium, the Periclean age, the classless society, etc.— is due to wishful thinking which fills out the blank spaces in the past and in the future. The high variability of the forms under which anxiety makes its appearance helps to ignore the fact that its attacks have been launched at all times and at all stages of civilization, and causes us to deny that it will wreak

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its enslavement and displacement upon coming generations.

These indirect and veiled manifestations of anxiety supersede the simple, straightforward ones all too soon in the life of the individual as in the development of civilization. When the child complains: "Mama, what shall I do? I have nothing to play with," this process of obscuration is already well underway.

It would be an injustice to believe that the P. S. P. subject themselves willingly to the bondage and are indifferent to the blessings of inner peace and freedom. In spite of denials and repressions, their longing for the fulfillment, in their own time, of their silent hope never dies; and they cherish the promise which slumbers in their minds. They are only intermittently aware of it, but they cling passionately to the expectation of a fuller and richer life that must be somewhere in store for them, be it beyond the grave; and they couldn't go on with their ordinary, everyday existence without seeing its reflection in their day-dreams. If their own, home-made dream doesn't suffice, they find material galore in fairy tales and novels, in plays and pictures, and, above all, in their religion.

Beauty is the revelation of the existence, or potential existence, of a life moving on a higher plane, the pledge that eases the weary pilgrim. Every man keeps looking out for its appearance — somewhere, sometime. What

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of it, if it is far away and will always stay there so long as he feels that it has not gone out of the world? It does not discourage him that his eyes and ears are closed to it at present, that his senses are too obtuse and his ideas too rigid to find the way toward it. The unveiling of beauty may come in a sudden flash or by the guidance of a benevolent power; besides art, science, and religious faith, love is the rock of ages in which he puts his trust — or, more accurately, love comprehends all these. In any case, it is the reflection of beauty that holds out the eternal promise of a life free from anxiety — an assurance which can be called neither true nor false, since it carries its reality within itself.

The generally ignored but profound longing for "the good life" causes the peculiar attitude of the P. S. P. toward those who give the impression of being freer from anxiety than their fellow-men. They are regarded with suspicion and envy, often reviled and persecuted, but they are never left alone. The general interest is fixed on them like that of a lover on a successful rival. Under other circumstances this interest takes a positive form, and the man who convinces his brothers of his inner freedom may be venerated, adored as godlike, and offered the leadership. Some of the riddles in history as to why certain inadequate personalities became the idolized leaders of a mass of humanity, are due to the skill with which these men

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were able to convince their followers of their absolute freedom from anxiety. This belief is often wrong and illusory and it goes on the rocks when they lose the confidence of their followers and with it their own.

The attraction which psychoanalysis exercises on sensitive minds may have a similar origin. It is not primarily based on its scientific value or the therapeutic success. In a personal relation it would be "transference" and this general, impersonal transference is founded on the unformulated, implicit promise of a greater freedom from anxiety that can be achieved by better self-knowledge. Psychoanalysis gets thus endowed with an aureole which is not wholly undeserved; slow, beset with problems and difficulties and imperfect in its results, it points in spite of all these drawbacks to the only hitherto accessible means by which human will and reason can learn how to fight anxiety and win the peace of inner freedom.

CHAPTER IV

AT THE GATES OF HEAVEN

The efforts and exploits of the men of action lie before the world's eyes like an open book, and whoever thinks it worth his while can decipher what they were, did, and what they were compelled to leave undone. It is not so with those whose attainments and adventures belong to the inner world which they built up; to judge how far they succeeded is a perplexing task even if they have told us a great deal about themselves, as the poets and artists among them, intentionally or not, are bound to do. To an outsider, when he tries to explore them, these private worlds are labyrinths which make him lose his direction so he never gets to the center.

Poets, philosophers, prophets, scientists, and other dreamers have an indirect influence on history which is more lasting than that which the greatest men of action can boast of. Their imprint on their own epoch may be slight, but it becomes more marked with the passing of time; their inner experiences have more intense con-

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sequences than historical events and their dreams outweigh and outlive the mightiest deeds.

The strong appeal that they have for the P. S. P. is due to the promise of a new road toward inner freedom which they hold out. Yet only a small number of them have proved strong and free enough to fulfill their promise. The teaching that flowed out from the others was not the pure wine of their dreams but a strongly adulterated, artificial product, a compromise between the freedom of the spirit and a strictly controlled, rigid Ego. The outcome had to move on tortuous lines in order to avoid certain prohibited regions. Their message became involved and self-contradictory: partly it was the good message, the gospel of liberation; partly, it was an enticement into slavery. They made their personal inhibitions become general laws; after liberating one hand, they forged new shackles for the other.

These tortured spirits become the predestined leaders whenever history takes a sudden turning. The sharpest corner that ever occurred was the transition in regard to the outlook on life and death from the wisdom of antiquity to the new stand taken by Christian ethics. The ancients took a modest attitude toward these problems; it did not admit that the individual had a personal claim for duration in face of the Universe. Men did not think that their Ego was some-

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thing so grandiose and extraordinary that the world couldn't do without it. They accepted its extinction, with certain reservations about the preservation of the remains of the body and a shadowy, indiscriminate existence of the soul somewhere in the underworld. Individual life was in the present, not in the past, not in the future. The new pride in which the sinking antiquity sought consolation for the loss of its beauty and vigor made the indelibility of the Ego the center of the order of the universe; consequently new, enormous, hardly bearable responsibilities were created. "Pride must suffer constraint" says the old proverb and the awareness that every step in life was bound to have irremediable consequences through all eternity led to a hitherto unknown rigor in human, or often inhuman, behavior.

The most moving spectacle that the P. S. P. has to offer is to see one of the loftiest and most cruelly tortured of these spirits at work, liberating and enslaving a few humble contemporaries and an interminable procession of later generations, the end of which is not yet in sight. In his vain striving after inner freedom this spirit became the originator of a truly world-shaking event, the first and greatest missionary of new-born Christianity. His impulses molded the movement and gave it the strength to conquer. Possessing, like most tortured souls, a profound, intuitive insight into

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the mind, he aroused forces the existence of which nobody had hitherto suspected.

Saul, the pious Jew of the tribe of Benjamin, born in Tarsus, calling himself Paul to make it known to everyone that he was entitled to the rights of a Roman citizen, had thirsted after the water of life for a long time. He searched for it with all the zeal of an ardent mind devoted to a single purpose — first by acquiring wisdom in the ways of the eager student, — for all that remaining thirsty; then by strict obedience in fulfillment of the letter of the law — and had found it was in vain; then by cruelty and ruthlessness against those who slighted the law — and it had given him nothing but a heavy heart. And then, where he had never expected it, he found what was to become his life — on the road to Damascus.

He had always felt that sweetness of life and its riches, that happiness and peace and, most precious of all, perfect inner freedom were in store for him, that it was more than an idle dream. But whenever he had tried to hold them, these blessings had eluded his grasp. A case of the open doors again, but a very special case. He longed for freedom and the true life with a desire which nothing could weaken and cried out for it with a voice which is still heard over the centuries, (for instance: *Romans*, VIII:21). In the fire of his frenzy, the multiform aspects of the problem

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which confuse the ordinary observer were finally melted down to one pair of opposites.

At the one end stood death. All mortals, presumably beginning at the cell-stage, show a deep aversion to personal extinction, to the tearing down of their structure. With the P. S. P. this antipathy has become an anxiety; other organisms, including the highest developed animal forms, know neither what they are trying to avoid nor that their attempts are in vain. In *homo sapiens* the idea of death became explicit, a part of his consciousness that was steadfastly rejected by his Unconscious. He reacted by creating more or less satisfactory fantasies of continued existence.

This anxiety, which overshadows the humans, spoiled for Paul everything in life; it became the embodiment of all frustrations. Its significance was not only that it made life unstable, unreliable, passing out from between a man's fingers before he was able to close them; it stood as the symbol of every defeat and inhibition, as the way leading to the impassable doors, or, in his language: by drive of desire, the law was turned into the constant threat of sin and sin was identical with death, was in fact the absolute death (*Romans*, VII: 7, 8).

Opposite death stood the absolution from sinful desire and with it the freedom from the yoke of im-

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posed rules and inhibitions. How was it possible to make the pronounced will of God void and superfluous, to see in his Holy Law a snare and a danger, without rejecting him?

To live in the tension of this dualism was more than Paul, the monotheistic Jew, could stand. The traces left on his mind by the torment remained plainly visible long afterwards. ("I am the most wretched of men. Who will release me from the body of this death?" *Romans*, VII: 24; "If the dead are not awakened, let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die," *I. Corinthians*, XV: 32).

Did the solution, once found, give peace to his tortured mind? In any case, it gave him strength to challenge and to conquer an empire. It endowed him with the courage to undertake the superhuman task of leading all nations to the new springs of life — to salvation. The light of which the first ray had struck him on the way to Damascus signified: Life can be gained through death only, life is given to him whom love makes forever willing to die; love, in accepting death, conquers sin and death and the law.

It will require some investigation to discover just how the mind of the Apostle could pluck the rose of salvation from the thorny hedge of these paradoxes.

First of all: the true meaning of some of the words and names which he uses has to be emphasized since it

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has become nebulous or over-technical even in the most faithful translations.

When Paulus speaks of God (*Theos*) he doesn't think of a more or less vague, philosophical, and generally accepted concept of the Deity. He means Jehovah of the Old Testament, or rather the Jehovah that he and other contemporary Jews had abstracted from the Bible. He used, of course, the term of the Septuagint, the official Greek translation which he doubtless knew from early childhood (probably becoming acquainted later with the Hebrew original).

The word *Theos* was for Paul the exact rendering of Jehovah (*Yahveh, Elohim*) and nothing else, for Paul was, and remained a pious, zealous Jew, that is: a strict monotheist. The evidence for Paul's considering himself an orthodox Jew is abundant. He calls himself proudly a "Jew descended from Jews, of the tribe of Benjamin, the seed of Abraham, circumcised in the ordained manner." At his last, ill-fated stay in Jerusalem he subjected himself to the rite of purification (more correctly: of being made holy; it was the demand of Jehovah that the Jews should be a holy people) and let it be known, at the Temple, when sacrifice could be offered for him, all this with the purpose of emphasizing that he was a pious Jew. (*Acts XVI: 26.*)

His intense attachment to the Jews and the Jewish religion caused one of his deepest, apparently endless,

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conflicts. After he had become the foremost missionary to the Gentiles, defending their equal right to salvation and to the brotherhood of Christ, he tried to soothe his conscience by a curious device. The true Jews, the Jews according to the spirit, were the Christians, whatever they might have been before, since Jehovah had accepted the eater of unlawful food as well as the non-eater (*Romans XLV: 3*) whereas the Jews, the real, actual Jewish people, were only "Jews according to the flesh."

Did this ingenious stratagem suffice to end his scruples? By no means. He still feels deeply afflicted. Despair breaks out in his words when he declares that in his supreme anguish he would wish to be accursed and separated from salvation for the sake of his brethren according to the flesh (*Romans IX: 2, 3*). His ultimate hope lies still with his own people. The purpose of Jehovah, admitting the Gentiles as the "Jews according to the spirit," he declares solemnly (*Romans XI: 11-15*) is to incite the Jewish people to jealousy: It is a means to an end, and the end itself is that the "Jews according to the flesh" will through conversion to Christianity become identical with the "Jews according to the spirit"; in this he sees a consummation more devoutly to be wished for than the conversion of the Gentiles ever could become. "What would their admission mean if not life brought out from the dead?"

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Follows the famous simile of the grafting of the olive tree. Here the conflict in the Apostle's mind manifests itself in a mistake (a symptomatic act) which is calculated to warm the cockles of an analyst's heart by bearing out Freud's theory in his *Psychopathology of Everyday Life*. Paul speaks of the grafting of the wild-olive branches (the Gentiles) on to the rich and noble stem (root) from which some of the original branches, the Jews, have been broken off, but will one day be replaced. No gardener ever grafted a wild branch on a noble stem; it is, of course, always the other way round.

(It has been observed, and very justly, that Paul shows the typical traits of mind of the city dweller. In contrast to the Synoptic Gospels where the parables and similes are nearly all taken from nature, the fields and flowers and rural conditions, *his* illustrations and turns of speech reflect commercial transactions, and still more the forms of law — adoption, manumission, justification, and the like. But Paul can hardly have been ignorant of so simple a fact, nor his mind so illogical as to believe seriously that wild and inferior slips are used for the grafting on a noble stem.)

Christos is the Greek equivalent for the Hebrew "Messiah," both words meaning "the Anointed." A passage, for instance, like *Romans* VI: 22 which is commonly translated: "God's gift is life eternal in Jesus Christ" has a different and more pregnant sense

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when we read it: "The gift of Jehovah's grace is life eternal in Jesus the Messiah" (Jesus being the Hellenized form of the name Joshua).

The Apostle everywhere keeps up (at least in the four authentic Epistles) a sharp distinction between Jehovah, the only and almighty God, and the Messiah, and also between "the grace of Jehovah and the gifts in the grace of this one man Jesus the Messiah" (*Romans* VI: 15). The most important of all events on which depends the salvation, the resurrection (more correct: awakening or rousing) happens to the Messiah by the will and power of Jehovah. How could it be otherwise? Since Yaveh has lost nothing of the omnipotence which is inseparable from monotheism, it can only be *his* act which rouses the dead, (*e.g. Romans* IV: 25 and VIII: 11). The Messiah is his creature, his "son," and any human being can become his son (literally: put in the place of a son, legal designation for adoption) by following his example. When he is swayed from it by anxiety and desire, and only the fear of the law keeps him from sin, then man becomes a slave, not a son. The Messiah is "the first-born of my brothers who will be able to shape themselves into the formed image of the son," (*Romans* VIII: 29).

This rigid uncompromising monotheism of Paulus is the cause of his curious method of argumentation. He demolishes the law of Moses, declares it unneces-

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sary for the "Jews according to the spirit" and uses for this purpose, first and last and everywhere, the authority of the Old Testament. The whole front of his edifice is made up of quotations from the Septuagint. His favorite arguments are conclusions, analogies, and parables drawn from the most impressive parts of the Old Testament, *e.g.*, the argument concerning Abraham (*Romans* I: 5) concerning Adam (*Romans* VI: 14-16, *Romans* IX: 10-13) concerning Jacob and Esau (*Romans* XVI: 45) or about the "rock in the desert" (*I Corinthians* X: 4).

The title given by him to Jesus, the Messiah, currently translated by "our Lord," is *Kurios*, "master," "overlord." In the countries of Hellenistic civilization it was the usual honorific title for a king as well as for a god, since it would have been considered an invidious distinction, especially in the Orient, to draw a line between the two. The Septuagint uses the word frequently for the God of Israel, but Paul is more cautious. He wanted to avoid a misunderstanding for which no possibility existed in the Old Testament. The Jehovah who rouses from the dead and the crucified Messiah who rises from his grave have to be distinguished with particular care by their different names and titles, since the old monotheistic prerogative had to be kept intact and yet room made for a Messiah who had little in common with the Messiah of the Jewish tradition.

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The Jewish Messiah, who played a great rôle in the popular fantasy at this time, was conceived as a heroic figure, a sort of idealized and statuesque Judah Maccabaeus. Endowed by God with miraculous powers, he would defeat the Roman oppressors as well as all the old and new foes of Israel. The reign of peace and justice was to issue from Jerusalem, and all nations of the world would dwell under his scepter.

It was not this dream of political liberation, of national victory and glory, upon which Paul fixed his hope, faith, and love. What he desired, with all the passion of his burning heart, was another and infinitely greater victory, the victory over death. He wanted to defeat destruction not only in the form of final extinction — this was his highest, but not an isolated, aim. The same destruction as in death was hovering around him all the time, spoiling, debasing and constricting his inner life. Law and lust (*Super-Ego* and *id-tendencies*) were both active within him. "I agree with the law of Jehovah as to my inner nature, but I see another law in my members; and it fights against the law of my mind and I get bound by the law of sin which is in my members" (*Romans* VII: 22, 23). Sin, conflicting with law, fetters the inner life; death is the reward of sin, sin is death (*Romans* VII: 12, VI: 23; VIII: 3).

All the triumphs of the Jewish Messiah were of no

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avail to find the way out of this dreadful labyrinth which led to death whichever way one went.

True, there were gods who held out a different promise to their believers. They had been worshipped for a long time, longer than any history or tradition could tell; some of them stayed in their comparative obscurity, but recently their cults had attracted a wider attention, especially among those who, like Paulus, were not fully satisfied with the old, traditional religious rites of their country. Most of the pagan national gods had lost much more prestige than Jehovah (the Jews being exceptionally headstrong people) and many turned instead to the rather frigid official Roman worship with their religious emotions turned toward these old-new gods.

Most of them had some characteristic traits in common, and the tendency of the time ("*Syncretism*") was favorable to putting more emphasis on these than on the differences. So it happened that they merged frequently, in spite of the divergences in their ritual, their priests, emblems, and even their names.

It was characteristic of this development that the worshippers did not consist of the inhabitants of a certain country or city, of the members of a family or tribe, as it had been the custom with the national gods; instead of these traditional conditions, admittance was made on the basis of a rite of initiation to which the

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candidates had to submit. Only the initiated, the "mystes" could participate in the ceremonies. "Mystery religion" means simply "reserved for the initiated"; and its ritual was not necessarily, although quite often, veiled in secrecy for outsiders.

These gods, pictured as beautiful youths, died a violent death; they were killed by a wild beast, hanged on a tree, torn to pieces, or castrated themselves (Adonis, Orpheus, Dionysos — Zagreus, Attis, Osiris).

Their death is the cause of lamentation and mourning among worshippers, especially women. In the end, the dead god rises from his grave, and the laments turn abruptly to shouts of triumph and jubilation.

All these rites, including the initiation, contain symbolic acts expressing the rebirth of the worshippers by way of their identification with the dying and resurrected god. The resurrection is considered as the pledge of immortality, the *mystes* are called (in Attis worship) "the saved ones of the god," and "liberation from all evils" is the happy message solemnly announced to them.

In the times of Paulus, these mystery-cults had cut themselves entirely loose from their local origins and spread freely over the empire, especially the Orient. They gained an increasing hold on the minds of the philosophical searchers after truth as well as of simple people who wanted a life of eternal happiness. The

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various complaints of historians, moralists, and satirists furnish an indirect, but sufficient evidence of their increasing popularity. This spirit which pervaded his time must have made itself felt to the sensitive mind of Paulus, who was born and bred near one of its focal points. No doubt he rejected it with all the fanaticism of a monotheistic religious zealot.

A wide, seemingly unbridgeable abyss separated him from the mystery religions. This self-resurrected youth pretended to be a god in his own right. To the pious Jew he was identical with the Baalim whose worship the Bible condemned in no uncertain terms. The slightest concession in this direction would have meant to Paul apostasy from monotheism and a lasting separation from his people. He refused, all his life, to consider anything leading to these steps. He could not accept any other God but Jehovah; yet the identification of himself with a mortal could not help to absolve him from death and sin.

These mystery rites and ceremonies retained still a strong flavor of primitive magic in spite of the refined interpretations and the symbolic significance that were eventually given them. The resurrection, produced by way of magic acts and formulas, was closely linked to the resurrection of nature, the return of fecundity, the rebirth of the sun and similar joyful events, in which the Apostle was not especially interested. The moral

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liberation for which he hankered was not quite absent; it was expressed by the earnest demand that the initiated should stand before his God with an unsullied mind and body, and should, therefore, abstain from manslaughter and sexual impurity. Yet, all that was a vague and uncertain background, considered more important as an aid for the success of the ritual, rather than for its own spiritual value.

Then something happened; it may have happened right in the presence of the future Apostle, but he was not aware of it while it happened — which is the usual pattern of great events. It took him a long time before he began to understand what enormous significance this incident had for him, and, through him, for the world.

A Prophet or Rabbi or Miracle-worker had been crucified by the Roman authorities for high treason because they thought that he intended to make himself King of the Jews. Some of his countrymen, and especially his followers, simple people from Galilee, believed that he was the promised Messiah. After the execution, his disciples, disillusioned and terrified, went back home. A man crucified as a criminal and the Messiah could not be one and the same person.

Then came a new impulse from a new source (this is not the place to investigate what this new source was. We ought to return to Paulus as soon as possible.)

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In the crucified Jesus, the two beliefs which appealed most to Paul's emotion and imagination merged and became one: the faith of the Gentiles in the divine youth whose death and resurrection promised eternal life to his believers and the Messianic hope of the Jews.

The discovery of Jesus as the point where the two separate rivers of religious emotion could join and flow together, the work of coördination and consolidation of elements of different origin was not done by Paul, but by other, earlier, believers or perhaps by one of them. Nor does any evidence exist as to what extent the teachings of his epistles are originally his own, how much he owed to the guidance of earlier apostles which they bestowed on him after his conversion, or how much the older ones owed to him. But if ever a man of overpowering personality showed to the world his heart bared and divested of all petty disguises; if ever the suffering, the troubles and conflicts, the consolations, the hopes and the love of a great mind were exposed to the eyes of men, it is to be found in Paul's epistles. Originality is only a very weak term to designate this quality.

It took him a long time and cost him a severe struggle till he was able to listen to the "unspoken speech" on the road to Damascus. Here he found the pivot around which all the activities of his mind and of his life turned. The Messiah, "the first-born of the sons

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of God," had died on the cross. Jehovah had roused him from the dead, and with him everyone who was willing to identify himself with him. To die with him, and to be buried with him, this was the only purpose to which every breath of life should be devoted; to become one with him was the only way to rise to the true life, to defy death forever. The desire for oneness with the Crucified One, and to be buried with him in his grave (*e.g. Romans VI: 2-4*) was not a mere play with symbols; it was a cruel, dreadful, bloody fact, but it was almost entirely divested of the magic ritual which had prevailed in the adoration of the dying and resurrected god as practised in the mystery religions. It was an act of the spirit, born of the ardent wish for a full and true life; it was the craving for liberation from the conflicts between desire and the inhibitions of the law, a wish quite different from that simple one for prolonged happiness beyond the grave.

The death you flee from is the reward of sin. The death you seek and find any time when you identify yourself with Jesus makes the law unnecessary, sets you free from sinful desire and leads to life and resurrection. You must do it all yourself with the help of Jehovah's grace, but *without* the "first-born of grace," with whom you become one, it cannot be done. The actual death makes little difference. Paul had learned in his ecstasy the secrets of God — "but if I was in my

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body or out of it, I don't know." The final resurrection appears on the far horizon of eschatology as a reproduction, enlarged to a grandiose size, of the experience that every man can find at every moment of his life. The end of everything, revealed by prophetic outlook into the future, is the return to pure and unalloyed monotheism, God being again "all in all," (*I Corinthians* XV: 24-28).

This was the solution for Paul, the Apostle, the final victory, so far as a final victory was possible for him. It brought forth his triumphant cry: "Where, oh, death, is thy victory?" (*I Corinthians* XV: 55). This overwhelming experience, from which every thought of Paul starts and to which they all return, has influenced his attitude in a highly characteristic, sometimes surprising, manner. He mentions miracles — "signs and miracles" — just by the way, but he puts little emphasis on them. The reason for this attitude is not his lack of belief, but, compared with the one all-embracing miracle of resurrection, the others had little importance in his eyes. It does not occur to him to use any detailed account of miracles for the purpose of confirmation of faith, in strong contrast with *The Acts*, which is constantly eager to endow him and the other apostles with the gift of working miracles in the true spirit of aretology. Aside from the events on which his faith is founded: the last supper, the crucifixion, the resurrec-

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tion, he is not interested in the person of Jesus; on his life and his actions he keeps a complete silence, and he has surprisingly little to say on his teachings. He mentions only some subordinate points, such as the question of divorce or the sustenance to be given the missionaries by the communities. All essential arguments are drawn either from the resurrection or from the Old Testament.

How far have the personality of Jesus and the new ethical revelations, emanating from his teachings, predestined him to become the founder of a new religion? Could the confluence of messiah and a mystery-god bring results through the death on the cross of another prophet and teacher in his place? This is probably the most difficult of the problems concerning the origins of Christianity. It has no direct relation to our present subject. May the source of the stream have been Jesus' personality, or the accidental fact that he was the victim on the cross for whose deification the time, in any case, was ripe.

A group of men — probably all of them, like Paul himself, Jews who had grown up in one of the Hellenized cities outside of Palestine — had tasted, directly or indirectly, of the promises of resurrection and immortality, held out by the mystery religion. In their minds, the Jewish Messiah and the crucified and resurrected God were fused into a unity. To these men the

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person and the teachings of the man whom the Roman authorities had executed was but of secondary interest. Paulus doesn't seem to have been the founder of this group, but its leader in the newly opened missionary field.

Those who had been Jesus' actual followers and disciples were Palestinian, mostly Galilean Jews, and although they accepted the belief in his resurrection, they felt differently about their teacher, and venerated his words and deeds as they remembered them. From this attitude sprang, after a good deal of elaboration, the Gospel of Mark, which was soon to be more elaborated by the two other Synoptics. That these disciples and their converts looked with admiring, but distrustful, eyes on the missionaries to the Gentiles, of whom Paul was the foremost, is strongly hinted in the *Acts of the Apostles* and loudly proclaimed by Paul himself in his letter to the Galatians.

Only two acts of religious ritual are, to Paul, of grave importance. They had been practised in pagan worship, especially in the mystery religions, and by some Jewish sects as well. Both had probably been adopted by all the missionaries of the crucified Messiah, but certainly by none of them more ardently than by Paul; one of them was the symbolic performance of resurrection (or rebirth) and the other of identification. They were: *Baptism* and *Communion*.

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Baptism was originally — except in Egypt — not a rite of purification as it was interpreted later, but of rebirth. Similar rites by which the initiated was reborn into a new life were frequently used by the mystery religions. Baptism, the coming out of the water after immersion, was the symbolic repetition of the act of birth. The psychoanalysts have learnt this equation by means of the interpretation of dreams, which contain it frequently as a typical element in the language of the Unconscious. Being baptized “in Jesus” (or John, or even Moses) means getting reborn as a part of him; the true baptism, according to Paul, has to be “in the death of Jesus” (*Romans* VI: 3, 4).

The Apostle had no objection against the baptism of the dead, the living being baptized vicariously for them (*I Corinthians* XII: 29). Natural death was for him not the most important event, deciding and resolving the issues of life. What mattered more was the identification with the crucified and buried Jesus since this was the only hope to rise with him to life. If baptism could help to come nearer to this identification, the ceremony of symbolical rebirth should be open for the dead as well as for those who still walked the earth.

The sacred meal is one of the oldest institutions, going back to times before the development of religion, to the truly “dark ages” of totemism. It is the most naïve, but also the most intense, way of identifying

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oneself with another being, by eating his flesh and drinking his blood. It means being unified with him as the child at the breast becomes one with the mother. The bread and wine has been designated by Jesus, in the expectation of his imminent sacrificial death, as his body and his blood; Paul says so (*I Corinthians* XI: 23-25), being here in full accord with the Synoptic Gospels. The sacramental eating and drinking survived as an act "in memory" of Jesus. The substitution of bread and wine for flesh and blood had become long ago a rite of many pagan (mystery) religions, and was probably not quite extinct among the Jewish people. Rites of such venerable age are apt to be widespread and long-lived. The greatest change, made possible by symbolic substitution, was that the metaphysical victim, whose flesh and blood was consumed by the worshippers, consented expressly to the act, blessing or — as in the case of Jesus — even ordaining it. This has hardly been the case in the primitive original form of the rite.

At all events, these symbolic rites, survivals of the oldest methods by which men tried to tie the unknown powers to the service of their wishes, were for Paulus mere accessories. The real vehicle to reaching identification and, through its aid, salvation was purely and profoundly spiritual. No magic and symbolic rites could bind a man's own life to another's death; the strangest power in which the life-

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instinct embodies itself had to be called in; the power of love.

Paulus does not use the word *Eros*, which might sound ambiguous in the connection, but *Agape*, which represents the idea of love without the sting of desire. This love is due Jesus alone, and it embraces him completely, not for the charm and immaculate goodness which his personality emanates, not for his deeds and miracles by which he alleviated human suffering, not even for his words revealing on earth the kingdom of heaven. All these things are touched on lightly or relegated to the background in the authentic Epistles. They cannot have been of primary importance to the man who wrote them. The reason for loving Jesus, and only him, was that his own love made the Messiah, the "first-born of the sons of God" "the new Adam" "the rock which gave water in the desert," willing to die on the cross and to be buried for the salvation of mankind. This love arouses in those to whom it had been given, and who are able to accept and requite it, the longing to die, thus mediating the only way leading to resurrection and eternal life. Here we have love made free from all anxieties and inhibitions; *before it all doors were springing open.*

No teaching or understanding, no hope and no faith can lead to being one with Jesus: love is the only means of identification. On this point Paul is most explicit

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and emphatic: "love is greater than faith and hope" and "even if I have the gift of prophecy and have insight into all mysteries and into all knowledge, and even if I have all the faith so that I can move mountains, but have no love, I am nothing" (*I Corinthians* XIII: 2).

This, to the eyes of an outside observer, is the greatest feat of about-face that has ever been performed among the P. S. P. "The indescribable; here it is done"—life and death united by love.

The law, or as we call it by less forbidding names: *Super-Ego*, conscience, loses its power to forbid, to inhibit, to punish. It has no claim and no threat, since its task has become superfluous. The sinful desire which it had to keep in check: to suppress, to annihilate or, when all this had proved beyond its power, at least to repress and keep out of the Ego, this desire had ceased to exist. Relieved from the struggle and reconciled to the *Id*, the *Super-Ego* can now assume—or bless and encourage—the function which hitherto belonged to the *Id*, and turn, in its own peculiar way, from an inhibiting and deadening force to a life-giving, and even creative, one.

Thus the apostle and saint is born. The Ego does not receive any longer its life-impulses from its instinctual sources in the treacherous guise of desire which the law changes into sin and death. Love, highest and purest of the life-impulses alone survives; it

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retains its purity by giving itself up altogether to this sole aim, to be the way and the open door leading to the final consummation. Life is now no longer life, it is a constant dying in becoming one with the crucified. Death is no longer death for him who became one with the resurrected first-born of God. Paul expressed this complicated process in simple and perfectly clear words: "For I died by means of the law, so that I will live to Jehovah. I have been crucified together with the Messiah. I live no longer, but the Messiah lives in me" (*Galatians* II: 19).

CHAPTER V

LIBERATION BY KNOWLEDGE

"It is a nice-looking apple" says Adam "but is it wholesome? Is it warranted by the board of public health and recommended by the best medical authorities?" "The serpent says so" whispers Eve. Some faint memory of an angry voice that spoke to him in a remote past, says "No." So he stands and ponders.

This is the true story of the expulsion from the garden of Eden, without the dramatic curses and thunderclaps. The place where Adam and his offspring stand interminably, doubting what they might enjoy and what not, till after a long hesitation they get so confused that they don't know for certain whether they want it or not — *this place is the lost paradise.*

Self-misunderstanding causes a lot of trouble. With the exception of the few perfectly free minds, nobody knows the moral code really well under which he acts or is kept from acting. There are plenty of divergences and contradictions between the proclaimed and accepted rules, between the inner voice to which he listens with

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awe and its double to whose precepts he gives merely lip-service. Like Lohengrin their miraculous power is veiled in their anonymity. Some of them would, like Lohengrin, disappear if they were asked persistently, "What is your name and origin?" The respect which silences such impertinent questions is another of the many symptoms of anxiety.

To quote, as illustration, a characteristic case: a woman insists, despite all objections, on interrupting her pregnancy, but after having the operation performed, reacts with depression and other symptoms, indicating her self-reproaches and the grief caused by the irretrievable loss. She shows an absolutely unfounded, but invincible, aversion for the man who after a long struggle had yielded to her entreaties.

A man who wanted to jilt a girl while she was still in love with him, and behaved coldly and cruelly to her, may go to pieces when she leaves him. The son who was openly hostile to his father and waited for his death is unable to enjoy the inheritance, squanders it in the most stupid manner, and does not regain his equilibrium till he has thrown the last bit of it out the window. Children find it impossible to abstain from blasphemous or obscene speech although their hearts tremble and the terror of their words follows them in their dreams. Lady Macbeth drives her hesitant husband to murder the one whom she is unable to kill with

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her own hands because the king, "resembled my father as he slept;" after the deed she has to live through all the horrors of the crime, night after night, in her sleep-walking. It was probably quite a surprise for Orestes when he found himself pursued by the Eumenides.

In fact and fiction — that is, in true fiction — almost all of the P. S. P. act on innumerable occasions without understanding what they are doing nor why they do it.

This proves, if a proof is still needed, that great gaps exist in the self-knowledge of the Ego; the conscious parts of our personality are by no means so coherent as we like to imagine, but are torn and split by dark fissures like the streams of cold lava. It is hard work to fill in these gaps with a new insight and make it stick.

Knowledge ought to be more efficient than that when it undertakes the deliverance of the Ego. If the frontier between the permissible and the prohibited could be ascertained with its help, conflicts and doubts, mistakes and transgressions could be more easily settled and peace would descend on many troubled souls. Instead of devoting itself to sterile social reforms which proceed in a circle and leave the liberty of the mind in the end just where it started, the intelligence of the P. S. P. ought to devote all energies to the acquisition of more and better self-knowledge so as to be guided by it finally to the goal of spiritual self-reliance. Of course,

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some special qualifications are needed to assimilate such knowledge, but it could be used by many more than those exceptional favorites of fate whom the world regards with lasting admiration, the rare instances of genius, whom it takes generations to produce. The fervent and fanatical souls, like Paul, disdain diagnosis and treat it cavalierly ("knowledge will be cast aside" (*I Corinthians XIII: 8*)). Their minds are filled to overflowing with their own dream of salvation and have no place for the cold teachings of science. Knowledge cannot do what Paul demanded, but it has the tendency and sometimes the power to work in its humble way toward a more perfectly organized, and, therefore, less inhibited Ego.

The usual method of acquiring this kind of knowledge is by "intuition," eked out with occasional furtive bits of self-observation. The resulting convictions are firm, but unreliable since they are much influenced by wishful thinking (*narcissism*). People seeing themselves in their private mirror, say, on the wall, appear, if not better and wiser, in any case more interesting than is their due. The Ego looking in this mirror mistakes its Ego-ideal for its own reflection. A less easy way, but one somewhat more secure from the worst pitfalls, is Self-Analysis, if undertaken seriously and patiently with the careful application of all technical rules.

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A complete victory over the forces which fight for self-deception lies beyond the limits of reasonable hope, even if the very best methods are applied to a grade A material. Under all circumstances, it has to be a life-long struggle. A wrong step once made is seldom retraced. Some comfort may be derived from the fact that the most fitting instrument for the acquisition of self-knowledge, psychoanalysis, is at present by no means finished, fixed or stationary: a great part of its value lies in the future; it opens a scientific perspective of future development toward greater perfection. Further research will add to its store of insight, heighten its effectiveness, shorten its methods, correct some of its foundations, whereas intuitive insight always was and always will be the same; it is highly effective when the constellations are favorable, but it neither progresses nor lends itself to the process of correction and verification. It has to be accepted or rejected without further reasoning.

In the meantime we must reconcile ourselves to the fact that knowledge has a hard task in fighting that shapeless monster, anxiety. To study those prehistoric giants would be comparatively easy — a sort of psychological palæontology,— but a double focus, a thing always abhorred by science, creates a lot of complications. Under one aspect we dig up the bones, measure and compare them, as good scientists are expected to do,

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but under the other we find the enormous wild beasts alive, blowing fire and smoke out of their nostrils,—and their frolics then are much too awesome to allow a peaceful, sound, and objective investigation. Their menace has a close family likeness to the famous skeleton in the closet which can be met successfully when the door of its closet, somewhere in a garret or in the cellar or in a lumber room, is found and opened and the skeleton dragged out. Exposed to the fresh air and daylight, it crumbles to dust and ashes. The question is: will the owner of the house be eager to help, will he be glad to be delivered from the lurking, grinning skeleton and feel properly grateful when the new knowledge throws open the doors behind which his fears and inhibitions are preserved? In nine times out of ten, he will not. His attitude is that of the owner of a haunted castle. The spook is a great nuisance, but also a mark of distinction, giving evidence of an old and noble family-tree, and, after all, he is an ancestor to whom certain regards are due.

The inner danger signalled by anxiety is caused by a primitive urge which had to be kept out of the conscious Ego because it was unadjustable and threatened to devour everything around it. But before it grew to such dangerous proportions it had been a nice little imp of an urge, just like all the others, and the pleasure which it had yielded at that time was considered inno-

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cent. This memory is not kept in consciousness, but it is not extinct. The roaring lion had been a lovely whelp, a darling pet, although its old charm has turned into a danger.

Neither charm nor harm would matter so much if it were possible for the P. S. P. to renounce a pleasure entirely, absolutely and for all time, but resignation is an adversity the sweet uses of which are much overpraised. The bargain by which a present frustration is accepted in exchange for the promise of a future gain is never really popular. So there are strong motives at work for avoiding the knowledge which would tear out the opposition to a final resignation, root and branch. Lost years, a spoiled life, indissoluble bonds, organic illness, and many other motives are standing like impregnable walls against the inroad of a painful knowledge. To storm the walls and level them with no other weapon of assault than pure intellect would be hopeless. It is necessary to appeal to certain instincts which are willing to range themselves on the side of reason. But when the battle is over and the victory won, the useful ally may become a new tyrant.

The extent to which the mind is firmly rooted in its tracks may be experienced without special psychological training. Nothing else is necessary than to observe the behavior of people who come to ask for advice. In listening to their anxious queries, it is easy to discover

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that they have already made up their minds about what advice they want. If you comply with their unexpressed wishes, they may declare that they are surprised at your point of view, but are quite ready to be convinced that you are right, and they will go home with cheer and gratitude in their heart. Of course, a conscientious and responsible person cannot bring himself to use such subterfuges. He will try to find out what is the best and suggest it. However, it will come to the same thing in the end; for they will do what they originally wanted to do, if advised to go ahead with it, and if they are counselled against it, they will find another "more competent" adviser.

Another recipe out of the same drawer: A man who wants to flatter a fellow P. S. P.-inhabitant should use neither astuteness nor imagination. It would only cramp his style. All he must know is what the other wishes to be praised for, and to ascertain this he needs no cunning artifices since it is revealed to him in big letters on the slightest provocation. This sought-for praise he has to repeat infinitely, with slight variations, and he need not feel afraid that the monotony may become wearisome.

These are trivial examples; they are meant to be so since it is their triviality which demonstrates how unusual the triumph of the truth in the matter of self is, even when it is matched against nothing more than

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ordinary vanity. It gives an idea of the situation arising when it is a question for which great courage is needed if it has to be answered correctly. In spite of all that it would be a cynical exaggeration to call the P. S. P. devoid of the sense of truth. Offensive as it is to them, on many occasions, they recognize in it the element of inner freedom without which they could not breathe. It may be a thin thread but it is interwoven with all parts of their lives and holds them together. When it snaps, their Ego falls apart.

An old story tells about the man who wanted to know the most powerful being in existence. He first went to the highest oak, but the tree said "No," the wind was more powerful and could blow it down. So he went to the wind, but he said the mountain was more powerful for the storm's worst furies couldn't shake it. He went to the mountain, but the mountain said: "An animal is more powerful than I am; it gnaws my insides and I cannot hinder it." So the man went to see this animal and he found that it was a tiny mouse. Is knowledge the little mouse?

CHAPTER VI

THE MENDING OF SHADOWS

Several thousands of years have left us illuminating records about the subjects in which the P. S. P. of by-gone times were interested. It seems that a considerable part of their thinking, talking, and writing has been devoted to love, or to use a less ambiguous and more comprehensive term, to matters concerning directly or remotely the affair or affairs of mating. In these records love, sometimes under the alias of sex, has been glorified and vilified, called the crown of life and the instrument of death; became subjected to profound philosophical and metaphysical speculations; finally, following the scientific currents of modern times, it was investigated by research methods of diverse sorts.

The resultant psychological insight is not impressive. The viewpoints of the luminaries differ widely and even the fundamental facts are still controversial. He who wants to learn about love must not appeal to science, but has to put himself in the hands of other, less factual guides. Art is the oracle that reveals these

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secrets, but like most oracles it speaks in symbols rather than in a plain language which could be understood by ordinary people in the ordinary way. Science, on the other hand, when it talks of love, sounds suspiciously like a small town reporter's interview with a movie star.

Why is it that civilization and scientific progress have worked less change in this field than in any other one? The extent of our knowledge about the physiology, biology, and endocrinology of mating has increased enormously over that of a scant hundred years ago. Yet, when the wise and enlightened men of science begin to proclaim what they know about its psychological problems, their words are either commonplace or they become a bashful muttering as in the case of a child when it has to use "bad" words before adults.

The primitive, and for that reason almost general, habit of seeing fellow-creatures in the likeness of one's own predilections is nowhere more powerful than in matters of this sort. It would not be an exaggeration to say that every single individual knows only one manner of mating; namely his own — and that not very well. Most of the P. S. P. are but dimly aware of what they really want, but they feel absolutely certain that all others want the same. The resulting combination of surreptitious but precise knowledge with vague and not fully conscious longing is confusing like a composite made of an expressionistic portrait and a photograph.

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The image which every one sees of himself in the pose of a lover presents but a fraction of the true emotions in the original. To love and at the same time to know how one loves or wants to be loved and why it happened to be just that way and wherefore nothing else would do instead — that would mean to be and not to be. Anyone who accomplishes this feat would become automatically a great psychologist — his own Shakespeare, Dostoyevsky, Proust, and Freud rolled into one, but it is as impossible as kissing one's own elbow. The P. S. P. have during untold generations and with an incredible amount of energy beautified and raised desires of this kind to more and more remote and obscure regions of the mind. They cannot be expected to give up the fruit of such efforts at the drop of a hat. They are, if necessary, willing to let in the primitive, untamed, dangerous, and mean beast, but they don't want it to form part of their angelic vision of themselves as lovers and beloved ones. Love to the manner born is expressed best by photographs of bride and groom, with a sustained smile, expressing tenderness and eternal inanity on their face.

On the other hand, the high explosive of real passion is apt to produce sudden flashes of insight which are ruled out at ordinary times, but they last as long as a lightning flash, and are swallowed up again by darkness.

Since the minds of the P. S. P. are built that way, it

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is not surprising that few of them, outside of the literary profession, have anything worthwhile to say about love; it is all cautiously embalmed in theories and is as lively as a stuffed monkey.

For the observer from a distant planet, the problem presents other difficulties. He finds himself faced with an endless variety, a series of disparities and contrasts; it seems hopeless to study them all and senseless to choose at random between them. Some examples of attempts made at classification are: heavenly and earthly love; sacred and carnal; ideal and vulgar; love eternal, love temporal, and love *à la minute*; love proclaimed in the world by song, and love hush-hushed by manners and morals; love as the origin of ethics, or as the source of sinfulness; normal and perverse love; love chanted in church and love peddled in the streets; violent and tender love; dramatic and lyric, tragic and comical; Platonic and bedridden love. Venus Urania and Aphrodite Pandemos, criminal love and love enforced by law, selfless and exclusively self-centered love; practical and transcendental; purely sexual and guaranteed 100% pure sex-free — and a hundred more types.

To be forewarned is to be forearmed. The external observer will admit that he knows as much about the feeling of bacteria and other animalculae when they are performing the business of mating in their simple ways as about the laws which rule the passions and sensa-

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tions of the P. S. P., in their more complicated arrangements. He will be wary of one-sided opinions and hasty generalizations.

Only few legitimate statements remain. The first would be that all mating, with few and insignificant exceptions, is done in groups of two and no more. The age, size, sex reactions, and the mental attitudes of the mating individuals are variable, but their number is constant. This forms an obstacle to gregariousness among the P. S. P. The bond of primitive sexuality, which unites two individuals, cannot be enlarged beyond that number without losing some of its zest. In spite of the frequency of changes or of simple promiscuity, the mating each time is done in pairs. The early social organizations — clans, tribes — have to be built up against this tendency with great energy by those forces which permit a wider range of combinations.

Although the rule is against more than two, there may be less which, for not too strictly mathematically-minded persons, amounts to one. Even when we set aside the forms of infantile sexuality and the return to it (regression) under pathological conditions, the adult's (and still more the adolescent's) love-life taking place in a single person is a too widely popular phenomenon to be treated by disdainful silence.

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*Before chaste ears the name must not be hinted
Of what chaste hearts won't let themselves be stinted.*

Says Mephistopheles:

*Man darf das nicht vor keuschen Ohren nennen,
Was keusche Herzen nicht entbehren koennen.*

—GOETHE, *Faust*, Part I.

To obey the urges of Eros in short order and to release the tension without waiting for a partner is almost obligatory at epochs when the desire is hot and the youthful explorer has not yet discovered that adult sexuality is in fact an open door. However, those who trust themselves too far on this bypath are in danger of not finding their way back; they get deeper into the seclusion of fantasy-life than is good for them. To be independent of a frustrating reality and exempt from its obstacles and postponements are among the fascinating, but fatal, presents out of the box of Pandora. What else but fantasy deserves to be called by this name, meaning "the bringer of all gifts?" It is the strangest fact about the P. S. P. that Fantasy-Pandora is the Lady Bountiful who fulfills every wish—except for strength of will and character. Especially in the realm of Eros is her magic power almost unlimited. Adding the judicious use of certain physiological re-

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sponses, she produces every desirable effect, every sort of erotic gratification. Her resources replace all that reality can give or, eventually, insert themselves into sober and factual situations and change them into a merry carnival. She can, for a time, blot out the unwelcome and harsh aspects of reality, or supplement it where it lets too much to desire or just soften its austerity. Only by compounding facts with fancies the interplay of mind and matter is made possible. Man's peculiar world is not made of realities which end where the fantasy begins or vice-versa; the two are intermingling from the start to the finish (at least for the "lunatic, the lover, and the poet"—and who doesn't fall into one of these categories?) Not the least part of love's wide and well-deserved reputation is due to its close and indissoluble alliance with fantasy.

Imagination stands ready to serve all urges impartially, the innocent and approved one, simply and openly; the others, in a roundabout way under the protection of camouflage. Although it has only a few stereotypes at its command, their individual variations produce the semblance of an inexhaustible variety. It builds up dreams or day-dreams, produces flashlight pictures or long drawn-out serial stories, and uses intricate devices of eyewash and make-believe.

The fantasies provoked by the necessities of the body are the least elaborate ones. They throw a sop to

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the momentary desire and leave the mind exactly where it was before. Consequently they don't interfere much with reality and their existence ends with the need which produced them. A hungry man will in fantasy partake of the most luscious dishes, but he who eats mouldy bread, however deeply he may relish it, cannot by any stretch of imagination make it taste like *paté de foie gras*. This sort of magic swindle is the exclusive privilege of Eros.

The fantasies belonging to the family of Eros are from their earliest beginning coupled with a bit of reality, an actual, stimulating and delightful feeling of the body, a pleasure experienced on some specially sensitive spots. Every thumb-sucking baby soon learns how to combine with the physical, pleasures of its first flight of fancy, not to mention other practices of the age of innocence which are looked at askance or are overlooked by parents and nurses. This mixture of the pleasures of body and mind persists for the rest of life. The sensation of the body which accompanies the fantasy becomes normally less obvious, sometimes infinitesimal and eludes self-observation. In any case, it has the capacity for growing through the whole gamut of self-excitement up to the highest pitch of orgasm. This big or small patch of stimulation is the soil from which the erotic fantasies, in the widest sense, draw their strength and vitality; it makes them resistant and

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adaptable, gives them blood and body, whereas those which have to live on a diet of thin air attain but an empty and transitory substance.

Erotic fantasy, from its early association with realities of body-sensations on intimate and confidential terms, becomes a sturdy growth; when the time comes for the active love-life of maturity it unites and organizes the old with the new ways. It is a vain endeavor to distinguish sharply between delusions and facts which are inextricably intermingled. Like the angels in Jacob's dream, these fantasies mount and descend on the ladder leading from earth to heaven; they have a share in shaping the affairs of the P. S. P. on all levels of human endeavor. Their bonds hold society together and give a zest to civilization. Not only myth and art and religion, which may be called fantasy's first-born children, but science and law as well, however bone-dry and matter-of-fact they look, owe to her their life and first nourishment.

A list of the tricks and devices by which fantasy and facts make up to each other would be endless. The dosing too — how many drops of the one to a spoonful of the other — undergoes an infinity of variations. An extremist, a philosopher, for instance, could maintain that "facts" consist only of a few perfunctory impressions of the senses, and that all the rest is done by creative fantasy — in other words, by Eros.

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Our present interest lies in some of the more specific experiments of the alchemy of facts and fancy. What happens on every stage of the erotic encounter, from the first timid glance to the ultimate consummation? Everyone becomes the ideal when regarded through love's telescope; to the unarmed eye these masterpieces of nature appear as ordinary run-of-the-mill products in attractive shapes. (T. Nestroy: *Das Mädel aus der Vorstadt*.) Fantasy adds to desire all the stimulating qualities which truth doesn't concede. These falsifications are not only the results of unquenched desire, but also of jealousy or narcissistic self-expansion, of snobbism in vulgar, and of compassion in very noble, souls. A similar situation, but one already on the verge of losing balance, arises when the real partner is purposely ignored, that is, is used as a stand-in for the desired, but unattainable, love-object.

The ability of tempering the wind of stern reality to the lamb shorn of its gratification, by means of fantasy, explains the riddle why the most imperative of human drives is on so many occasions more easily satisfied than its less exacting brothers. For this reason the part that Eros plays in human life is so often underestimated. Those who look only on its impact on the reality-basis can see no more than a minute fraction. One has to observe what happens off-stage, as well as the action behind the footlights. "What

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does he know of England, who only England knows!"

It is a pity that we do not have more control over the working of our imagination! How it would simplify matters if we could command it to build up its illusions in favor of our Ego-approved love-relations, as we can be inveigled into the spell of another's imagination — provided that this other man is a poet, a master of his art. But fantasy, the most efficient handmaiden of love, is also its most despotic and whimsical tyrant. It looks like a bit from the Arabian fairy tale: Aladin's lamp is ready at hand, and the djin, its slave, appears when called by it, but he performs our commands in his own wilful, independent, and all too often unwelcome way.

One of the best fields for the study of the influences of fantasy and of its peculiar tricks is that of the so-called perversions. Besides, they are a unique spectacle of general interest and show to a conscientious observer of the P. S. P. much that elsewhere remains invisible. The prejudices are superfluous impediments when we have once and for all accepted the fact, that our S. P. is very strange indeed.

No sharply drawn line divides "perversion" from "normality"—whatever that word may mean. The progress from the earlier, infantile, and semi-infantile phases of sexuality is often halting, and results in a broken and irregular front; some formations lag behind or prefer to loiter on the way, coming eventually

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to a full stop at an intermediary station. It all depends where the maximum of pleasure and the minimum of resistance can be found. A marked preference for one of these half-way stations (called fixations) is the basic material for the perversion which is fashioned out of it by a process of enlarging, exaggerating, combining, ornamenting, and collecting all sorts of fanciful distorted memories. The genital act is abandoned, or becomes a side-line, and in its place, a multifarious host of extravagant forms comes to the fore. Norman Douglas tells in one of his autobiographical books about a notorious panderer of Naples (those were the good old days when the reputation of Naples of being one of the least straight-laced places in the world attracted customers from every quarter of the globe) who confessed to him that after all the grotesque and singular inclinations of his clients within his experience, including the wish to have an affair with Mount Vesuvius, he was still faced with new and unheard of demands.

Among those scientific habits which it is most important to ignore, the overvaluation of nomenclature, together with the neglect of the content, deserves special mention. A classification, so to speak, a Linnean system of the perversions, is of no use; all attempts to bring it up to date by assiduous fabrication of new Greek terms have failed. The manifestations of Eros cannot

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be kept in pigeon-holes, and the so-called perverse ones are harder to arrange in apple-pie order than the rest. When they don't fill the play-bill of a person's sex-dream, they may still precede the main piece as a "*lever de rideau*" (rising of the curtain), or follow it as a light farce. Sometimes they appear in their primitive crudity, sometimes so well wrapped up or elevated to such heights that they are escaping recognition.

An exhibitionist, for instance, is by no means simply a man (there are no female exhibitionists in the strict sense of the term) who gets stimulation, and eventually satisfaction, by exposing his genitals to the view of others, as the customary definitions will have it. If it were so, no exhibitionist would have to face social ostracism or legal persecution. You would take him aside — when he is leaving the court-room will be your best opportunity — and tell him: "You are a fool to take these awful risks. Why not try to find a girl-friend who for love or money is perfectly willing, behind closed doors, to look for hours at any part or posture of your body which you deem desirable to exhibit?"

Excellent advice, no doubt, but of no value to him, or he would have found it out for himself. He knows dimly that what he wants is something different, even if he cannot formulate it. That is, his urge realizes, even if reason doesn't acknowledge it, that something else is needed to give his "exhibitionism" the desired

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effect. His excitement and voluptuous feeling depend entirely on the overwhelming impression a compound of terror, awe, admiration and stimulation — which, as he expects, the sight of his genitals makes on the surprised and astonished female. He is allured by the triumphant conviction — whether true or illusory makes little difference to him — that the fascination irradiating from the sight of his genitals is so staggering that a single glance upsets the mental balance of any woman beholding them. How irresistible, says his exultation, must be their magic power when their appearance provokes these overwhelming emotions.

Exhibition is but a means to an end, and this consists in the triumph of the megalomaniac penis-proud boy over all obstacles and disappointments.

The only right manner of dealing with an exhibitionist I have ever heard of, was that of which an actress and lady of rich experience told me. She was molested several times in the street by the same exhibitionist, but, instead of threatening him with the police she said, complacently: "Go away! I am not interested. I know all about 'that'." She never saw him again.

Over, on the other side of the tracks, where those dwell who want to see, not to be seen (they are called now by a highly polished Greek name "Skoptophilists," but Peeping Toms was much better) another of those current over-simplifications exists which is not

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less misleading. Neither the act of seeing in itself nor the object they look at is of primary importance. The irresistible attraction lies in the peculiar condition under which their peeping is done. They are out for spying, not for looking.

Said an analysand of mine: "Why, for heaven's sake, have I to stand like a fool and stare at the lighted window over the way to catch a glimpse of the woman there as she is undressing when I can any time look at my wife who is every way more attractive?"

The answer is that only those sights arouse his interest which he is not supposed and not allowed to see — the forbidden fruit. To watch a woman who knows that she is observed and doesn't care, has no charm for him; it has to be done by stealth, with a beating heart, as a prohibited pleasure which gives him the guilt and the triumph of a naughty boy. He acts as if he were still the child that felt excluded from the stirring mysteries of the world of adults around him; to be himself invisible and see everything that was kept secret became the gist of his voluptuous fantasies. Instead of giving it up on reaching maturity, he holds on to the same pleasure — mixed with, and intensified by, anxiety — of observing those acts which others want to perform in strict privacy. Some portion of this interest survives normally; in spite of his own long experience almost every man will welcome and use the opportunity

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when an accident offers it, to satisfy his curiosity about how others — friends or strangers — behave in an erotic situation when they believe to be unseen. Who has never enjoyed being an unobserved observer? The most trivial and perfectly innocent scenes arouse a certain interest when they are performed by people who are unaware of being observed from outside. A letter addressed to a stranger, the paper read by our neighbour in the subway, will always stir up a moment's temptation. The problem of the "Peeping Tom," turns out to be the exaggeration of a quite common trait.

A third instance: When a sadistic young woman meets a masochistic man, wouldn't they be well matched, the one fitting exactly to the other's propensity? Not so. The sadistic girl wants to pinch a stout man, feel his flesh between her fingers and perceive the mixture of sexual excitement and pain in his expression. The masochistic man wishes to be beaten by a blonde, tall woman with a whip of a certain type. Sundry other details which he needs for his gratification are precisely fixed in his fantasy. Those two people had better not try the experiment; "they couldn't come together, the water was much too deep."

The label "Homosexuality" covers an assortment of heterogeneous facts and aims, some of them pure as Plato's ideals, others obscene as the frenzies of the Marquis de Sade. They have but this one thing in com-

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mon that they are directed toward persons of the same sex. Important as this is, it represents only one of many widely different variants of sexual appetite and behavior which have gotten bunched together pell-mell. With as great a lack of discrimination, individuals are declared normal whose sexuality deviates grossly from the regular mode; some extravagant or grotesque performances are condoned for no other reason but that the partners are chosen from the opposite sex. Of course, it is much easier to judge by overt acts than to search for secret fantasies and deeply hidden emotional responses, but such narrowing of the field and neglect of psychological facts means begging the question, not answering it. Is a man who prefers, for work and play, the company of men, who has never taken a more than conventional interest in a woman (except his mother) and who now and then picks up a prostitute with whom he goes through the prescribed movements without great enthusiasm, putting the whole affair out of his mind as soon as possible — is such a man leading a "normal sex-life" more normal than that of a homosexual? His case history — when there is occasion to write one — answers, "Yes." The observer who has had a few peeps behind the curtain shielding such a life says emphatically "No."

Whereas some "normal" — the word cannot be written without quotes — men may feel not generally

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attracted by women, a great number of confirmed homosexuals do. They like the atmosphere of women so much that they want to share their interests and intimacies. They prefer occupations which bring them into constant and close contact with women and they find among them their best friends and even sweethearts. Flirting is one of their favorite sports and they are very good at it, as long as they feel sure that it cannot go farther so as to get them into a situation of serious demands. In such a case, they stop short and fade out. To give their excitement free rein and to follow it up to the finish with a woman is denied to them. This last consummation is reserved for persons belonging to their own sex.

The "fairy" who imitates the feminine graces and gestures, the mannerism of speech, and the modulations of the body is not the predominant, but the best-known, type, and the popular butt for "virile" jokes. It deserves serious attention that the desirable object for the love of so many homosexuals — fairies and others — is of a decidedly feminine type; the beloved boy, celebrated and adored from the times of antiquity to this day, looks rather like a slim and rosy girl than a young man. The desirability of feminine traits has, however, a strict limitation; there is one point on which all homosexuals insist with unflinching intensity: Even the most girlish boy has to be undoubtedly masculine as to his

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genitals. Without that all his charms would be powerless.

It seems just and fair to turn now to the counterpart: female homosexuality. The saying that "what is sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose" doesn't hit the mark in this case. Female homosexuality is a phenomenon in its own right, distinct in its development and formation from the parallel affair of men. Many different types are to be found amongst them, but their joys and sorrows, their manner of falling in love and out of it and — most of all — their jealousies are of quite another nature than those of the male homosexual.

However, we had better stop here since this discussion seems to be on the verge of becoming a textbook or a popularizer. Our few illustrations and stray remarks have no high ambition; their purpose is to demonstrate some of the peculiarities of the mating habits of the P. S. P. without bias and prejudice. Nothing more.

The peculiar "fantasy-element" in all these cases which infiltrates every single element, lending it the color and warmth that makes it stimulating, was determined in the earliest stages of love-life, during childhood. Regarded from the side of this origin, "fantasy" and "reconditioned memory" are interchangeable expressions.

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Who is in fantasy a pervert may keep up what looks like a perfectly normal behavior when he has to deal with the actual situation. Jean Jacques Rousseau confessed it whereas a numberless host of his "fellow-travellers" have kept it as their most guarded secret. While he was living with his humble bedfellow, and begetting children by her, his real sexual life was elsewhere, in the fantasy of being "at the knees before a domineering mistress and receiving punishment at her hands."

Even without the countless transitions and gradations from "normal" to "pervert" it would be evident how much the two have in common by their tendency to adulterate facts with fancy. Normal sexual desire is almost as firmly fixed to its personal and strictly defined goal as the abnormal one; both keep in their prescribed channels, obedient to the norm laid down by fantasy and memory together, under which they started. Some of these channels allow the flood to move right ahead; others force it to follow a meandering course. In both cases the psychological necessity — the *Ananke*, as the Greeks called it — will be equally inevitable. The normal John Doe has a definite picture of what he must have to satisfy his wishes to the full, even if he doesn't *know* it himself, and this conscious ignorance of what he wants will not cause the least ambiguity in his reactions. Anything else offered in its place would dis-

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appoint him if fantasy did not mend it. His schedule of demands comprises not only the color of hair and eyes, the voice and the figure, the physical and mental traits of the unknown beloved, but also the situation in which he wishes to meet her the first time and her conduct, and, last not least, the rhythm, andante or furioso, with accelerations or retardations, by which the love-making is to proceed. These demands are hardly ever fully met, the world not being rich nor chance kind enough. Yet, they *are* met, or what is the same thing, *seem* to be met. Without this grandiose phantasmagoria, the s. p. would be depopulated long ago, or the human race would never have been human. The gentry, in the last act of *A Midsummer-Night Dream*, make fun of the clowns and their love-acting in the play, but they acted much more absurdly in the forest when delusions made and unmade their loves. "The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amends them."

Fantasy does its work unbidden sometimes getting highly active against our will, at other times remaining absolutely inert and refusing to be roused by the most subtle stimuli. All this depends on what is going on outside the pale of the conscious mind and its will-power; the poor Ego can do no better than to take what it gets, and like it. By good luck it is easily duped. Who can predict what will impress him and what will leave

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him indifferent, or when excitement will pop up in him like a rabbit out of the hat of the magician?

Fantasy changes arbitrarily the shapes and colors and weights of events; the Ego ought to be constantly baffled by the dexterity with which she shuffles the cards. For instance: Let a pacifist father tell his son about his dreadful experiences in the war, about hunger, pain, and death, and an hour later he will catch his boy playing soldier in an imaginary foxhole. Has the boy got such a heroic and dauntless nature? Certainly not; he will howl when he bumps his head against a hard piece of reality, but the worst sufferings don't hurt in the imagination, whereas they form a wonderful dark background for the glamors of aggression, victory, and glory. For this reason, the warning effect of a moral story, although it is listened to eagerly, is dubious.

Actual physical pain is a different proposition; it presents a rock of reality on which the soap-bubbles of fantasy nearly always get wrecked. To adorn it with fancies so that some of its bitterness gets changed into sweetness is not impossible, but a very extraordinary feat. Anxiety functions otherwise; its elements being so closely knit together with those of fantasy that unpleasant effects are inextricably mixed with pleasurable causes and vice versa.

Anxiety — tension — is essential for the story-teller, whether he spins his yarn for the benefit of an audience

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or only for his own consumption, but it has to be employed in well-controlled quantities. One grain too much of it spoils the whole dish by heightening tension to the limit of discomfort. The whole secret of the craft of the professional story-teller lies in his professional skill in distributing tensions. They must mount and fall in a certain rhythm, prescribed by the emotional situation which shall be induced. It is the hallmark of the truly great novelist or playwright that he possesses the sure touch in arousing and abating the affective tension, so that the reader, like the listener to a virtuoso's playing on the violin, forgets about the technical virtuosity and is attentive to nothing but the sheer beauty.

To sum up: Eros has become a divinity of doubtful gentleness to the P. S. P. His domain is a fertile field for misunderstanding, a garden of paradise, made up of illusions and self-deceptions. Due to early fixations, the sex drive is obstinate and exclusive in his choice of what it wants — yet again with the help of a little wheedling here and mending there, by the aid of fantasy, it is willing to accept surrogates and to cling to the belief that they are the real thing he wanted. Man will go out of his way and give up his natural trend to avoid the torments of anxiety, and then again, he will run after it because he finds his pleasures to be stale without it. He will insist on the search and struggle

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for the satisfaction of his wishes and flee in panic from the gratification of his strongest desires.

These are the fundamentals, the *a. b. c.* of the mating instinct as manifested by the P. S. P. In the higher reaches, where the results of grandiose psychic exertions and achievements are met, these problems become more and more complex and intricate.

CHAPTER VII

FROM PLEASURE . . .

We had to make obeisance to Eros as the unsaintly, but efficient patron saint of learning, poetry, art, and religion. To him we owe the, "Ornament of spiritual nuptials," by which the drab business of living is made colorful and adventurous. Even when his power is denied, the grudging admission lurks somewhere that everything that has been touched by his hand becomes, if not ennobled, at least enabled to play a new rôle in the mind.

When we forget the baffling variability of erotic drives, their special relation to fantasy, and the glorification reflected on them by their cultural values, what remains is the same as in the simplest satisfactions, like eating and drinking, which, although they seldom ascend to the higher regions of the mind, enjoy a well deserved, universal popularity.

Gratification — release of tension — in a word, pleasure is the goal common to all instincts lying within one sphere of observation. All observation of this sort

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means ultimately self-observation. Pleasure is understood as a primitive, immediate experience by everyone since everyone not only knows it at first hand from his earliest existence, but has built, willingly or against his intention, the best part of his life on it.

Yet this universal, immediate grasp does rather hinder than help when the attempt is made to approach its understanding from the intellectual side. The doubts and troubles begin when it comes to comparing different experiences of pleasure, or to assessing them according to a scale of values. Then difficulties multiply when pleasure has to be balanced against pain. How much of young love's bliss compensates for a night's toothache? The oracle of reason becomes still more blurred, as a matter of fact, completely obscure when rules for practical applications are to be drawn from the various descriptions, definitions, and explanations of cause and effect concerning pleasure. The simple questions as to which is the surest and shortest way to attain it or as to how to make it rise from a low level of intensity to a higher one remains unanswered. "But evermore came out by the same door where in I went." The technique of pleasure, the most important of all technical achievements, is still crudely empirical.

It is the most natural thing for every inhabitant of the S. P. to go back to the source from which he has received pleasure before. But even setting aside external

obstacles, this brings no solution. The trend back to the pleasure enjoyed before — we call it regression — is in constant conflict with life's progression toward the future, and with the expanding growth of the individual. Yesterday's bread may become today's poison.

Another hurdle in the race for pleasure is its complicated structure, combined of different elements extracted from the most heterogenous materials; even pain is not absolutely excluded, and anxiety is used quite often. To find the recipe for manufacturing this strange and unstable mixture by way of psychological (or philosophical) analysis has been the endeavour of the P. S. P. from time immemorial. The hope to learn enough to make the production of synthetic pleasure *ad libitum* possible has hitherto proved futile.

There will always be plenty of undiscouraged alchemists who continue their experiments and advertise their new formula, but the wise men, such as the reader and myself, will prefer a less ambitious aim. Truth and strawberries taste better when they are small and wild and cannot be bought in the market.

The children of Eros will yield us more information about the nature of pleasure than any other group or set of drives. Not because they have a sort of monopoly for our attention (the "pansexualism" of Psychoanalysis is a myth), but because they enter into almost any formation of device and pervade it so strongly that

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even an infinitesimal, microscopic fraction will give to the whole its characteristic flavor. Moreover, those instincts which, left entirely to their own devices, tramp straightways to their goal, change their monotonous, dumb behavior as soon as they get a shot of eroticism. They begin to meander, to walk in circles, to stop before they reach a goal or to overshoot it eventually so as even to change their aims. While they are in midstream (this is called "sublimation") they perform many other curious tricks, which permit us to study the relations between desire and its satisfaction better than the less fanciful wanderers toward the goal, irresistibly achieving satiety. In short, they are more typically human.

Life consists in the endless play of combinations and the re-arrangement of the basic patterns which lead the P. S. P. into the common error of mistaking the oldest pleasure for the last discovery. Neither age nor experience is a protection against this universal deception. Without bothering much about scientific research, with no questionnaires sent out nor index cards filed, sensible people in all epochs and all climes have arrived at the conclusion that the dictates of Eros, elusive and illusory though they be, are the main incentive for living. If it were not for the extravagant but compelling directions given by him and obeyed implicitly under unavailing protest, life would run the shortest way to its end.

The actual pleasure is hectic and short-lived. It comes in a sudden fit and is gone, with no time given to rest and unbend. The possibility of prolonging its duration is found not in the present, but in the future and the past; the best part of it lies either in the hope and in the expectation of its arrival or in looking back and reliving it in memory — provided the expectation is not too protracted and the memory kept green. This goes to show how strong a factor in all that is the psychic elaboration or, in other words, the fantasy. But no psychic elaboration even when it is mustering all its power and emptying its bag of tricks to the bottom can stretch pleasure out indefinitely, over its natural length. When it is overdone, the thread snaps, the feeling is gone and what remains is but a hollow pretense without content.

Haste and unreliability are the hallmarks of pleasure; when humanity had left behind the simple ways of its hairy ancestors it began to feel an uneasiness about the inconstancy of its best possession. When the unstable elements of the primitive mind had succeeded in consolidating themselves into a firm and durable pattern of Ego, so that civilization began to take a firm root in the mind, the fugitive pleasure became out of tune with the new ideal. The emerging personality, striving after stability, needed durable relations to its world and looked askance at those which

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get tied and loosened almost in the same moment, however enjoyable the moment was. The first step toward the dignity of an efficient organization, that is, of an integrated Ego, had to be made at the price of the renunciation of impetuosity and of fugitive reactions. Each step toward resignation or retardation, taken singly and by itself, may have been not too difficult, but the burden accumulated and became heavy. Besides, the new and not yet quite firmly intrenched Ego must be on its guard lest several different attractions try to pull it in opposite directions and, unable to agree among themselves, will tear it to pieces. Surrounded by these conflicts and dangers, the Ego feels that something better suited to maintain the continuity of its character is urgently needed — and that is how the quest for happiness in place of mere pleasure gets started. One who belonged to the highest types of humanity, Blaise Pascal, formulated it by saying that happiness is the sole and unique aim of every act of man "even of those who kill and hang themselves."

When the P. S. P., and especially the more advanced groups among them, pin their hopes on happiness, their first plan is to use pleasure as the raw material; they hope to discover the arrangement of its various causes, forms, and degrees of intensity which will produce the pattern for happiness. When they find that this doesn't work, as they are bound to do, and after all their

experimentations have inevitably miscarried, they try to change the nature of pleasure itself. They start to trim it here and there, to cast it in a new mold, to sift and strain it and treat it with chemicals in order to set it free from impurities. Finally, when none of their methods have been crowned with success, they turn against it and reject it altogether. The ingenious idea that happiness may be found by way of renunciation of pleasure occurred to more than one weary and disillusioned mind. It became the highest truth in certain religions and philosophical systems; it has found embodiment in mystic thought and in ascetic practise.

What else is wrong with pleasure? Why did so many wise men finally see it not as a means toward gaining happiness, but as an obstacle to it, and therefore felt obliged to try their hardest to bring it into discredit?

The closest answer is the humdrum, but practically important, fact that pleasure can become a dangerous temptation to neglect or to forget entirely the difficulties and problems of reality. Such insight cannot result in anything more important than the warning against self-abandonment as detrimental to keeping a weather-eye on the world around. A general ban laid on pleasure for the sole reason that it is pleasure is a quite different affair.

A motive for the repudiation of pleasure which goes farther than its collision with the perfect adaptation to

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reality is furnished by the deplorable fact that the Ego has to go through a long period of evolution, construction, and reconstruction by methods of trial and error before it arrives at a sufficient degree of integration. In the end, when these changes and growing pains are over and done with, the final form is considerably less firm and consolidated than it should be and even a good deal less than it believes it is. What has been a pleasure at a certain epoch may now be felt as a sting or vexation. In fact, the situation is more complicated than that, since a pleasure in all the later stages retains its former quality in the Unconscious, outside the boundaries of the Ego, and will never quite cease its endeavor to get re-established in its old seat.

Many variants of this difficulty may occur; sometimes it is tolerated within the precincts of the Ego under a pseudonym, or it has been repressed, but not successfully (the case of the psychoneuroses) and its derivatives and progeny re-enter by force or fraud. What all these situations have in common is the fact that they are perplexing to the Ego. On the one hand, we have the eagerness for pleasure and especially the attraction for those kinds which have a trace of the taste of forbidden fruit, or that had been enjoyed in the past but are now outlawed; on the other, the danger looms of being overpowered and disintegrated by admitting and harboring the outlaw. Each swerving from

proper precaution is heralded by anxiety and followed by guilt and shame. When the P. S. P. have been taught this lesson by long and bitter experience, they are apt to become distrustful at the first sight of anything unknown that looks attractive and agreeable. They consider pleasure as a tempting bait which all sensible fish had better leave alone.

Whenever such a conflict is started, pleasure will not only prove to be short-lived, but, what is a great deal worse, will end in its opposite — in displeasure, mental pain, depression, or anxiety. Such a situation — brief and brittle, insecure and uncontrollable — cannot satisfy the Ego's craving for continuity. The general consent of the enlightened P. S. P. asks to have it replaced by another ideal goal for all human wishes. It does not matter that the existence of such an ideal state of mind is but dimly known and that no method has been discovered for collecting data or instituting experiments for its production. Yet, in intention and expectation and in wishful thoughts untroubled by the hard teaching of adverse experience, this universal ideal of mankind opens a wide, perhaps even infinite, perspective, offering the strongest contrast to the sudden appearance and disappearance, the coming and vanishing of pleasures which are constant in nothing but their inconstancy.

The course of pleasure is quickly run, and at either

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end the genius of extinction stands with its lowered torch. All efforts to bring about an artificial prolongation by keeping a precarious balance between the ends are in vain. Pleasure itself is less stable than its shadow — memory.

Pleasure is fleeting by necessity, since it either becomes faint and vanishes by the mere lapse of time or else it is heightened in its intensity till it throws itself into the arms of final satisfaction, where it dies. This is demonstrated in the most impressive manner where the sway of Eros is lending it its own features; rushing onward to the highest pitch only to perish in it, as in the genital orgasm where it reaches its fullest and most dramatic realization. Other, banal, pleasures also end in full satisfaction, but with them the dramatic fireworks of orgasm are missing. They die by surfeit, not by their own headlong dash into extinction.

The end, in whatever way it is accomplished, can never be kept far distant from the beginning. Thus, the universal quest and question: Is there no chance for a pleasure remaining on a static level like a boat gliding on an even keel through the tranquil waters of temperate affects? That hardly sounds like asking for something impossible or paradoxical. On the contrary, many people take an occupation or a hobby to their heart and are delighted with it and never get tired to the last day of their life. The joys bestowed by con-

structing a new philosophical system or by stamp-collecting or converting the heathens seem never to fade. Generally speaking, the backbone of interest in work or play for a great number of the P. S. P. consists in its routine. The automatic reliable recurrence of the same act works like a rhythmical tune to which men move with pleasure. The traditions of such routine and their ceremonies are tenacious; they die slowly and frequently in the odor of sanctity. Habit is a most efficient bond, often outlasting love.

Everyone knows that repetition, in spite of the law of diminishing returns, produces small but reliable quantities of pleasure — witness the children who want to have the same sort of playing repeated, the same stories told, the same jokes cracked over and over again. Even the grown-up children, who go to plays or movies and read books and magazines, insist on their old, beloved plots and are satisfied with a few immaterial variations.

All this doesn't prove that pleasure can be long-lived; it demonstrates the fact that it can be derived more than once from the same satisfactory situation. Men like to come back to the former source as the baby to the mother's breast; frequent repetition and long practise make it easier to drink from the familiar well. Such an ability to revive pleasure continually by the same means approximates the ideal of lasting pleasure

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to happiness, yet, it is never the same thing. The dependence on externals is too great, which makes the whole structure so shaky. Take from the golf player his good coördination, from the collector his superfluous time and money, and they become the unhappiest creatures on earth. Furthermore, such passionate interests are apt to change or vanish. When they persist, their effect will be a narrow outlook on the rest of life, a rigidity of mind which makes this near-happiness a doubtful bargain.

Habit in itself, independent of the content, provides pleasure, but it is too thin a trickle to fill a whole life.

At the other end of emotional experience stands the untamed and habit-free kind of pleasure that mounts to higher and higher intensities; it leads to a state of ecstasy by which all other sensations are swallowed. This self-destroying rapture is the trysting-place of Life and Death. The sexually mature adult has the chance of attaining this final consummation by abandoning himself to a complete orgasm, but this again is an open door which many are afraid to pass. But for those who hesitate, as well as for those who take it by storm, the striving after it is openly or secretly, consciously or unconsciously, interwoven with every aspect and period of their life.

The physiological side of orgasm gives little insight into its psychological content: from this aspect we can

gain no cues to help our understanding. Under very similar physical reactions, the intensity of passion and the psychic value of the act may oscillate between the extremes of a slight, instantaneous release and an eruption of such extraordinary vehemence that it consumes all the energies of the Ego and leaves it empty and prostrate. At any rate, it regularly marks the highest point which the waves of passion reach before they begin to recede. The situation becomes more problematic when the orgasmic climax is not firmly linked to the genital sensations as its ineluctable physiological support. It has misled all pre-Freudian observers that infantile sexuality, even in its genital forms, has only stunted and imperfect approaches toward orgasm. Some of these infantile joys later harmoniously fit into the normal love-life of maturity; others remain independent. Some of these rebels, after undergoing certain alterations and elaborations, grow to the height of perversions which replace or distort the genital goal. Others, renouncing the trend toward genital orgasm to such an extent that they lose entirely the outward aspects of sexuality, dwindle like the prehistoric sloth, till the fact that they perpetuate certain youthful forms of sexual pleasure remains discernible only to the practised eye. In their childish gambols, these midget cousins of Eros play with substitute-orgasms of a lesser breed. The sigh of relief with which the smoker lights his

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cigarette, the secret joys of nose-picking or nail-biting, the protracted sessions on the toilet, the passionate yawn of the well-bred lady when she is unobserved, the eagerness of the collector, are instances of "orgasm scaled down."

Some of the P. S. P. do not get further than that. They stay so far out of range of real orgasm that they don't even know what they are missing. To tell them is like describing a sunset to those born blind. The majority of those cases are women who mistake their frigidity for the normal feminine reaction to sexuality. They get the surprise of their life when it so happens that they experience the unbelievable. Others, with indefatigable zeal, chase the great ecstasy which they feel almost within their reach. Some of the women who are classified as oversexed or even nymphomaniacs are frigid in the sense that their response regularly stops at the threshold of orgasm. (As a great psychologist of the eighteenth century — Crébillon fils — puts it: "*que ce sont les femmes à qui les plaisirs de l'amour sont les moins nécessaires qui les recherchent avec le plus de fureur.*" ("That those women to whom the pleasures of sex are least necessary pursue them with the greatest ardor.")) Hoping against hope, they are always eager to renew the experiment so that almost every man can have them for the asking. Afterwards, the inevitable disappointment becomes the cause and the instrument

of their revenge. Cold and disdainful, untouched in mind and body, they enjoy enticing the man deeper and deeper till they get his full self-surrender in exchange for the phantom of their own passion. This is the dangerous type, the man-eating goddess, with the necklace of skulls. They leave behind a trail of destroyed lives, broken faiths, and mangled destinies. They usually end in suicide.

The male counterpart, the Don Juan type, enjoys winning women, not possessing nor holding them. His love-life is an unending search after an ideal which he sees embodied in one woman after another. But when he gets hold of what he desired, the magic illumination is turned off, and he finds that he has on his hands the same stuff which bored him before. The reassurance of his irresistibility and masculine superiority is the only compensation for these incessant disillusionings; and they are not highly valued. The lives of these Don Juans usually do not end in catastrophe, Molière and DaPonte notwithstanding. Either they fall in with a woman who in her motherly, matter-of-fact way divines their intrinsic boyishness through all the glitter and glamor; then they marry or rather get married and become good, though not strictly faithful, husbands. Or, they become old tattlers who enjoy telling the stories of their former conquests. Casanova wrote his memoirs.

A deep drink of orgasm with no dregs in it is not

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easily attainable. Absolute satisfaction remains out of reach for we never know just how many of the P. S. P. have to pay a too high price for it. Yet, the nature of man as long as his senses have not been blunted artificially, puts it above everything else in life. The salmon swimming upstream and the masochist who insists on being beaten and tortured are both equally eager to sacrifice their ease or pride, and eventually their lives, for the enterprise that brings to them final culmination. Eros appears here as a severe deity; those on whom he doesn't smile are bound to search for his highest gift along dark and dangerous roads. Yet all of them rush and press on toward the same goal. The difference between normal and pervert, sage and fool, just and unjust vanishes as they vanish later in face of the inevitable end. "And how do the wise die? As the fool dies."

A typical and not infrequent instance of the crippled capacity for orgasm is given by those men who are unable to proceed in the full style of adult love-life. Against their conscious wishes and the standards of their personality, they are only able to execute something that adumbrates the real act, but does not get further than a sketchy imitation. Immaturity sticks to childhood, and at the same time anticipates old age, as expressed by the saying: "At six the boy believes that the only use of his penis is for urination; at the age of sixty, he knows it."

These "old boys" perform, very much against their will, a sort of parody of the sexual act. The virile power is degraded to an effortless and premature dribble — known technically as *ejaculatio praecox*.

The feminine forms of impotence — bundled together under the name of frigidity — are less obtrusive, but not less grave. Unconscious wishes and repressed impulses turn into anxiety and produce inhibitions which, although permitting the performance, spoil the acceptance. Certain slight organic deviations come also into play. A great number of women are thus robbed of all the joys of their love-life while they have to carry all its burdens.

These few specimens will suffice as illustrations of the general rule that by no means do all who set out for the final pleasure arrive at their goal. Some are predestined to come to a short stop. What looks, at first, like a straight and open road may turn out to be a blind alley, ending at a blank wall. Fantasy offers itself eagerly as guide, but leaves those who trust her too much in the lurch. By working queer substitutions and grotesque transmutations, she gets shame and disgust, guilt feeling and anxiety hitched on to the orgasmic release. In the centre of these tragic and grotesque events stands the permanent "divine discontent," the eternal reminder that pleasure either dries up like rain-drops in the desert or runs to its extinction like a river to the sea.

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The question, "Why" may be left out. It's just one of those enigmatic things. Life, the great sphinx, allows us to ask questions, but it does not answer them. Hard facts — and this is one of the hardest — do not get softened by explanations.

The "what" offers a fairer playground than the "why." We can take our stand at the brink of the sea of metaphysical interpretations without getting our feet wet. What sort of pleasure is that which has the function and the power to end pleasure? What causes life to climb to its highest peak, only to plunge into nothingness?

Tension which vanishes, suddenly quenched by its own force, is a partial extinction of life. The light that has burned high gets dimmed, foreshadowing final darkness. In the guise of orgasm, death has intruded on life. All its variants, the giants and the midgets, the straight ones and the crippled are tainted — or, for those who can take it that way — elevated by their kinship to death.

This self-abrogation of life is dimly but constantly present to the minds of the P. S. P., and while they try their hardest to look the other way, they acknowledge it in indirect, symbolical signs. Most proficient in the circumvention and adornment of the unwelcome truth are the religious cults, which have been celebrated by many nations and at various epochs; they succeeded

because they used the truth with caution by linking orgiastic rites with death, so that both became indissoluble parts of the same unit, but making a trinity of them by adding resurrection. To name a few only of those which pervaded the belief of late antiquity and penetrated into early Christianity: Attis, the self-mutilated and resurrected lover, Tammuz, Osiris, and Adonis, dying to be resurrected, Orpheus of the underworld mysteries, and Dionysos, the lord of divine intoxication, under whose auspices the tragedy was created.

The dramatic ritual and the sacrificial drama start at the same point and move toward the same goal. Both try to propitiate the dark and inexorable deity by celebrating its demonic power; both try to aid man in mastering it by way of symbolic repetitions which he can perform as free and voluntary acts. But these imaginary triumphs are but the shadows of the orgiastic union of life and death. Sleep is called the friendly brother of death, but orgasm is death itself, hidden behind the mask of pleasure but still approached with awe.

All of the P. S. P. are constantly giving up parts of their physical Ego; their life consists of involuntarily shedding or forcibly ejecting smaller or bigger particles of their bodies. This partial dying is going on all the time without provoking strong effects, except when —

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as a nine-tenths metaphysical and one-tenth biological speculation will have it — the eternal debt of the individual to the genus is paid back in one life-shaking eruption.

Without any biological or metaphysical theories this necessity penetrates dimly to the consciousness of the P. S. P. Each orgasm makes the foundations of the Ego tremble like an earthquake. It tends to throw its structure back into the chaos out of which it has been built up with so much toil and so many tears. A tidal wave of passion is able to break down the ramparts which protect the Ego's integration and integrity. Pleasure becomes so powerful in its orgasmic form that it may do away with personality and character and the rest of the values which are zealously guarded under all other circumstances. It is a natural and understandable consequence that the P. S. P. have become cautious about accepting any kind of intense or deep pleasure with which they are not well acquainted; they treat it as a Trojan horse which may conceal something destructive in its inside. They have become sensitive and attentive to the signals of approaching danger, given by anxiety. That is why they feel so shy and hesitant when they stand in front of an open door.

Diverse methods have been tried to eliminate or, at least, to mitigate this cruel dilemma. To find a way to take the sting out of lust, to provide a lasting joy, a

deathless orgasm has been the dream of mankind. The religious cults which had been built up around their orgasmic origin were largely used for this purpose. Orgasm was put under divine protection, and in this way linked up with higher powers in the fond hope that they would be strong and gracious enough to counteract the inroads of death. Or the attempt was made to let orgasm appear in a less ferocious shape; if it wasn't possible to domesticate it, at least to make it look tame by surrounding it with a number of legitimate, in-offensive, socially acceptable acts and ceremonies. More radical and direct methods are in use as well for the suppression of orgasm by barring all situations and activities which may lead toward it. As far as external realities are concerned, this is a hard, but not impossible task. Against the inner danger, however, the strictest self-discipline cannot guarantee immunity, since the breaking of a high-strung tension can be brought about by any kind of emotion, even a sacred one. Another of these attempts to get rid of the intruder is its depreciation by stressing that the shortness of its duration is like that of any ordinary pleasure, only more so. As if time and its measurements could count in face of moments which last eternities and eternities which pass in a moment!

Since neither the escapist, nor the repressive, nor the derogatory attitude has been successful in solving the

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problem, the P. S. P. turned with hope and prayer to an ideal which would replace or outweigh the dire and threatening features of orgasm. Has there anything, could anything be thought out that was not by its very nature fleeting like pleasure, tainted by the foretaste of death like orgasm, and yet dynamic enough to rival and to surpass their power over the human mind?

CHAPTER VIII

. . . . TO HAPPINESS

The imagination of the P. S. P. has from time immemorial cultivated the habit of placing its paradise at the remote and inaccessible poles of human life. Marked preference was given to its exits and entrances. The situation before birth was pictured as a splendid state of isolation, free from wishes and desires, and consequently from frustrations and disappointments. "The unborn is the refuge of what is born." That means that the womb is the last stronghold of wishful thinking. Impartial observation reveals how little of truth is in all that. Death and decay do not halt at the mother's womb, but enter there as well as everywhere else. Just when a subject that can register sensations or feelings begins to develop is anybody's guess. Beyond wishes and hopes all is dark and doubtful.

What happens afterwards, from the beginning of an independent existence on, seems to lie open before our eyes. Impressions are made and create sensations; tensions arise and provoke the different urges for

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relieving them. This produces a constant exchange between inside and outside, a give-and-take between the individual and its surrounding world. In the course of these interchanges, the pleasant effects of the release of certain tensions make themselves felt very early; some of them can be produced by an ever-present and ever-willing part of the external world with the members of the child's own body. Thus the first, "micro-orgasms" are experienced and repeated.

In this period, the child's own body functions at the giving as well as the receiving end, as external and internal. This leaves deep traces on the later development. These "archaic" traits are responsible for the tendency to treat partners and objects that are no longer parts of one's own self, but separate, independent beings in the old cavalier manner, using and cherishing them under the urge of desire and neglecting their existence when the urge has been satisfied.

Soon the inevitable dualism sets in. The child begins to learn that his safety, his well-being, and especially his erotic satisfactions are dependent on the goodwill of others, prominently of one other person, the mother. A love-relation establishes itself, based on the repetitious demands of body and mind; in spite of their different aims, intensities and developments, according to their different origins, they are centred on the same person. A network of desires is spun around

the beloved figure until the arbitrary coming and fading of wishes, the primitive alternation between impatience for enjoyment and dull indifference, between finding and losing, becomes unsatisfactory. Love demands permanence.

The human race has — who knows how? — done away with the seasonal aspect of genital function. This added an important motive to the desirability of the constant presence of the sex-partner. Moreover, the males soon discovered that they could use the females to work for them.

Just how the struggle among males of the same group for the possession of this, in every respect, valuable article began, which ended in the laying of the first foundation for human society is a theme for psychoanalytic (or sociological, if not anthropological) research. Suffice it to state that the final arrangement was nowhere, nor could it ever possibly become, entirely satisfactory, the sting left by the conflict between the first fixation and the necessity of renunciation causing a great deal of discomfort and tension.

Leaving aside origins and first causes we return to our observation post. The conflict is visible in many of the contradictions in human love-life. It causes much misery, anxiety, and heartache, but we owe to it the miracle that the higher forms of desire could spring from those brutal or even brutish origins. This develop-

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ment of sublimation is carried so far that to gain the love without its gratification by orgasm is often preferred to the orgasm without love.

In the urge to bestow, to shed, to let flow out freely the precious parts of the body and of the mind, the sacrificial trend of love, its longing to transgress the confines of the self, becomes manifest. Yet, along with it, as a dark undercurrent, goes the gratification of the self-seeking pleasure which takes no interest in personality and demands nothing else but those attributes, acts, and movements of the object by which the pleasurable sensations are stimulated and heightened to the orgasm.

The Ego is confronted with a tough problem when it attempts to reconcile these conflicting trends and to coördinate the impulses, for better or worse, with its own principal aims: integration, organization, respect of reality, and social awareness. It had to learn many new tricks and to abandon old ones, to build up a complicated system of rules in order to achieve something that looks like a consolidation.

It happened in this way. The partner in the sex-act ceased to be a subdued or seduced, but otherwise indifferent, person and became a sort of understudy for the familiar and forbidden first love. The desire for tenderness and protection, for receiving affection and surrendering one's own ego, in return, was transferred

to a new, not prohibited image — or a series of them. These relations were tending to reproduce the deep intimacy and immediate understanding that existed between mother and child. The development of the personality in reaching higher levels demands a more rarefied atmosphere, and focuses the wish to give and accept the best of life on a clearcut and permanent personal tie. The ideal now is a firm union of two, a "closed system," as the single individual was at the beginning, from which the rest of the world is excluded. The feelings of the beloved are believed to be as immediately revealed as one's own, so that the two personalities are almost merged into one another. "I give myself for you and dote upon the exchange." The self-pleasure and self-satisfaction, surviving from the earliest days, finds a new field in this exchange and can henceforth be enjoyed as reflected through the *alter ego*. The orgastic wish to eject and to spend, to pour out life's vigor tends to become an endless move within a circle. Love believes in permanence.

We are on a winding staircase; the end will always be where the beginning was, but on a different level. What started from a physiological act, not differing much from a reflex, has become one of the most valuable and venerable attainments of the P. S. P., an ideal without which life would go, and often enough has gone, to ruin.

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What is a sort of paroxysm may become transformed into an everflowing fountain of sacrifice and the surrender of self-interest. Love as the main inspiration for living becomes more important than life itself. It is the mark of true love that it persists as well in the height of ecstasy as in the slough of despondency. This replaces the primitive pattern of rushing from culmination to total extinction, but it presupposes a great progress in the refinement of feeling which is not attained by the run of the mill of the P. S. P. It would have been entirely lost and obscured when degenerating into brutality and social catastrophes had the poets of all ages not kept it alive, and within view of those who have eyes for it.

The primitive forms of sexuality and the refined ways of love are not mutually exclusive. They can co-exist, independent and contrasting, presenting the so-called "split" in love-life, or they can join and grow into a more or less harmonious unit. Under constant pressure, a balanced distribution of erotic energy, like that of a fluid in communicating tubes, usually evolves. When they remain divergent, the Ego may oscillate from one to the other, or again one of them may hold the stage while the other pulls the strings. These curious complexities are too well known to deserve a lengthy discussion. It is due to them that the word "love" is used in life and literature to cover so many and so

diverse emotional hues, moods, and acts. The only test by which love in the specific, full sense of the word can be distinguished from the common trash of pleasure-seeking is its trend toward permanence and consolidation which it tries to evolve out of the fluidity of eternally varying sensations. Within this domain, it comprises manifestations of all ranks and dignities, from carnal urge to transcendental devotion.

If something worthwhile can be said about love, it must be done in rhyme, but not with reason. The problem is too ambiguous for straightforward logic and too fundamental for analysis. It will be well to remember that the dividing line between "normal" and "pathological," at best uncertain and wavering, here becomes entirely unreliable. Normal love shows a thousand pathological traits, and pervert, neurotic, or intense love can go through the whole gamut of human emotions. Homosexuality knows all variants from brutal sensuality to "Platonic" love—the word here used in its true sense. This is attested by some great poets and artists and lies open to common observation. The same is true of all other forms of distorted Eros. The "human bondage" attached to a severe, punishing, and frustrating master or mistress is but an extreme form of the self-abandonment of love. In its sadistic form, mounting from simple teasing to the passion for tormenting and eventually killing, it survives as an

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isolated component of the first, primordial erotic impulses which generally has to be subdued or repressed and overcompensated in the sacred cause of permanence, since nobody can eat his love-object and have it.

Passion of such wide extension and variety cannot be expected to keep to a narrow range of incentives. Beauty, charm, purity, and similar attractive qualities are powerful agents for its choice, but not so all-powerful as ordinary belief assumes. Other, less popular qualities, can have the same effect; nor are such attributes and situations excluded which general opinion brands as antidotes to love such as: physical deformity, disease, irresponsibility, unfaithfulness, lack of character, affectation, nasty temper tantrums, and so forth. Stupidity and neglect of cleanliness are found attractive by those who are still under the unconscious influence of their own infantility. In most of these cases, ordinary and more conventional ideals are not openly abandoned; to them, lip service is paid, and the infatuation is considered as but an exception which proves the rule. These good people don't fall in love with what they disapprove, but they use all available logical or illogical arguments for approving what they love.

All this has been summed up a million times by stating that "love is blind" which means simply that its overpowering strength lies in the Unconscious. The appraisals by the Ego through its various clever ration-

alizations make a great show, but they constellate neither the choice of love nor the course which it takes. Their time comes later when the tidal wave of passion recedes, and the mud-flats of rationality reappear; then they are at liberty to start their civilizing and educational activities with great pride, but little profit. When a beautiful wild mountain scenery has been made thoroughly accessible, it is definitely spoiled.

The influence of social conditions, standards of culture, traditions and conventions has been grossly overrated. At first sight, it might look as if they were the main factors in moulding and fashioning the fluctuations of the forms of love-life; primitive, patriarchal, chivalrous, sentimental, cynical, and so on. Actually, they do no more than turn the spotlight on the one trait that suits the trends of the epoch, while obscuring the others. Each one of them existed before, and will continue to exist when it has become invisible to inattentive eyes. The misleading external aspect is partly due to the general dislike of recognizing what does not fit in with the dominant point of view, and still more with the respectful distance at which true self-expression is kept by the P. S. P. For the utterance and formulation of their deepest and most intimate emotions, they find no medium in their own speech, and have to fall back on prefabricated sentiments and ready-made phraseology. Seen as a mass phenomenon,

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it looks as if all the emotions of a period, which in fact are highly individual, were copied from the same model. Preachers and poets, movies and magazines vie with each other in offering their collections of samples, made to please the popular taste of the time. A great deal of intentional or unintentional faking is used for the tailoring and trimming of these fancy dresses.

It is a moot question whether a distinct type of emotional reaction can come into existence until, by an act of artistic creation, it has been hewn out of the bedrock of the Unconscious and carved in clear outlines. Granted that this is the way it happens, it still would hardly make love itself a literary or artificial affair.

An illustrative case of such a mistake is the frequent belief that the "ideal" love, which transcends sensuality, was brought into being, during the Middle Ages, by Christianity or by knighthood and the troubadours. A cursory glance at the love lyrics of classic antiquity should be enough to destroy this error. "*Tecum vivere amam, tecum obeam libenter.*" (With you, I would love to live, with you I would die willingly.") Can "ideal" love say more? And yet this sample is taken from Horace, who certainly had not the making of a knight or a mediaevalist.

Love studies and attempts the transformation of pleasure into something nobler and more durable just

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as the alchemists tried to transmute ordinary metal into gold that defies rust and deterioration. The primitive aim of orgasm, the urge to give without demanding in return, the eagerness to spend all vigor and fervor on behalf of the beloved is released in a new, more circuitous, but also more promising way; it is lifted from the physiological level to a higher one which meets the demands of a fully integrated Ego. This new development is free from the dilemma and conflict which impaired the value of pleasure and turned the best among the P. S. P. away from it. The effusion by love does not rush to a climax followed by annihilation; it claims permanence and looks up to eternity. Admittedly, it falls short of these ideals most of the time, but their hold is strong enough to make transitoriness look like a fatal or fatuous accident. This evolution must have cost many hard struggles and a tremendous toll of psychic elaboration. But it certainly was worth while going through all that with courage and determination, since love and happiness were bound to each other by a great promise.

Is that not exactly the text that the choirs of angels sing? "Love is Happiness and Happiness is Love!" When the angels are right, it proves that the S. P. is a good old place after all, our personal experiences notwithstanding.

It is tempting to range ourselves on the side of the

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angels and to believe that this world's miseries and misfortunes can be compensated by the enthronement of love — a thought too tempting to be true.

Love is not happiness, not even the soil on which it grows. Although indispensable, it does not produce it, but works like the necessary presence of a catalyst in certain chemical processes. "Potential" love serves this precarious purpose more often than its actuality.

All this sounds like an artificial rigmarole. It is not; it is perfectly natural.

To begin with, not every sort of love can be used. Only the genuine article, almost free from the alloys of possessiveness, vanity, envy, jealousy, and mere lust, will do. Possibilities of this order are the privilege of natures of a high organization and of a standard of emotional purity.

The conjunction of love and happiness is most propitious for those who are *not* yet in love, neither with another human being nor with any definite god or goddess, science, art, ideal, or hobby. "*Nondum amant sed amare amant.*" ("They don't yet love, but love to love.") as St. Augustine puts it. The overflowing willingness to love, the eagerness to keep the mind wide open for its reception, the sense of an approaching inspiration, the welcome given to everything, pleasant or painful, that brings with it the bright aura of universality and oneness with the world, the frame

of mind which looks at the material things not as useful or useless, as familiar or strange, but as symbols, revealing the degrees and manifestations of life,—all these grouped together (or rather, this one state of mind with its many facets) will blossom forth as the rare flower, of present happiness. It may come as a feeling of overwhelming vitality, or of a quiet exaltation, or only as the vision of a distant splendor, but it will always be a profound emotion, the thrill of a new and better life, by whatever name it is called. The sensation is that of a man, wandering for a long, seemingly endless time in a narrow, dank, and dark valley, who finally emerges on a high plateau where he has land and sea, rivers and hills lying at his feet and a luminous sky over his head. The soul spreads its wings and becomes responsive far beyond its ordinary limits, and the shackles of anxiety fall off: Pan smiles.

It is no drawback that love itself is absent, either sending its first rays over the horizon, or having disappeared and left behind its afterglow. In the triumphant presence of love, little room is left for the foreboding that something miraculous which is not love, but happiness, has happened; the lover's heart, thrilled by passion, flutters like a bird which has flown out of its cage, and begins to try its wings.

The question which is all-important at the time when love is the master is this — will it be requited or

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not? — but the answer to this question has no bearing on the foundation of happiness. The thing that matters is: how much love, or the readiness for it, creates the ability to give oneself up without getting stunted by anxiety (the open doors again) or rushed toward orgasm? The ideal — probably unattainable for the “normal” person — is a “situation sans issue,” when the outpouring of affect is balanced by the unrestrained welcome and acceptance of the impressions and sensations the world has to give. The vehement stages of love may produce momentarily the same effect by their ecstatic quality, but they are actually less able to give happiness than the “before” and “after”; expectation and memory are the abode of happiness.

The discovery of new beauty is the reward for those who are content with a life given over to love which is always near and never here. Some part of the world — small or big — that has been tongue-tied hitherto begins to deliver its message of beauty. There is a great deal of sadness in these messages — “*sunt lacrimae rerum*” * — yet they bring more happiness than pleasure will ever have to give.

Eros, and no other god or demon, guards the path by which happiness steps down from heaven. But he is not moved by prayer and sacrifice to use his powers to this end. Nothing will deflect him from his own pur-

* “Such are the tears of things,” i.e., the sad situation.

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pose. He is, before all things, the creator and champion of life. Life at any price, even at the cost of misery and pain, is his first and last aim. A "situation sans issue," the tranquillisation through a perfect equilibrium of forces tends toward the extinction of life; it leads, by a different way, ultimately to the same goal as the violent culmination: to death.

CHAPTER IX

THE VARIABLES

Once upon a time there was a boy of four or five whom I knew intimately — in parts, of course. Today but little is left of this old acquaintance. The scant knowledge which I still retain about the way he looked at the world around him, his preferences, fears, and pet aversions is torn to disconnected shreds; I am not getting far when I try, by putting the isolated parts together, to reconstruct a convincing picture of the sort of person this boy was. One of these fragmentary memories stands out from the rest by its vivid affects which have remained fully alive to this day. In this one recollection I feel myself still identical with the child.

It is the memory of a love — not the first love, because I know that this boy had had, about a year earlier, a scene of vehement love-making with his grandmother's maid which gave a lasting stimulation to his fantasy-life — not to mention diverse similar affairs with governesses, a certain aunt, and his mother. But this was the first love between boy and girl, the beloved one being a child of his own age.

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It was a hot Sunday afternoon, and the boy was drowsily lounging in the garden. Young as he was, he could already feel the peculiar emptiness by which Sunday afternoons are distinguished from ordinary weekly boredom. Visitors to his parents arrived, as they did regularly, but this time they brought several children, and among them was a girl with dark eyes and dark ringlets of hair (this is the only detail of her appearance that he still remembers) who took his heart by storm — the famous "*coup de foudre*." He did not leave her side for a moment, and when they all assembled to play around a sandpile, at the farthest end of the garden, he sat at her side and felt happy.

His happiness was soon disturbed by certain well-known sensations in his inside which warned him that it would soon be time to exchange his present place for a more solitary one. But since this other place was in the courtyard, and he would have had to give up the place near his charmer to go all the way through the garden and down a big staircase, he wrestled with the urge and tried to delay it — till he suddenly felt that it was too late. Howling loud with shame and humiliation, he ran away. He still remembers that on the same day later he passed through the courtyard, led by the hand of an adult person, who pointed with some cutting remarks to his pants that were washed and cleaned at the old pump in the corner of the yard, but he has

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never seen the girl again,—nor had he the slightest wish left for it. It was all wiped out by his shame.

This episode marked a period in the boy's manner of loving. From then on he became highly self-conscious whenever he was in the presence of a woman by whom he felt attracted. Afraid of appearing contemptible and ridiculous in her eyes, he became unnecessarily pompous and stiff. He felt compelled to impress her with his cleverness or importance in some far-fetched way that would not fit the situation, and spoiled the natural approach. At the slightest teasing or unkind remark, he would break off and withdraw into his shell, feeling deeply unhappy. Hampered by these obstacles, he was not often successful in his wooing; and that made him still more shy and pretentious. In short, the influence of this early humiliation lasted until far into manhood; it was finally overcome, not by time, but through other fortunate influences which, by their combined force, eliminated it almost, but not quite.

The little boy is a poor example, but my own. At any rate, it illustrates how to the essential and eternal element — self-abandonment — are added accidentals, due to early impressions and experiences. These variables give the strong brew of love a different seasoning for every man, woman and child, frothy or flat, rich or lean, bitter or sweet. They are in close touch with the rest of the mind; the tendency to integrate all dynamics

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of the Ego and make them an organic part of the personality extends to them, but to harmonize their whimsies is one of the hardest tasks for the Ego. The price is worth the trouble, for who succeeds will become the captain of his soul and the master of his destiny. However, whether integrated or not, when these variable components have once been established, they get firmly rooted in the mind and become undistinguishable from the basic element. With these individualistic variables rests the decision as to who shall love and who be loved, and when and how and how long.

To "fall in love," using the word in a more ordinary and less idealistic sense than when we looked at it as the lodestar for the quest after happiness, is in itself an obscure mode. Impressions and experiences belonging to different stages and distant regions of the developing personality are retained or revived. Before the process is finished, half-hearted attempts at falling in love are made as rehearsals for the final leap.

To the complex formula of the mixture, the startling possibility of abrupt and unpredictable swings from one extreme to the opposite is due — love changing to hate, hate to love, wild passion to indifference, adoration to contempt, disgust to desire. The sudden emergence of these opposites is deceptive; they had already existed for a long time, but were stowed away in the hold while

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the ship sailed under the flag of another power, and "The flag covers the goods."

Such upheavals rarely occur until a certain point of which consciousness knows neither the existence nor the position is passed. Then an entire reversal of the situation follows. What looked like love — and was love, although not built on secure foundations — turns into something entirely different, surprising all beholders and more than anyone else, the former lover. It also happens the other way round; anger, resentment, or what seemed like nothing more than a momentary erotic appetite, a whim, may, at the drop of a hat, reveal the love that had been hidden behind it. Such an unexpected about-face may occur in all sorts of human relations, but the pattern is the metamorphosis of "*l'amour*." *

The job of keeping this whirl of antagonistic components straight is much hampered by the general disinclination of the P. S. P. to be made aware of their difficulties. Who — except an analyst — likes to retrace the line which led from the nurse's nipple to the lips of his sweetheart? What adds to the trouble is that sex, although free from strict periodicity, has still a knack of disappearing for a while when the urge has been satisfied and re-appearing unexpectedly like a Jack-in-

* The author probably here has in mind the text of the Habanera in *Carmen* — "*L'amour est un oiseau*" etc.

—EDITOR.

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the-box. When the hope to have done with "venery," as Benjamin Franklin called it (in making one of his characteristic good resolutions) seems firmly established, a sudden blast of libido makes the firm determination cave in like a house of cards.

More impulses than there are separate rooms available live permanently under the same roof and have to be taken care of, not according to their dignity or duration, but in proportion to their momentary intensity and impatience. No wonder that sometimes hell breaks loose and a wild rough-house is started. Ideal love wrinkles the nose and sniffs audibly when her humbler relations come near her. Shame and exhibitionism get into each other's hair. Sadism and masochism, the two naughty boys, stage a tug of war, and the Ego with all its serene integration stands by powerless, gives orders which are utterly disregarded, and wishes it could throw all of them out of doors. When and where these divers ingredients are picked up, how they mix or fail to mix, ought to be the subject of thorough and profitable studies, but it isn't. Only the purveyors of fiction describe, discuss, dissect the strange forms of the "not-so-tender passion" in complete freedom, but the scientists have not yet claimed these privileges as their task.

A comprehensive picture which distinguishes the types clearly and views them from all angles eludes our present state of knowledge. The danger of falling

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into caricature, or of careless foreshortening or of looking at things from one fixed standpoint is still too present. The best plan is to emulate the psychological pathfinders, the poets and story-tellers, by paying attention to those trends which appear but faint and nebulous in the dim twilight of social consciousness.

An interesting problem is presented by the various attempts at integrating love with hate; the experiments are tried again and again in the vain hope of combining heat and cold, darkness and light. The effort to temper and moderate the hostile forms by binding them to each other so that a medium temperature, a pleasant dawn, a "reasonable attitude" may be generated does not lead to a lasting solution. The two antagonists soon fly to opposite ends and meet only in combat.

Another method, applied unconsciously, consists in giving the devil his due — or more than his due: when love takes the ascendancy, it is overemphasized, exaggerated to the height of a fanatical and blind devotion, but the submerged part remains active and becomes a source of trouble. The all-too-loving wife torments her husband with her anxiety for his life and well-being, and satisfies her repressed hate by bursting into tears and making scenes until the unfortunate spouse is deprived of his personal liberty.

A similar situation attracts less attention, being more flexible and unobtrusive: when love is so strongly

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mixed with distrust, criticism, and petty jealousy that it cannot come to fruition in the presence of the beloved one. While she is absent for a long time (the longest and most reliable absence is death) the lover's attitude changes. The memory — fantasy — mirage-image which takes the place of the person can now be split into two separate halves which would have been a difficult and painful operation performed on the actual person. The love then wells up unhindered and unmixed, in a flood of kind remembrances and tender recollections that beautify the past by illuminating it with a rosy light of which there was hardly a glimmer visible in actuality. (*"Je n'ai pas une lettre d'elle. Nous nous détestions tous les deux."*)* But in spite of the posthumous idealization, the hate is unabated and emerges in the shape of fantasies of revenge and bitter reproach which run side by side with the loving idealization, like two rivers which meet but whose waters do not mix.

Love is not weakened when, like a double-faced Janus, it looks in two opposite directions. This is the sort that grips the mind between the jaws of a pincer so that, with all its violent wriggling, it cannot free itself.

Jealousy, the most poisonous of all the ingredients

* "I have not kept a single letter of hers. We hated one another."

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of love, has to be left aside. It is too big a problem to be dealt with by way of sight-seeing. Whoever plunges into this "thorny labyrinth," to use Hazlitt's exquisite phrase, has to endure much before he can return to the light of day. The worst about it is the obscure foreboding that the labyrinth contains in its centre something repulsive and abhorrent, against which one's nature revolts, and that it is just this loathsome thing that clutches and holds and eventually kills the will to get out of the noxious atmosphere back to air and freedom.

"Monopolism" is but a single thread in the intricate net of jealousy, but the one that is best open to observation. It demands the absolute, unconditional, and unlimited surrender of the beloved person. Nothing in mind and body, no passing thought and not the slightest breath of emotion, must escape the watchful monopolist. Every little thing that evades his observation becomes highly important, like a lost penny to a miser.

The monopolist begrudges the tiniest morsel of sympathy or interest bestowed on a third person. A friendly smile, a warm handshake will bring tears of rage. Yet, in spite of his jealousy he may be indulgent, even encouraging toward far-gone erotic adventures under the strict condition that they take place with his previous approval and perfect foreknowledge, so to

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speak under his eyes. Anything done behind his back makes him see red, but if he participates mentally he derives from it a curious sort of pleasure. The "protector" of a prostitute can be a strict monopolist; his brutal insistence on "being in the know" about everything she does and feels may not only be due to the obvious financial motive. The proprietary attitude does not end by degrees, but comes to a sudden stop. There are no transitions, no half-way measures. When, for some reason or other, the possessive instinct has been withdrawn or directed elsewhere, the tyrant will not care two straws as to who is now the lucky possessor.

Instability in the love for the individual goes hand in hand with faithfulness to the type. The second wife of a divorced husband can often be recognized by her resemblance to the first one. Or, still more paradoxically, the mistress looks like a duplicate of the legitimate wife. There is a strongly conservative element — we call it "fixation" — in all erotic relations, volatile as they seem.

Well known is the type called "eternal suckling"; it is recognized easily among men, but less observable, for social reasons, among women. These "sucklings" bind themselves for life to women a good deal older than themselves and not at all distinguished by beauty. What they want is to lead a comfortable, peaceful existence which protects them from the struggle of life.

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They are not excessively lazy, no ordinary parasites, but they want to be sheltered from conflicts and competition. Their dominant need is to feel assured of being taken care of. To get fed adequately and regularly is the basis of their relations to the other sex. The kitchen apron takes the place of the golden girdle of Aphrodite. Their demand is not founded on simple selfishness. It expresses their concept of love. All the charms of youth and beauty are unable to shake their fidelity to their motherly provider.

No female counterpart is the type called the "man-eating woman." She does not suck, she devours; she doesn't enjoy her own comfort or other advantages, but the trouble and heartbreak she causes to her lover.

Loving and feeding, being loved and fed, are present in several other typical and fixed patterns. This is not surprising since the earliest and universal experience teaches that the two are given together, and by the same person. One of the more curious combinations is the group of men who are fascinated when they see a woman who is not entirely devoid of charm, occupied with the preparing and dispensing of food, like Werther* who beholds his Lotte first cutting bread. These men are admirers of the beauty of the bosom which is to them the most, sometimes the only, alluring part of the feminine anatomy. Any full-bosomed cook,

* Goethe's *Werthers Leiden*.

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waitress, salesgirl in a food-market has a chance with them. Folksongs as well as historic episodes prove that the baker's and innkeeper's daughters or wives hold a privileged position of attractiveness.

Of a somewhat different type are those who fall for girls in a humble social position, preferably servants. Why has just this peculiarity figured so many times in literature? It seems that the poetic mind inclines that way. In Goethe's, *Faust*, I., the "first scholar" says:

*"Die Hand, die Samstag ihren Besen führt,
Wird Sonntags Dich am besten karessieren."*

*("The hand which swings the broom on Saturday,
On Sunday will caress you best.")*

The poet himself fell in love with a girl of humble station whom he had, not only metaphorically, lifted from the ground, and he finally married her, causing no end of scandal to the virtuous gossips of Weimar. Oliver Goldsmith wrote a comedy about a man whose love-making tends exclusively toward women of a lower class, and a girl who wins him by posing as a chambermaid; this play he called significantly: "*She stoops to conquer*." Gottfried Keller put into his *Sinngedicht* a whole series of stories of the same

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pattern. The most comprehensive statement comes from a humorist, Wilhelm Busch:

*"Doch jeder Jüngling hat wohl mal
N'Hang für's Küchenpersonal."*

*("All youths at times will feel a wrench
Which draws them to the kitchen-wench.")*

As an explanation of this frequent and none too dainty "wrench" or taste, the boy must be recalled whose first one-sided necking party with his grandmother's maid excited in him a lasting erotic ardor, although the enchanted lover was not more than three years old. The form under which desire entered its first epochal experience will stay.

The women who fall in love with waiters, chauffeurs, bell-boys, and other men of humble station are actuated by altogether different motives. Humility, however, is not among them; on the contrary, it is their feminine pride which gives them no other choice. They hate to acknowledge the masculine superiority as manifested by the active and conquering part which falls to the man in all strictly sexual relations. On the other hand, these women are strongly attracted by masculinity with all its most masculine appendages, and have no desire whatever to turn away from it by

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bestowing their favor on their own sex. They fall in love with a man whose masculinity, although strong in itself, cannot offend their pride because the circumstances of rank, wealth, and social status prevent his taking the initiative. Their superior standing gives them the comforting assurance that it was not his power but their condescension which has made the love-relation feasible. They don't mind their feminine rôle when they feel that they were conquered in obedience to their own order. "I may command where I adore." Queen Victoria who resented the slightest breach of etiquette as an offence against her dignity permitted plain Mr. Brown to roundly scold her.

Since nobody else has so many interesting things to tell about love as the poets, it looks as if their own love-life would open a specially instructive field for our observation. Yet, the poets or artists possess no peculiar "*ars amandi*" or a method of choosing, all their own. We find among them specimens of all character types, temperaments, and moral standards, within the range of humanity. They present variables of the identical sort as the rest of the P. S. P. Not in loving, but in exploring their emotional adventures for the benefit of their art do they show distinguishing attributes. The transformation of love into work till it entirely absorbs it, this is their special problem. They reveal their love, as every other feeling that they can

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grasp, fathom, and master artistically, without reticence.

This makes their works the best source-books for the psychology of feeling, but the persons who provoked these feelings, and to whom they were attached, have to pay for it. By a curious twist, which is the privilege of creative minds, the outflow of their best inner possessions is, in the end, poured into their work, no matter to whom it had been directed at the start. After the period of passionate devotion to the idol of his dreams, after the self-consecration to the radiant sun around which all the stars in his firmament rotate, comes the second epoch when the poet withdraws within himself.

It does not matter whether his wishes, whatever they are, have been fully satisfied or not. The change may seem to be due to external circumstances, but in truth he has met the fate of a creative spirit from which he can not escape. His former passion has not become extinct, but has shifted in a new direction. His creative urge has emerged and fills his mind leaving no place for his former cares and troubles. His emotions, desires, and moods have not become less vivid, but instead, being lavished on the world of reality, they are put to work under the whip and domination of the artistic will. The images and shadows of passion obtain a stronger vitality and an infinitely more durable existence than their originals. The artist's masterpiece

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is the sacred vessel of his love; for his life only a few drops are left, till it is emptied and ready to be filled again by a new passion.

The objects, they might almost be called the victims, of his adoration may often feel perplexed, and more than a little annoyed, about this transfiguration which, seen from outside, resembles a sleight-of-hand trick (as *e.g.*, Frau von Stein after Goethe's flight to Italy). It wouldn't be much consolation to them if they understood that the artist is made faithless by his fate; even if he clings to the same love all his life, he is faithful only to his work.

And as for the rest of us, just ordinary people without the privileges of genius, how long does eternal love last? Is it as continuous as it pretends to be, or more like a line consisting of separate dots? The answer lies somewhere between the devil of cynicism and the deep sea of sentimentality. We know that love belongs to a better class than those sentiments which are merely repetitive, like a book that opens always on the same page. But the heathens who have accepted baptism are not so thoroughly converted as the missionaries are prone to believe. They retain some of their tribal customs and eventually may relapse and become pagans in everything but the name.

By the same token it is hard to tell just when the emotional life has achieved real permanence and

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stability and when it is but a make-believe, a uniform surface, produced by habit, tradition, imitation, and self-deception, just sufficient to cheat the fond missionary (who, in psychoanalytic parlance is called "Super-Ego"). Abrupt turns of destiny reveal the existence of surprising realities. Husbands or wives who have lost their beloved mate become, after a violent episode of mourning, rejuvenated as widowers and widows. There was no dissembling in their love, but it was not the kind which defies every absence, even if it is irrevocable. For some who, in good faith, considered themselves as fondly and deeply attached, their love is a burden which crushes a good part of their vitality. On the other hand, there are unforgettable hours with a person who seemed indifferent before and after, short liaisons which are given up easily and yet stand out in memory from all other experiences in life and love; there are relations which are full of quarrels and misunderstandings while they last, and all the same furnish the only durable and firm tie compared with which all the rest is found wanting. Love can be everything — except guaranteed by any power other than its own.

* * * * *

Another one of those venerable questions which are always asked and never answered: Is there in every pair a lover and a beloved one, one who kisses and one

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who "*tend la joue?*"* This would make the joining of two flames, the highest ideal of all lovers, an idle dream without hope of fulfillment; it would leave all those who are unable to resign themselves to a one-sided passion doomed to eternal frustration. However, neither the evidence, so far as it has been collected and sifted, nor the authorities, meaning the great intuitive psychologists, in short all those who are not blinded by wishful thinking, are encouraging, in that connection.

But whether answered or not, one problem always leads to a new one: Is every individual case once and for all, inexorably for the same part, destined for all his life-time either to love or to be loved? The fate which dictates the endless repetition of the initial pattern (*Wiederholungszwang*)** is far stronger than human wishes and reasonings. It leads the willing and drags the resisting to their inevitable destination. The compulsion which *we* call: "the Unconscious," and others, "destiny," and religious believers "God's will" leaves no freedom of choice, and no hope or relief in our bondage. On the other scale lies the more consoling fact that within every human being several of these patterns exist simultaneously, as the residues of the various epochs and stages of his development. This gives him, if not free choice, at least some latitude in

* Holds out the cheek.

** Repetition compulsion.

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reacting differently to the variety of constellations of facts, thus offering him something better than the mere illusion of liberty.

How strongly prevalent, to the extent of an absolute domination, the necessity to love can be over the wish to be loved is best illustrated by the work of one of the greatest authorities in these matters: Marcel Proust. The men whose mind he analyses — the narrator himself, Swann, Robert Saint Loup, the baron de Charlus, are widely different types of humanity — but they agree in this tendency: They are bent exclusively on loving—jealousy apart. To be loved is for them a secondary, sometimes helpful, sometimes detrimental situation. This is the effect of their unconscious fixation since in all others ways they show no signs of self-abandonment or altruism.

An accurate scrutiny shows some finer shadings in the bicolor scheme of loving or being loved. In the case of many who find their satisfaction in loving, the wish to get some reward in return for their devotion is not eliminated. Although the original character of love, the urge to give away as much as possible of their self, dominates their emotional life, the longing to get and have and hold some free gift of love is not abrogated. It may be a minimum, dictated by the need of a compensation in order to quiet the apprehension of the yawning emptiness which would follow after the reck-

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less outpouring. The hint of a sign of requited love, the fraction of a future possibility, however tiny, is needed for assurance while the soul is still hesitating at the brink of self-abandon. Stendhal has probably something of that nature in mind when he speaks of "*espérance*" in his book *De l'Amour*, and insists that these small signs which create hope of being loved are indispensable for producing what he calls "crystallization." These signs have often only the slightest foothold in reality; in matters of love, fantasy always turns up when it is called for. "Who chooses me must give and hazard all he hath," says the leaden casket in the *Merchant of Venice*, formulating the fundamental law of unconditional surrender, but "hazard" points to the chance of getting something in return, revealing an indefinite, but immensely precious promise — and whosoever is given hope goes not wholly unrewarded.

*Are you not utterly ruined by fate?
All your hopes have gone astray!
It's hope which makes me build and create
And so I still am contented and gay.*

(GOETHE: *Sprüche in Reimen*)

Exceptions to this rule are naturally those who are led on by a masochistic trend. They welcome hopelessness as an additional suffering.

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To feel assured of being loved belongs, therefore, to the frequent, although not regular, preconditions for falling in love. The eagerness for self-surrender by love with persons of this type is strongly developed and when once aroused, it will go to any length; yet their capacity to love begins and ends with the conviction that their love is a bit requited and does not meet a cold and disdainful reception. The end corresponds with the beginning: When it is felt that love has been withdrawn or when the discovery is made that it never really existed, all love's torches are at once extinguished. The former centre of all thoughts then becomes indifferent, just like any casual acquaintance. This reaction was well expressed in cynical Berlin by the saying: "*Gib' mir meinen Taler wieder. Do hast mich nie geliebt.*" ("Give me back my dollar, you never loved me.")

Women who have been made sure, by manifold experiences, that they may trust the power of their beauty, charm, and poise, feel sufficiently self-reliant to leave the arduous job of loving, once and for all, to their admirers. They prefer to sit diva-like on their golden chair and let the men struggle for the privilege of being permitted to worship them. Their security places them above ordinary coquetry, they disdain the use of vulgar tricks to attract new adorers and feel quietly satisfied with their lot to be loved and not to

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love. And yet, love finds a vulnerable spot even in their perfect and shining armor. True love service, offered to them not in outbursts of passion, but in never-wearying constancy and, above all, in a tactful, unobtrusive way, will move them finally to requiting it by their own love in a mild way. It goes to the tune: "Love me very much and I will love you a little," but the fact remains that by a surfeit of being loved, the faculty, perhaps the need, for active loving is not erased.

This suggests that love, when all is said and done, is essentially not a one-sided affair. The high tension of passion will provoke an answer of some sort or other; the receiver on the other end cannot altogether fail to react. But whether the response elicited will be as it was desired, and similar to the stimulus, is another question.

Among the many layers which make up the structure of love, atop its bedrock stratum, belong the social factors which imbue it with their ever varying tastes and standards. When this process progresses smoothly and to general satisfaction, love is deemed dignified enough to be employed for official cultural functions. None of these influences have left a deep and lasting impression on its true core, but they produced many transitory hybrid forms in which the laws of passion are intertwined, sometimes in very cunning ways, with

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the fopperies of passing fashions, or with social institutions and their important purposes. The manner of courting and the correct way to be courted, the formalities under which a couple is brought together, the borderlines separating the legitimate or illegitimate occasions of meeting and mating, the forms of conubial life, these are some of the arrangements by which the mixture between Eros, on the one hand, and contemporary mores and social conditions, on the other, is put to work. They modify not only the behavior, but to some extent, the surface of the sentiment itself.

Enjoying a high social standing, respected and venerated, sometimes even invested with sanctity, these hybrids are easily misjudged to be themselves the all-powerful and eternal master. They form a most important section of the code, its socially approved manners and modes. They can be taught and must be learned. The lessons begin early in the nursery and continue through life. For this special subject, the "*ars amandi*" as a civic and domestic duty, no officially appointed teachers exist. In order to hold a diploma for the instruction in this delicate matter, a person would have to combine two different qualifications. To be perfect, the teacher ought to be thoroughly conversant with the social climate, the high and low points of the popular predilections and antipathies in every detail. Yet, at the same time, he must never lose sight

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of the nucleus of timeless passion from which the living interest emanates, since without it his lessons would become an empty formality.

This double qualification is best represented by contemporary *belles-lettres* of high grade. Why it is so has been defined as a general rule by one who ought to know all about it, by Goethe: "Poetry formulates something specific without thinking of a generalization or pointing toward it. Whoever grasps this particular something vividly receives with it the generalization, without becoming aware of it, or only later." (Goethe, *Sprüche*.)

The importance of finding a qualified teacher must not be overrated. All that part which can be taught is learned easily without special or professional coaching. It is in the atmosphere ("*C'est dans les mœurs*"), and by those who are receptive, the lesson will be absorbed by living and breathing in it.

Quite exempt from it are the great lovers. Like all other specimens of human greatness, they go their way, heedless of the fashions and conventions. Although few of their number ever become known to the P. S. P., they present and preserve the immortal features of Eros.

The great mass of ordinary humanity moves in the opposite direction, every individual acting, as far as his nature permits it, just as his neighbour does.

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Conformation in externals is the mass rule which over-spreads the individual differences, without eliminating them.

It is the great task of Eros to draw human beings together; he constrains them to destroy the fences which surround the Ego and overcome the separation which maintains individuality. But toward this universal end, which is the desired and dreaded goal of self-extinction, each member of the P. S. P. travels on the particular path prescribed by his innermost unconscious nature. By love as by death humanity is united; by love alone it is prevented from becoming one indistinguishable mass.

CHAPTER X

LOVE AND LEARN!

Among the things which should keep us in a permanent state of surprise, but seldom do, belongs the constant disproportion between the amount of energy put into teaching and learning and the final results of all these efforts. After a year or two, often before a few months have passed, there remains only a tiny fraction of the "spiritual treasures" that have been stored up over a period of years by the painstaking labor of teacher and disciple; the greater part melts away like April snow.

In sharp contrast with this evanescence stands the technical knowledge, needed for practical purposes, and kept in readiness, without any trouble, through constant use: the business man does not forget his bookkeeping nor the lawyer the rules of evidence. These forms of knowledge, combined with other "adult" interests, elbow out the reminiscences of the erudition of which it has been said — and perhaps sincerely expected — that they will enrich the mind and broaden the outlook

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for the rest of one's life. This rapid ejection is not necessitated by the lack of space in the mind — there always remain some unoccupied apartments; it is due to the fundamental indifference in regard to the possession of this kind of knowledge. It had never been accepted with more than lukewarm interest, so that its transfer from the treasure-house to the ash can is welcomed as a good riddance.

History, ancient languages, literature, art become the dead-weights of instruction. Not because their teaching is so terrible or the average disciple is so shallow. When the boy in college has studied a Shakespeare play thoroughly, down to the last feminine ending, the principal effect seems to be the resolution never to go near anything of that sort, if he can help it. Years later, after he has succeeded in forgetting all that he has been taught, he sees the same play in the theatre and enjoys it immensely without abandoning the deep-rooted prejudice that the Bard is, on the whole, better left alone.

It would be unjust to make the teachers as a class responsible because they, like other people, generally cling to routine as the line of least resistance. Courageous spirits who act as pioneers and discoverers are, of course, exceptions, but rather less than in other walks of life. Their pointless shovelling of masses of grist into the mill and getting a few grains in return

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cannot be attributed to a specific mentality since it happens everywhere except when instruction is given exclusively to enthusiastic volunteers or to future specialists. Besides, the last decades have been rather overprolific in producing experiments and "movements" in this field, and yet the net result, in the long run, has remained the same.

Teaching is an integral part of the broader issue of education. The question: what's wrong with teaching? leads naturally to the next one: what do we know about education? We can be certain of nothing more than this: it is a continuous process, each stage of which is built up on the base of the former; tracing it back, we find its beginnings in earliest childhood. For the understanding of what education does and does not do, the methods of schools and of formal training are of secondary importance. The foundations are laid elsewhere in a thoroughly informal manner: in the cradle, with the breast or the bottle, on and off the chamber-pot, by the first stirring of love, hate, and anxiety. Those who administer the first important gratifications and frustrations — parents, nurses, play-mates, servants, visitors, passer-bys — are often not aware of their educational influence; when they are, they have no clear idea of the consequences. Our knowledge of the first, most important steps leaves too much to guesswork and intuition.

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All the same, that education does some of the things which it is expected to do and gets most people somewhere near the place where society wants to have them is an undeniable fact. The cannibal warriors succeed as well as the highly progressive modern nurseries, with some exceptions, in raising by rule of thumb the child to their own standard of civilization, whatever that may be. For neither of the two systems, it can be explained with lucidity why they succeed nor predicted when they are going to fail. "The chief wonder of education is that it does not ruin everybody concerned in it, teachers and taught." (*The Education of Henry Adams*, Ch. IV.) A part of the responsibility is laid on the shoulders of heredity which is certainly a factor, but one still more obscure and unmanageable.

A big gap in this scant and thinly spread knowledge is made by the impossibility of assessing the price that has to be paid for the successful establishment of an average level of present-day civilization. How much of those inhibitions which the child acquires exceed the necessary bonds of cultural self-control, how many chances for enjoyment and contentment are blighted, how many open doors are made impassable, how much of the intellectual and character development gets crippled or distorted, when and where are sown the seeds of a future neurosis (psychosis, addiction, criminality, etc.) — all that remains a sealed book. Genera-

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tion after generation walks mechanically on the beaten track or, breaking away from it, gropes for a new path in darkness.

The inevitable fumbling in the earlier stages produces confusion in questions of the higher education. Many different methods of moulding character have been evolved, but the proposals as to how to develop the personality along charted lines are so contradictory that they all, taken together, amount to exactly nothing.

Two main schools of thought can be traced. One of them is best demonstrated in the model which the Prussians have evolved and made their idol under the name of "Drill." Its main characteristic is disregard of all psychological motives and situations. The order has to be executed no matter whether the task is congenial or repulsive; all private feelings are overruled by strict discipline. This method is almost sure to be effective, "to make or to break the man," when it is started before the tender years of childhood are over and kept up without intermission all the time by an unrelenting severity that occasionally turns into brutality. The iron must enter the soul; the pressure has to be applied, till the spirit is broken and unable to rise again. The result will be, of course, neither individual happiness, nor originality or creativeness, but a mass of highly efficient robot workers, and even better robot soldiers.

Yet the sad truth is that this disciplinary "drill"

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belongs to those we cannot entirely do without. Education ought not to be all honey and pie and lead the child unprepared and unprotected toward the rough experiences of life. The demands which work, family, and society will make cannot be dodged because they are felt to be unpleasant, inopportune, or jarring. Life itself is a taskmaster, stamped with a supreme disregard of psychological considerations, and "drill" is a part of the necessary preparation for it. The railway engineer or the surgeon has to give full and undivided attention to his job whatever his private joys or sorrows at the moment may be, and to impress this as long as the mind is impressionable is a paramount duty of education.

The Prussian general von der Marwitz tells in his memoirs that he had a private tutor who used a small book of not more than a hundred pages to teach history. His pupil had to learn it by heart, page for page, and when he was through, he had to begin again at page one. Marwitz adds: "This teacher was narrow-minded and lazy, but I owe to him a superiority in regard to historical facts and dates over all persons, including the best informed I met in my long life. Nobody knew with as much certainty as I did in what year the battle of Crecy or Granson or Lepanto had taken place."

The earliest educational influences make headway

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when the experiences of a possible loss of love (scolding, punishment) has given them the necessary impressiveness. This leads to a new attitude. Efforts are made to perform or suppress them, not according to their immediate pleasantness, but in order to retain or gain love and protection. Where love or the threat of its withdrawal is shut out, the foundations of education cannot be laid. That explains why two opposite extremes, persistent coddling of the child and unremitting severity, produce the same negative result.

The other line leads, on the side of love and identification, to an active and creative participation with the work and thoughts which form the current civilization. Usually it doesn't get quite as far and settles down at one of the more comfortable wayside stations.

This method, judiciously applied, does not "spoil" the child in the sense of making it asocial; it lends an interest in his activities and fosters his creative proclivities. The dark side of it is that the child doesn't learn to control his fancies, to postpone his pleasures, to act contrary to his mood, and all these are important social necessities. Moreover, when he loses interest in all the acquired knowledge and technique, he gets lost with it.

From love springs, after conflicts and complications without number, the wish to be like the beloved and admired being, or like those whom it loves and

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cherishes. This produces in the pliant and easily mouldable Ego of the infant the trend toward identification. "I am not a little boy (or girl), I want to be a big man like dad (a grown-up woman like mother), and I will act accordingly." This "I-want-to-be," which gets equated with "I-am," is a mighty lever of social adaptation, *i.e.*, education, but a catch or rather a series of catches comes with it.

The greater part of the process is unconscious; and it offers almost no chances for intentional and planned influence. When it becomes observable, it is often too late to undo it. Education, by using great care, can achieve something in regard to the selection of persons who are deemed to be desirable models for identification, but on the whole this choice, like most others, remains huddled in darkness; it goes by rules of attraction and repulsion, which pull the ropes behind the scenes, and baffle all reasonable expectations. The wrong choice may have unfortunate consequences: for instance, when the boy moulds his personality after the pattern of the mother or nurse instead of imitating the father, or when the girl finds her ideal in the older brother.

Another serious drawback lies in the less ideal traits of these ideals when their human frailties are copied. The child aims at becoming identical with the person it has chosen as its model in every respect; it

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makes no distinction between vice and virtue, style and affectation. It studies and observes these models with the strict realism of its age. Pretensions as to possessing all sorts of imaginary virtues and sermonizing about them will eventually arouse its zest for preaching or confound the child altogether or instill distrust in its mind, but it will not help in stimulating an identification with qualities that do not exist.

On the other hand, deficiencies of which the models are quite unaware, or which they believe to be well concealed, will be portrayed, perhaps even exaggerated, in the reproduction.

*Man könnte' erzogene Kinder gebären,
Wenn die Eltern selber erzogen wären.*

*"Educated children could be created
If the parents themselves were educated.*

Identification has to be recognized as a mighty force in education, but it ought not to be ridden to death, and only used as a means to an end. This end, the establishment of an independent and firmly integrated personality lies beyond its limits, and a process of purification is necessary to attain it. After serving their purpose, the identifications must drop the characteristic marks, shown by their human, and therefore

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somewhat questionable, prototypes. If this development succeeds, the individual traits of the originals gradually become blurred. Having lost their accidental and circumscribed character, they are transformed into a general and harmonious, yet thoroughly alive, ideal. In taking this last step, the mind acquires, without unruliness, that inner freedom which we hail and admire as the flower of a perfect personality. This move toward abandoning the person-to-person identifications in favor of a rounded-off impersonal ideal is, as a rule, halted before it has been able to progress far, by a sort of *horror vacui*; namely, the fear of breathing the thin air of ideas and self-made generalizations to which all but the most courageous spirits succumb.

The results of identification are in some other respects unequal and unpredictable. Those which have been formed in later years, beginning with the school age, are not of the same firmness and stability as the earlier ones. This constitutes the main reason why the durable results of every known method of teaching lag so much behind expectations. When the teacher himself is deeply interested in his subject, he is able to awaken interest by identification through his enthusiasm, and build up knowledge and skills miles ahead of those obtained by the ordinary routine. Modern education, which is all on the side of the angels, by excluding other pedagogical resources, laid great stress

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on this point; and its achievements seemed at first to justify the fondest hopes. Especially in the arts, music, painting, writing, young geniuses would spring up like mushrooms after a warm rain. The optimism was premature, as subsequent developments showed. Here and there the seed took deep roots and continued to yield good fruit in the form of productivity or of appreciation. But those were the exceptions which can be suppressed by bad methods, but produced by none.

With the average pupil the admirable effects of the new method lasted only as long as the identification out of which they grew held. They progressed rapidly under the magnetic influence of an inspired teacher, in a warm and congenial atmosphere, fostered by friendly competition. When these influences disappeared or lost their power, when new interests took their place, all the wonderful achievements were quickly thrown overboard. This happens typically at the early stages of adolescence when erotic attractions and incidents, and the wish to join the life and interests of the adults in general, awaken and monopolize for some time the energies of the youthful mind. The extraordinary color-sense and the fine musical ear, the rapid acquisition of languages and the cleverness in writing poetry, all these vanish in short order. After two or three years nothing of any value survives, and when the struggle of life begins in real earnest, hardly a memory

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is left of the former possession of such abilities and attainments. The practical, not to say the humdrum way of life, that had been started in later adolescence: job-seeking, love-making, marriage, family and social standing, sport and club activities, and, last but not worst, neurosis dominate the scene as if these good people had never enjoyed a privileged mode of education.

The stairs built of love, identification, and sublimation, by which men are supposed to mount to the heights of character and culture are slippery and insecure. Love is not the only feeling the little angels are capable of. They have their full share of destructive and aggressive impulses as well. The threat of the loss of love makes the beloved person the target of such hostile instincts as jealousy and envy; the inevitable frustrations will add fuel to the fire. In most cases, the so-called normal ones, they lose out in the final conflict with love; they are repressed and kept in the Unconscious, but not deprived of influence and power. In a subtle and inconspicuous way they glide into the formations of identification. A full analysis of the earliest, and consequently most forceful, identifications shows that they are composed of antagonistic and discordant elements. The edifice of education is raised on so insecure foundations that no wonder it begins to crumble soon after it has been completed.

To take a thing by force from a defeated foe, or, in

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a still more primitive manner, incorporate him, body and soul, through cannibalism, was viewed as a legitimate transaction; but a gift-horse had to be looked into the mouth with great caution before it became acceptable. It might be a Trojan horse smuggling all sorts of undesirable dangerous facts or ideas into the well-guarded sphere of one's personality. In particular does such heritage combine with this suspicion some of the feeling of guilt and insecurity which was caused by the decease of the former owner. Slipping in insidiously, he might take possession of his heir—"my prisoner won't let me go." The fear of becoming a victim instead of a conqueror of the dead stood for a long time in the way of the progress of civilization. Every generation had to make a fresh start in producing, for their own use, new implements, while they dared not touch those left to them by their ancestors. The tendency to relinquish the achievements of the older generation, and to begin life all over again from scratch, has been subdued after a long struggle, but it is not extinct among us.

Education is inheritance, by the living, from the dead. There is a deeper root, in the reluctance by which it is accepted, than strikes the eye. Youth does not want to be reminded of its infantile helplessness nor obsessed by the spirits of the preceding generation.

This peculiar difficulty of human development has

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to be taken as an inevitable fact. The elastic thread that tends to draw humanity back to its starting point is invisibly present everywhere. It causes the typical rift between children and parents. The son tends to disagree with the opinions of his father, the daughter with the taste of her mother, and both try to break away from the ways which have been designed for them. When they look lovingly on the past, it will be a past far removed, peopled by older generations that never claimed authority. Grandmother's spinning wheel and great-grandfather's snuff-box, with a slight scent of the past that has no contact with the present, seen through the lovely blue haze of far distance, have their undeniable charm. To continue their mode of living, with their dresses and ceremonies and prejudices, is the right material for pleasant day-dreams. Their furniture and houses are attractive, since the rules by which their lives were dominated, and by which they tried to dominate others, have become obsolete.

The best illustration is furnished by children of our last pre-war generation. Everything that their parents had believed was discredited or discarded without further investigation. "Our fathers in their charming, naïve, and uncritical way listened to atrocity stories instead of trying to understand the German mind. These Germans are really quite nice fellows if you have only the right key to their character." This atti-

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tude of ironical superiority was a main factor in producing the stupendous blindness for the Nazis' open preparations for war. And yet, the next generation after this war will act the same way.

The teachers are substitutes for the parental authority, but not so hallowed by sanctity and early memories as the originals. Their work, especially when it falls in the epoch of emancipation and initial independence, soon is overcast with apathy and oblivion, which is the simplest and easiest way toward its undoing. The adolescents switch their thoughts away from them and turn toward adult life, or what they take for it. Many years later, the "college-educated" man remembers the incidents on the football fields, the jokes and the nicknames, the pranks and carousals, the rows and fights, the funny traits of the professors — but of the "imperishable treasures of the mind" there remain but a black hole and a benevolent, reminiscing smile.

Turning from learning again to the general issues of educational methods, we find ourselves today as ever faced by the question in which of the two we should put our trust; love or discipline, thrill or "drill." We have seen that they are both necessary, each in its own way; and that seems to make the answer easy. Obviously, they have to be so combined that the advantages of both can be enjoyed with as little of their drawbacks

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as possible. As a matter of fact, that is what pedagogues have tried for a long time, but their experiments have not been crowned with success.

The two methods won't mix. It's a case of trying the cross-breeding between a rooster and a rabbit. You make, shake, or heat, or cool the mixture, but after a short time the elements will become as separate as they were before. Discipline, diluted by kindness, loses its only advantage, reliable efficiency; and love tempered by strict orders and severity will find but a doubtful or lukewarm response — not enough to build on it a formative identification. Alternation between the extremes is still worse. Nobody can trust a kind and patient teacher who, at the drop of a hat, becomes a roaring lion. Steering on a straight and steadfast line is the first principle of all education. Arbitrary changes, intentional or not, defeat its most important aim, the solid formation of character.

Neither compromise nor alternation is usable; in place of a pedagogical system, we have only a mass of more or less reliable empirical rules which are taken from one side or the other, as occasion serves. Education remains a riddle. The problem of how man is but hitched on to the social purposes of humanity is still unanswered.

CHAPTER XI

BOON OR BURDEN?

This chapter opens like an old-fashioned novel with a beautiful spring evening in Fiesole.

A crowd of tourists had gathered on the hill-top to enjoy the wide view over Florence and the valley of the Arno to the distant Tuscan hills. The big boom being then on, most of them were Americans. Some old Italian women who, in walking up and down, plaited and stitched the famous wide-brimmed Florentine straw-hats mingled with them in the hope of finding buyers for their handicraft.

With smiles in their eyes and smiles in every wrinkle, they looked gentle and winning as old women folk in Italy habitually do. Among the buyers was a stoutish middle-aged American matron with whom the transaction, involving five lire, didn't work out smoothly. With a great expenditure of sound and fury, emphasized and interpreted by a lavish use of gestures, she went on a bargaining campaign, and finally succeeded in beating down the price for the

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equivalent of a nickel in American money, and driving away the pleasant smile from the face of the old woman.

I don't believe that she was more tight-fisted than the average American tourist in whom the opposite trend is notoriously prevalent. Nor do I think that the wish to earn a cheap triumph by outsmarting the other fellow was her motive. She was simply bored to death. Misled by an excusable vanity and some fine-sounding phrases, she had persuaded herself that she was interested in "art and culture." Naturally she had felt obliged to look at an endless number of old dark pictures and ramshackle buildings for which she had to feign enthusiasm while her heart yearned for her club meeting at home — lectures on art delivered by a well-dressed lady or an interesting gentleman and followed by a chatty tea and a bridge game. The poor soul, after she had got herself in the dreary situation of an aimless wanderer, found no better remedy against her boredom than any sort of activity which happened to come her way. Since practically all others were closed to her, she threw herself whole-heartedly into this shabby bargaining which she would have despised at any other place, but in Fiesole, on a beautiful spring evening, with the view of Florence and San Miniato. Art, we have been often told, softens and elevates the mind.

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Now a jump to the opposite end. An analysand of mine heard the reading of a play in which a love-starved teen-age girl tries to drown herself; saved by a last minute rescue, she raves, in her delirium, about the joy of getting all the love which life had denied her, and dies happy. (*Hanneles Himmelfahrt* by Gerhart Hauptmann.) No work of literature had moved the young man so deeply as this play. He left the room in a hurry; as soon as he was alone he burst into tears and wept for a long time. This crying spell he described to me as wonderfully soothing, as if it released a heavy tension. He had no idea why the play had such an unusual effect on him till a forgotten episode of his childhood had been uncovered by analysis.

He had lived with his mother, a widow, as her favorite child in undisturbed harmony. Then came a time when he suspected his mother of withdrawing her love from him because a certain man wanted to marry her. Together with another boy, he had evolved a day-dream that by diving and staying long enough under the water of a pond, he would find the way to a dreamland India. Under the disguise of this fantasy, a serious attempt at suicide was made. In *Hannele* he relived, without recognizing it, the saddest period of his childhood, but also the final silent reconciliation with his mother, who remained a widow.

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The female counterpart to this was a young woman who became so entranced by a certain movie that she couldn't see it often enough. She thought of it all day and dreamed about it at night. Her childhood had been haunted by the fear that her widowed father would be lost to her as a result of a second marriage. That never took place; her father died while she was in her teens.

Her other great grief was her femininity. She considered it as most unjust that her brother, who was much inferior to her in pluck and courage, should enjoy the privileges of a boy. In the film (*Der Geiger von Florenz* with Elisabeth Bergner) the father of the heroine marries in spite of her protests. She is put in a boarding school. Feeling unhappy and lonely, she runs away in the disguise of a boy. In her wanderings, she meets a white-haired man who offers her a seat in his car. A mutual discovery follows. The hair of her host was whitened by dust, the old man isn't really old — in other words, he is a rejuvenated, glorified father. When he finds out her true sex, the happy end becomes inevitable.

Why this film fascinated my analysand needs no long comment. It expressed her life's secret wish: I will consent to be a girl for the sake of my father's love. Without it, I will remain a boy.

Our kind lady's (of Fiesole) behavior is directly opposite to that of my two analysands, but they have

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this one thing in common, viz., that their reactions are quite uninfluenced by aesthetic motives, properly so-called. The first, because she has no reaction at all except boredom; the two others are moved vehemently, but by the effect of the crude material which accidentally hit a hypersensitive, ordinarily hidden and protected spot in their minds. At first sight this appears as a mere variant of the indifference to form and beauty, to artistic merits, and aesthetic values just as the unhappy tourist felt it when she was driven through art galleries and churches.

The enthusiasm, stirred up by certain congenial motives, is superior to the total lack of interest in form and content: witness these misguided lambs with their art books and lectures, the glib phrases and the impressive slogans, the fear of appearing "uncultured" or not up-to-date. Give them a piece of work, good or bad, in which they can feel the emotional appeal, and they will find the drab desert changed into green pastures. They will be moved to laughter or to tears or, still better, to a silent response, and will take to their heart something to keep and cherish. It will be a first step toward the real gifts that art and beauty hold; and it will do for them as much as they can stand in broadening and deepening their life. In our own day, this blessed event is more likely to happen in the realm of literature than with paintings or plastic

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art. Theirs was an epoch when the distance between a painter who thinks with his eyes and the average man could be easily bridged. But since nowadays, most people are wont to look at a picture with their brains, the *author* and his public are nearer to each other; nearest, of course, are the movies.

The first condition, in any case, is that they must throw away their guide-book or art theories and close their ears to all literary comments. The worst preparation for a genuine reaction is to learn about it beforehand till one is all tense with expectation. I remember having listened to one part of myself asking the other ironically: "Are you feeling properly exalted?" The great moments came when I was unprepared for them as when I came to Assisi to see the Giotto frescoes and was struck by the façade of San Rufino.

To revert to those two analysands of mine, it would be unjust to say that it was the "plot" alone without the least regard to form and art that had affected them. The same situations, presented in a different way, shown in another perspective, with awkwardly designed effects and clumsy motivations would not have produced the same impressions, but only a slight flutter that left hardly any traces in memory.

Such responses, however, are of a strictly personal nature. Although style, technique, the craftsmanship of

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the artist are not irrelevant, it is the content, the *what*, not the *how*, which is the deciding factor in this stage. His sensitivity reacts only to those subjects which touch on particular events and special emotional experiences of the individual's life. Is it right to class the reaction pattern to such personal matters, even when they appear in the guise of art, as aesthetic?

It matters little how it is classified. In any case, it is the thin edge of the wedge by which genuinely alive feeling enters. Everyone's mind, however dried out, conventional, and matter-of-fact, is somewhere open to the illusion which gives him, one might almost say, restores to him that part of his life which he has missed in living. This is the source from which spring all experiences of beauty. The simplest people, by reacting to the reproduction of might-have-been situations and calling up from their grave dead and buried possibilities, reach the first rungs on the ladder of art. Although not yet able to arrive at the distinction between originality and imitation, between true and false, between feeling and sentimentality, they have made a momentous move toward becoming—not critics but an appreciative and assimilating audience. That is more than can be gotten by teaching aesthetic theory or instruction in the history of art.

This first step does not require any special qualifications. It leads only so far as everybody can get to with

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ease, and stops within the confines of vulgarity. At this stage of the game, a picture must look pretty and tell a story or teach a pleasing moral. Novels or any other kind of fiction must have a happy or a sentimental ending. They have to be patterned on one of the typical day-dreams which have not lost their attractiveness from the times of hoary antiquity to this day, as: poor boy marries heiress, virtuous heroine rescued at last minute from villain, etc. Those which impressed my two analysands, by appealing to less ordinary wishes, are just a mite superior to the regular, glib, and trivial kind.

From here on, the road becomes considerably steeper and stonier. Mere pleasantness is now disregarded or at least looked at askance. The minor brands or smaller forms of beauty which can be handed out and consumed without much effort lose their privileged position. New lines of distinctions are drawn. To take up a book to fill an idle hour and dropping it when a more serious business — viz., a bridge-game — calls, to feel a part of a warm and friendly audience in the theatre, to go for a companionable visit to "nature" or to a museum (sort of art-picnic), all this easygoing playing around is recognized as something absolutely different from the moments when the tiniest bit of a new world reveals itself.

In order to perceive and assimilate any sort of art,

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the mind must adapt itself to it and that means becoming itself beautiful. (Of course, only so far and so long as the impact lasts.) This metamorphosis, or whatever it may be called, excludes, for the time being, the rest of the world just as much as love does it. To make it a sociable affair is quite out of the question. The mind, entirely given over to the triumphant entry of beauty, retires from everything else and isolates itself in the same way as it does in the act of creative production.

This principle of intrinsic identity between the productive and the receptive process is the basis of the communion by art. Sophistication or simplicity makes no difference. Its intensity varies much, but not its fundamental character. How about the application of the principle? Is it necessary for the recipient to wait for the right moment just as the creative artist must do for his inspiration?

Receiving is evidently a more general and more accessible attainment than creating. If it were otherwise, it would be superfluous to depend on the productivity of others and live spiritually by borrowing from their wealth. The work of the greatest artist does not give us fantastically strange emotions — else we could not respond to its message: it opens regions of our own self that were hidden to us; it lets voices in us speak that had been silenced long, long ago. It

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makes us pass through adventures of the mind which we could otherwise not encounter since we never knew how to find them. In short, we can fly with the wings it lends us and need not try in vain our own, stubby ones.

The same way leads to the beauty of nature; we owe our sensibility for its offerings to the accumulated feats of a long series of artists, both forgotten and unforgotten ones, whose unbroken line reaches down to the earliest history of mankind. We would not be able to see in our own days the harmony of lines or grace of composition had the old cave-dweller artists not discovered it and handed their inspiration down through the traditions of untold generations. Their bards and painters and sculptors — and their prophets and sorcerers into the bargain — helped to discover new, hitherto unknown beauties. In their work they made what they found manifest to the eyes, and proclaimed it to the ears and instilled it into the minds of their — often reluctant and unwilling — audience; through the medium of harmony in sound, or color, or line or in the arrangement of words they convinced, first a few of their contemporaries, then more and more of the subsequent generations, that they had uncovered a new kind of beauty which could be enjoyed by all men of good will. The artists and kindred prophetic souls have never imitated the beauty of nature;

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they created it. Without their mission we would still live in a strange, empty, world, haunted by demons. We owe to their legacy beauty and the moments of happiness which it gives. We perceive it through the eye of the primitive carver who scratched a reindeer on the surface of the rock as well as through the eyes of the "ultra-modern" painter whose work we admired yesterday, and through the eyes of the uncounted number of creative artists standing between the first and the last.

The dark and desolate world gets filled with light and gods when our fantasy is strong enough to let all its creative magic work. Left without guidance and aid, it performs but minor chores, but amends are made by those who are guided by a genius, a "daimon," of their own; they are, with rare exceptions, eager to let all the P. S. P. partake of their bounty of vision. In all of us there is a bit of Caliban:

in dreaming

*The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop on me; that when I waked
I cried to dream again.*

Now and then is the gift to dream with open eyes bestowed on the poor, earthbound monster.

After this imperfect and much foreshortened

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sketch of the meaning of great art, the question crops up why its acceptance is such a rare event, why it is so often joyfully trampled in the dust. It is evidently not enough that open-minded persons of general goodwill embark on an adventure of looking at pictures, reading poetry, or staring at a celebrated piece of scenery, to bring it about that their minds and beauty meet. What had happened in Fiesole and happens in many, many other places shows that a merely external rendezvous is not sufficient. The meeting must take place under a favorable constellation of the powers within to bear fruit. A preparation, a ceremony of initiation is sometimes helpful, or a smile of encouragement which calls out to those who linger at the threshold of the open door: "*Introite, nam et hic dii sunt*" (Come in, for here too are gods.) These hints, however, must not be taken as contradicting the former statement that preparations and expectations stand in the way of the genuine feeling which beauty inspires.

Actually there are two precepts pointing in divergent directions; however, they can co-exist since they belong to two different psychic levels.

One of them has what we may call the preparatory function to get the stones out of the way so that man and beauty can meet without undue difficulties. Here belongs the job to keep the masterworks of art accessible and to take care that they are not lost or ruined

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or pushed into some dark corner; furthermore, to retrieve those which undeservedly have fallen into oblivion. It holds the key to the storehouse of the past where our precious possessions get so easily jumbled or defaced. All these highly important and notable duties which demand industry, probity, intelligence and many other high qualities are performed by experts who collect and explore, repair and restore, explain and comment, group and classify, date and compare what the past has bequeathed to us or the present time produces, all the music, poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, and branches of art. They add to it their aesthetic theories about the origin, style, and value and about the historical, economic, or psychological factors. Without this constant endeavor and sage advice the art lover would be helpless. He couldn't dig up out of the immense debris left by the past and accumulated by vanished nations and cultures, like the mounds of kitchen refuse of the ancient lake-dwellers, the sort of work that would appeal to his taste. With expert guidance at his side, he can rely on something better than sheer good luck when he tries to find what he wants without knowing it.

The expert does a great deal more for the general public or the portion of it interested in art and beauty. Every work contains, besides its stock of timeless and universal appeal, a great many other components which

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are strictly bound up with the artist's epoch, his social place, the school to which he belonged, etc. The language, customs, manners, morals, religious views, social ideals of the artist himself and of his time imbue his work with their flavor.

The Twelfth Night and *The Pickwick Papers* to cite only the most familiar instances are parcels tied up with many knots which are difficult to open for one who doesn't know how the Elizabethans or early Victorians managed their affairs, what their houses, furniture, and gardens looked like, what was considered by them as correct behavior and in good taste, and a thousand similar facts. If those things could be eliminated, much as the hard shell that must be cracked, the expert and his knowledge would be unnecessary, except for snobs and highbrows. But in art, there is no shell nor kernel; it is, as Goethe says of nature: "all together at once."

*Natur hat weder Kern noch Schale
Alles ist sie mit einen Male.*

A work of art is first and last an organic entity that can't be dissolved into its different elements, the contemporaneous and accidental put to one side, the immortal and eternal to the other. In attempts of purification, simplification, and modernization, even the best of it, the specific aroma gets invariably lost.

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In contrast with these external contrivances, the genuine emotional response to beauty goes by its own independent rules. Nothing can be done to further it by goodwill; attention, concentration, and painstaking preparations are all in vain. The expert knowledge deflects the mind when it is called in at these moments. By building up a wall of solid interest in the historical matter and the technique, it obstructs the incoming flood of feeling. The sudden fascination by the onrush of new sensations and surprising emotions can happen only where these walls have never been erected, or after they are crumbling. Only when the mind forgets every connection with theory and knowledge, it is ready to be captured by the mystery of beauty. (This may be done by a work that one had known for a long time without getting a deep impression. Unexpectedly, when the auspicious moment is there, presto, contact.)

However, the right attitude for receiving is not merely passive. The passivity is imposed on the conscious part of the mind; the less it puts its worries, wishes, and preoccupations to the fore, the more free and unencumbered are the functions of acceptance and unconscious response which alone can perform the assimilation of new beauty. The Unconscious will react with its customary unambiguous intensity to the new sensations by which some of its own, long buried, are

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resuscitated, and thus an emotional experience is born with neither help nor hindrance from the Ego.

The two divergent processes: external preparation and internal acceptance quite often get in one another's way. Since the latter started in the unconscious part of the mind, no method or plan is available by which these entanglements could be avoided. Yet, although no direct coöperation of the two can be hoped for, they help one another indirectly, each with its face turned the other way. On the conscious side, a great mass of impressions which in itself is inert and powerless, and doesn't share actively in the ushering in or welcoming the "great moment," is, nevertheless, useful for adapting its message to the rest of the personality and making it a permanent fixture to which the mind can turn when it feels the desire for a fuller life. Without this help, the newly acquired beauty would drift on the waves of consciousness like an anchorless boat and soon get engulfed.

This process of resurrecting the dead and buried unconscious, and the subsequent acceptance of a new emotional content — not identical with the unconscious, but reintroducing new, hitherto unknown, emanations of it into the Ego — this process is essentially identical with the creative act which it repeats. The creator is in the same psychic situation while his mind collects a great deal of material for a purpose of which it is

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ignorant. This rubbish heap of memory-roots, half-forgotten sensations, studies in expression by elements of forms becomes galvanized by the electric spark of the great moment which, in this case, we distinguish by the name of inspiration. Remote and discordant things are brought together and become an organic entity. After that comes the wearisome, but by no means contemptible, toil of the artist's Ego in putting order and rhythm, measure and gradation into the gift that his inspirations left behind.

The best practical advice about "how to enjoy art" is to study everything connected with it: history, aesthetic theory, technical points, etc., but without any intention to employ this knowledge otherwise than to satisfy a student's curiosity. It is like going to the woods and hills or wherever one feels inclined and interested, not with the intention of the marksman who is anxiously on the lookout for game, but with an alert and open mind. If he goes all by himself and stays aloof from gossips and slogans, he will sooner or later find his bird of paradise.

Beauty is not sociable. Its cult demands silence. The less said about it the better.

CHAPTER XII

THE FOUNDATIONS OF HATE

"A man came by chance, saw the bird and just to pass the time, destroyed it."

"Judith: *'Tis said that mercy you never show;
You are a tiny bit naughty don't you
know?*

Holofernes: *It's not so bad as all that. I just have
the habit of destroying everything."*

"And the worst is that everyone who sounds his own mind will find "that our inner wishes, for the greater part, come to life and are nourished at the expense of other people."

* * * *

These three quotations, respectively from a tragedy, a parody, and an essay, by three great authors, the first a famous Russian (Tchekhov), the other a Viennese, and known to few outside his home town (Nestroy), the third the father of all essayists (Montaigne), tell

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the same story: That the destructive tendencies are an integral part of human nature, existing through all the ages of man, and all the stages of civilization, not less operative, although often more eagerly denied among us, than among our barbarian ancestry. Being present always and everywhere, it is often disregarded like the air we breathe or considered as an accessory of life without separate existence. In describing it, words like "impulse" or "urge" are overemphatic. It requires so little energy and effort and affords — when not combined with other, more violent effects — such a slight feeling of satisfaction that it gives the impression of an almost automatic act, like yawning or sneezing, or peristalsis, or in the way of a well conditioned reflex. A "biological trend" an "innate drift" — such names sound more appropriate.

Some reasons for this ubiquity and anonymity are obvious — and vague. To be active is the rule for all organisms, this being their only means of self-realization. Destruction is for the human species, by a wide margin, the easiest form of activity. The baby smashes its toy; musing "absent-mindedly" the man breaks a match, the lover plucks the petals from the flower; the small boy tramples on ants; and the dictator sends untold numbers of men and women to the gas chamber; each of them destroys the thing that's most handy to him.

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Besides, destruction gives a feeling of superiority. It stands to reason that the destroyer must be stronger, more intelligent, of a higher race, or better beloved by the gods, than the destroyed.

The power which bestows on such a trend a universal and unemotional cogency lies probably beyond the limits of what is dreamed in our philosophy, reaching deep down to the beginnings of biological evolution. It can be conceived as embodied and inherent in all organic life.

The destructive trend, pure and simple, unadulterated by other motives from wherever they may originate, goes its way in perfect innocence, with malice to none. When the victim is mute, it is easy to ignore its point of view. When it complains, it makes little difference, since he who inflicts pain feels nothing of it, not even an observable degree of pleasure. He simply doesn't understand why all this fuss is made. His own reactions are so infinitesimal, and the situation seems to him so perfectly natural that it offers no foothold for a feeling of guilt.

The sky ceases to be so serene and cloudless the moment this simple innocence is spoiled by a fusion with drives of a more vehement character and yielding a higher degree of satisfaction. The intensity and protean mutability of erotic impulses enables them to slip in here as easily as anywhere else, through all sorts

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of loopholes. When cruelty and destruction are the acknowledged means of sexual satisfaction, science speaks of sadism; other, not less dangerous mixtures figure in the popular belief under the forms of various superstitions, embodied as the devil, the witch, the imp, the ogre, or the dragon. By these names were expressed the abhorrence and rejection, but also remorse and the feeling of helplessness in the grip of such a sinister master.

The sexual element of cruelty which is embodied in sadism can be traced through close observation. Even when it is diluted by overspreading it with conventional forms, certain signs will give away its true nature. For instance, the elation by which so many, otherwise good-natured people, grasp the opportunity to exercise some petty tyranny; or the pleasure manifested in playing one of those little tricks of malevolence, by laying an innocent person open to ridicule, by forgetting a message, leaving a question unanswered, by interrupting an argument or story at its culminating point, or by breaking up a pleasant party. The joy felt by most people at the first moment they hear a piece of malicious gossip about their friends is proverbial, as is LaRochefoucauld's famous aphorism. It is an indication of the same factor that the picking of a preferred victim to be permanently teased, annoyed, or hurt is not less marked and faithful and apparently groundless

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than a lover's choice; both are, in fact, face and obverse of the same medal.

With some of the P. S. P., aggression is a preponderant erotic trait and the necessary stepping-stone to sexual stimulation, either in fantasy or practice. Eventually the "normal" (quotes and question mark) attitude is maintained as a front and protection from external unpleasantness or inner inhibition.

While the suppressed urge is satisfied in the guise of playfulness, nevertheless when a partner is found who enters into the spirit of the game, a sort of private theatrical is acted with great gusto.

Sometimes eroticism and aggression get so mixed up, especially in adolescence, that it is impossible to say from which side the original impetus comes or whether the intention to give pleasure or cause pain is paramount.

Aggression, as a means of release of tension, has the advantage that it will produce energetic reactions, whereas it is a highly frustrating situation to be driven into an impulsive action and then left in the void, without response. Moreover, aggression is often the best way to earn love by stirring up a violent interest; although at first not a favorable one, it ties a bond of emotional relations; antipathy and hate can be changed more easily into love than absolute indifference.

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In sadism without disguise and mitigation, the destructive impulse reaches the height of satanic perfection. To the fierceness of concentrated sexuality is added the revolt against the inherent rule of orgasm. These men — women don't go all the way to the bitter end — revolt against the constraint which forces them to pay for the orgasm with a part of their own, over-valued self, and wreak their resentment violently on the victim who had the misfortune of provoking their passion. It is the stern law of retaliation, taking a life for the *momentary* loss of life.

After this prologue and curtain raiser, the main actor comes on the stage: Hate. A better knowledge of the elements of which it is composed and of the way it develops might help to understand and even, now and then, to soften the great public catastrophes of which our time had more than its fair share.

Hate is an entity in its own right, not inverted love, nor a sort of counterpart to it; still less is it human kindness worn thin. It has this one fundamental condition in common with love that it cannot exist till the formation of an organized personality has been well under way. Before the stage of an integrated Ego is reached, the affects are too mercurial and not sufficiently bound together to be welded into a stable unit. We find in this earlier state outbursts of the destructive impulse galore, but not hate. Pure hate does not turn

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into love; the appearance of such redemptions is misleading. It can happen only in cases where love was present from the beginning, but for some reason or other had to stay behind the mask of hate — which a lover can wear with less restraint than the expression of indifference — and found an outlet by mixed affects and inconsistent acts. Finally the great occasion comes and the disguise is quickly dropped. Beatrice and Benedict are in love with each other all the time while they try their darndest to keep the secret of their passion to themselves and one another. That they fall into the clumsy trap, prepared by their friends, is not due to their credulity or denseness, but because it offers them a golden opportunity for ceasing to play the comedy of hate to which they clung till then in good faith, but much against their real wishes.

The change from love to hate is equally not so much a transformation as a shifting of emphasis. It happens more often than the opposite process, being founded on a broader, more general basis. The destructive tendency is always present, and any sufficiently arousing incident will fan it into downright hatred. This newborn hate may replace love entirely or in part, openly and professedly, or under disguise. It is not said that the lover must become aware of the change, but the beloved will not be long in doubt.

The accession of hate to love happens frequently

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when the desire is most ardent. The lover is oversensitive to every denial of ambiguity, every sign that his passion is not responded to by an equal fervor. The beloved one's coolness stands between his wishes and their gratification, interposes obstacles between the cup and the thirsting mouth. The hopeless struggle to compel a self-surrender that is not granted, embittered by jealousy, be it real or imaginary, leads to the feeling of relentless frustration in those whose love is incapable of self-abandon. The way he clears his throat, blows his nose, smiles and snickers, seems a crime in itself. Hence hate becomes sometimes the companion and fellow-traveller, the *alter ego* of passion, the shadow which eventually may engulf the flame.

Hate is not reserved solely for beloved ones — past, present or future: it also attacks strangers with perfect impartiality. Whoever stands in the way of a wish-fulfillment — "Off with his head," as the Queen of Hearts used to say. It is hardly necessary to dwell on the fact that hate, when once aroused, is apt to be tough and long-lived. Amusing, and perhaps more instructive, is the observation of the sudden flashes when, aroused by some passing, often minimal, cause, the destruction impulse flickers up and becomes focussed on an enemy of the moment. Although it may be all over in a minute, while it lasts it is genuine

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hate with all its grim denial of the adversary's right to live.

Such a target of hate may become the man who is at the ticket window, asking, we feel certain, a lot of ridiculous questions, while we wait in the queue, or the man who inadvertently trod on our corn, or the mailman who doesn't bring the impatiently expected letter, or the waiter who keeps us hungry and waiting for two and a-half eternities — in a word, generally everyone who stands in our way, be it literally or figuratively. Not that this feeling is always unjustified. The pleasure in causing frustration is for most people a welcome by-product of every refusal that they have to deal out. One of these stories which hide deep psychological insight behind a grin describes this beautiful human trait: Some hungry travellers come to an inn and ask the hostess to be served some meat; when they are told that no meat is in the house they demand eggs, cheese, finally bread, but the answer is always the same. Resigned, they depart. After a short while they see the shouting hostess running after their car. She is quite out of breath when she reaches them and just able to bring out the words: "I wanted to tell you that I haven't got peanut-butter either."

The amount of hate aroused by diminutive provocations is often out of proportion and, therefore, unpredictable. This is due to the transmission or

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inheritance of affects which are handed down from the earliest frustration through a long series of successors. Each new substitute or "image" may get it all, fresh and frothy from the tap, when it is absorbed by an actual situation which is apt to arouse the old feeling of being wronged. The question: for how much the substitute is accountable is but of secondary importance. In every living hate a long line of dead ancestors comes to life. Those on whose love and tenderness the child depends most are also the first and foremost to cause frustrations, deprivations, and jealousies, thereby arousing and perpetuating ambivalence of feeling—love mixed with hate.

Since the human mind dislikes looking at the long perspective leading back to the first hate, its infantile origin falls an easy prey to repression. The affect prefers to pounce at its object in the present; and ignores the associations which connect it with predecessors in the dim past. An unrecognized resemblance will produce a vague antipathy, which ripens easily into hate if any offence, even the slightest, gives the pretence of a just cause. The chosen foe gets the whole barrage of aversion. His mental picture is put into the rogue's gallery, but is not always kept there. When a new offender replaces him, the former hate is forgotten and even forgiven. (*cf.* Samuel Johnson: "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.")

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Hate is often camouflaged by high-sounding names, but it is not cast into so many diversified and whimsical shapes as love. It works more in the realm of facts than in that of fancies. A *Hassgesang* (Hymn of hate) is always artificial,—namely the song, not the hate. The wish to destroy or to cause suffering as an end in itself, without any further positive motive, is not an incitement for the poetic mood.

The only worthwhile distinction between different kinds of hate is the one of a higher and lower grade of intensity. When the affect is only a momentary anger, as against the man standing in the way, the provocation dies with his presence. His disappearance cuts short all further aggressiveness. "Keep the fellow out of my sight; I want to forget that he ever crossed my path and then I shall have nothing against him. Actually I feel ashamed of my anger," would be the thoughts, if they were lifted out of the stream of consciousness. This pocket edition of hate leads to the avoidance of the obnoxious figure; it feels perfectly satisfied with the simple solution of staying away.

It is otherwise with its big brother, the deadly giant of hate. He is not so easily assuaged and wants to trample down, torture, kill in real earnest. The removal of its unfortunate object from the field of vision makes no difference to him. The intensity of the affect is too high, the conviction that no peace can be found till it

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is gratified too deep-rooted to get extinguished or diminished by superficial measures. "I have hated all the night," as Bismarck, who, if anyone did, has deserved the title of a "good hater," once said of his sleeplessness.

Instead of trying to forget, the passionate hater clings closely to the object of his hate and keeps his eyes constantly on it; he is eager to know all the details of its life and everything about its personal likes and dislikes, letting his thoughts dwell on them with the zeal of the most devoted lover. He rejoices when he discovers a vulnerable spot which offers occasion for aggression, or an ugly trait which promises to feed his hate anew. He feels driven to nurse and nourish this major interest, which eventually becomes the content and mainstay of his life.

A wide choice of small, but intense, torments lies open for anyone who hovers near his victim and knows how to hit a sensitive spot, which even a mediocre intellect will succeed in doing when prompted by hate. There is no law against hurting sensitive ears with cacophonous noises, no protection against the disruption of every attempt at concentration by unnecessary questions or against spoiling a fine view by an "ornamental" fence. When the pursuer does not care for such crude tricks and gets up to the higher grades of moral torments, the possibilities become unlimited.

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Allusions, a few poisonous words, trivialities held together by a veiled barb — the list is endless; and everyone can add to it from his own memories of suffering. (The pain that we have inflicted is not so present to our mind.) The worst about these methods of psychic torment is that the Super-Ego inclines to be more lenient about them, and eventually can be induced to foster them by its solemn approval. They are easily harbored under the cloak of justice, discipline, truthfulness, or "a real friend's duty," or even as love and charity. "I want to tell you the truth," "I say this for your own good," "I feel obliged not to remain silent," are ominous figures of speech.

Hate, by establishing a close proximity, and lasting over a long period, forms a bond between the hater and the hated. To the motives of morality and the social restrictions which prohibit the destruction of the hatred, a new and very curious one is added. "You cannot eat your enemy and have him,"—and if you don't have him you cannot make him suffer any longer. In this case, hate must needs sacrifice its primary objective, and is bound to seek the preservation of the enemy instead of his destruction.* The intensity of the passion is not abated by this reversal of purpose. The result is a permanent union, a sort of marriage-

* This does not seem to be in accord with the facts of religious, racial, and political hatreds. "Off with his head" is more likely, as in the case of the typical Nazis, the wish, and, alas, its execution.

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bond, consecrated by hate. The best part of the energies are devoted to this aim so that the rest of the hater's existence becomes barren and empty.

Hate can perform great tasks in shifting the accents of life from one point to another, in dividing individuals and — this is its highest attainment — even in uniting and welding them. With its help, groups can be formed and cemented; in unscrupulous hands, it becomes the medium for shaping the mass-mind into a tool of destruction.

CHAPTER XIII

SCHOOL FOR HATE

To do a job in the most effective way, the first thing needed is to know exactly the right point for starting it. Every successful demagogue who uses the destructive trends for his purpose conforms to this rule and begins by founding a systematic school of hating. Once he has fixed the point where the prospective pupils are found wanting in self-control and rationality, under the impact of animosities, he can without much difficulty, induce them to take the first step in the desired direction. After that has been achieved, their power of sales resistance is broken down; the rest is child's play of "follow the leader." The momentous question is: What shall be chosen as the best subject-matter for the first lesson?

Man-hatred cannot become a strong growth without roots on the hard soil of reality. Unlike love, which gets abundant nourishment from fantasy, it asks for an object which is close enough to keep the emotion on the boil, it does not get thrilled by the "*princesse*

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lointaine"* like a lovesick troubadour. It is aroused only by objects which are visible to its myopic eyes and tangible for its clumsy fists. To love even at an indefinite distance is no obstacle, whereas it would be difficult to hate God consistently, because "he never puts himself in our way," as Goethe explains it.

The first lesson, therefore, must be an object-lesson, with the material for it on display in the classroom. A further condition: the object must lend itself to the practical demonstration of outbreaks of hatred; and since it is highly improbable that it will yield without protest, it must be weak enough to be defenseless. The best material will be a small minority which is, by some mark or other, stamped as different. The others, that is, those who stand aside and are not yet well qualified as pupils will easily see that they are unlike the chosen scapegoat and thus feel relieved, perhaps flattered. This has the added advantage that such minorities, even when the actual difference is minute, are regarded by the average man with suspicion or aversion. It is imperative to use already existing antipathies as the seeds of hate.

The attack on the members of this group must not be academic or in theory, but strictly realistic and factual. It has to be limited, not out of regard for fairness and decency, but because it would not be wise

* "Distant princess."

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to go with this first step farther than can be done without incurring punishment or sanctions of some sort. It is not expedient to begin by killing, but other forms of brutality and willful destruction are used freely. Acts which, under normal circumstances, are considered as repulsive, like desecration of the dead, are peculiarly welcome. They prove the wickedness of the victim by way of logical inference that the crime must suit the punishment. By these exploits, hate and its closely related sadistic impulses get just enough satisfaction to arouse the appetite for more.

It will be most advantageous if this minority can be brought into some definite relation with the enemies ("former enemies" they are called for the time being) who are hated, but as yet feared because they seem too powerful to warrant a direct aggression. To hit the sack, meaning the donkey, has always been a popular sport. It does not matter that the affirmation of such a connection is obviously nonsensical or self-contradictory. Masses form their opinions by affects, and are not impressed by the correctness of logical deduction. For instance, the Jews are accused as "the international bankers" and made responsible for capitalistic exploitation and at the same time as the wire-pullers of Bolshevism and wholesale expropriation.

The successful truculent campaign against the helpless minority becomes the symbol and forerunner of

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the promised triumph over the victorious enemy. His inertia and impending fall is proved by his failure to come to the rescue of his supposed ally.

The second lesson consists in teaching the reasons for hating. It would be a fatal error to begin with arguments. The affects must be well under way so that the willingness to accept arguments, any kind of arguments, for one's own side, and to turn a deaf ear to the opponent, is already established beyond doubt. The value of these arguments does not consist in their coherence or plausibility, but in their Simon-pure simplicity. They have a more important use than the mere ramming in of already formed convictions. They occupy the minds of the pupils in the pauses when direct aggressive actions can be neither undertaken nor planned, and hinder any attempt to step out of the prescribed track. They serve this purpose best if they are monotonous and endlessly repeated in a rhythmical singsong. Slight variations are allowed, but every evolution of their contents or closer adaptation to reality is banned.

The typical arguments which have been used by every brand of Fascism, may serve as illustration.

"*Lebensraum*"—our nation has no sufficient space for its natural growth, and, therefore, a right to take away some of their space from "decadent" nations which grow at a slower rate or not at all. Side by side

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with that, runs the insistence that not enough children are produced, and more are needed, which is pushed forward by propaganda, and, as far as possible, by direct pressure. A higher birthrate must be built up by hook or crook as a necessary means for "strengthening our people." This glaring self-contradiction is serenely accepted, and the real cause which underlies both arguments is kept in obscurity. It is: *preparation for war.*

A more insidious argument is the "social insecurity of the capitalistic system," as compared with the assured place every individual used to hold in the feudal or guild state. In fact, the margin of existence under pre-capitalistic conditions was for the common man so narrow that every incident endangered it. Flood or fire, epidemics and pests, drought or storm could bring ruin or starvation every day, year in and out. No protection was known, no help possible. "Social security" was felt as a general desire no less than now, but it was attributed to a better world, hoped for beyond the grave, but not considered attainable in this life, just as flying was an accomplishment of the winged angels in heaven, but not fit for men on this side of the grave. The new period of world development, initiated by the industrial age, whatever wrongs it has done to humanity, in other respects, instilled in men the expectation that social security, as well as flying,

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can be achieved during our life-time. With this expectation arose, for the first time, the general demand to have actually accomplished what was demonstrably possible.

For this logical and justified new program, Fascism substituted the call for the return to conditions when social progress was not even within sight, using a sleight-of-hand argument to draw the conclusion that in days when it didn't exist, its demands must have been fulfilled in other ways.

At this stage of the lessons, more and more insistence is put on the general malignity, impotence, and inferiority of the enemy. He is now no longer symbolically represented by a small minority, but comprises a vast, although not clearly defined, body of peoples. The expansion is performed by the simple expedient of calling all those who are to be included in this group the helpmates, serfs, deluded victims, secret masters, wire-pullers, or fellow travellers of those who have been already placed within it. The nature of the hateful qualities which are ascribed to these new enemies is not of special importance, but the purpose will be served best by "projection"; *i.e.*, by attributing to them what has been implanted and fostered under the disguise of some elaborate and heroical name in the pupil's mind, but in reality cruelty, brutality, sadistic lust. The plan of aggression,

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while one's own attack is in the process of preparation, must be most emphatically attributed to the adversary. Minds which are eager to assault will be well prepared to believe it.

The third lesson is on the subject: "ruthlessness — the guarantee of victory." Put it ahead of everything else, that is the first condition for winning all you want. If you let yourself be deflected by fairness, justice, or compassion you will never attain your goal. Stopping half-way for moral considerations is shameful and dangerous. You must have it fixed in your mind that you are permanently at war with your enemies, and that everyone except your fellow-haters is a potential enemy. If the time for open warfare has not yet arrived, you must try to injure your enemies' cause by deception, espionage, and conspiracy. If it takes him a long time to find out that he is already in the midst of warfare, so much the better for you, but it must not induce you to relax in your ruthlessness. You know that it is war and that wars are won by those who do not spare their enemies. "Follow your hate to the utmost limit and you will become the masters of the world."

The fourth lesson is on terrorism. The circle including the "enemies" is now enlarged to the maximal circumference. Everyone who is not strictly on the side of the pupils, or does not care to be indoctrinated

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in the same way, is a declared enemy. Friend or foe — no other choice is open: *tertium non datur*.* To be not a friend up to the hilt is equivalent to being a declared foe, who has to be given a taste of the blade, must be hunted down, tortured, killed, exterminated. The teaching is simple, and again not left to theory or speculation, but shown by constant practise of brutality. It says: "Get on our bandwagon and ride to triumph, stay off it and it will roll over you and smash you. Now choose — but quick, we have no time to lose."

A necessary component of this wholesale terrorism is the condemnation, which means forcible extinction, of any doubt or deviation, including the most personal matters that have nothing to do with power and politics (*Gleichschaltung*). The principle that everything must be answered by a simple "Yes" or "No" is strictly and universally maintained. Fascism vies with the most extreme Calvinism in its negation of *adiaphora*; i.e., morally indifferent acts. The motives, however, from which these two movements are actuated have nothing in common. For the one it is a moral and religious ideal; for the other an eminently practical part of their system of stupefaction.

Everything that lends color to life or enriches it outside of the monotonous code is banned. To look at a thing from a new angle, to enjoy an independent

* A third possibility is not given.

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experience is equivalent to treason. Human ties and relations which are not subservient to the one end are looked at askance. The family has to be tolerated, but with a constant reminder that all the feeling that it fosters has to be sacrificed to a higher purpose at a moment's notice — or else. Love cannot get much "living room" where hate fills every available space in the mind. No woman has any business to be charming, loving, and lovable. Her mission is twofold: Either as a birth-machine for the punctual procreation of children, that is, future warriors and haters, or as virago, who participates in her way in the only permissible activity of spreading and organizing hatred.

The fifth and last lesson is best expressed by Macbeth:

. *I am in blood*
Steept in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go on.

This last step, which irrevocably identifies the whole life of the hater with his hate, only looks, at first sight, like the obvious consequence of so many frightful deeds from which no escape is possible. It would be expected that the friends and lovers, the compatriots and co-religionists of the tortured and killed victims would use the first opportunity for their

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revenge; and that no profession of remorse and repentance, no belated condolence with their bereavements, would avail. But another, not so visible, yet powerful motive exists where Shakespeare's intuition saw it at work; and it adds to the fear of the avenger its more deadly sting.

The Super-Ego is apt to make trouble when the moral code which has been handed down from father to son, through many generations, is blatantly desecrated. The school of hate tries, in every possible way, to build up a substitute Super-Ego which is favorable to its ends and allows no other force to interfere with hate. This is done by putting the image of the wildest and most unscrupulous hater (the "leader") in the place of the old Super-Ego. The earlier in life this new ideal is superimposed on the older ones, the more assured will be the success. All the same, it is impossible to begin life with it. Nobody "sucks in hate with his mother's milk"; else he would starve or die of indigestion. Experiences of love and tenderness are among the first and foremost; and not all of them will yield to the cast-iron code of doctrine which is installed by force and fraud. In this way, the average pupil acquires a double Super-Ego. Although he may be deaf to the voice of the older one, when he is carried along by the irresistible whirl of victorious aggression, it does not cease to exist. A house divided against

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itself cannot stand, and when the Super-Ego should come back to power, it never could forgive and forget all that had been done against its will. The revenge taken by the punishing conscience would be more terrible than any affliction from outside. It would mean a prolonged torture with suicide as the only means of escape.*

The rule is, therefore: Do to others what you don't want to have done to yourself, either by the revenge of your victims or by your own revenging Super-Ego.

Those who have obeyed fully and without reservation to this rule are the perfect graduates of the School of Hate.

We have seen them at work.

* We have not seen this to operate among the Nazis.

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CHAPTER XIV

REFORMERS

The schools of hate show to the surprised observer how easily, on any average mind of the P. S. P., can be grafted the most ferocious bestiality; a peaceful citizen will be made over, step by step, into a brutal and extremely destructive monster. The transformation is, of course, more apparent than fundamental: certain urges which, under normal circumstances, remain as mere potentialities or kept under strict control, or, at most, are manifested discreetly by slight signs, are set free, aroused and united till they are strong enough to become masters where they formerly would not have found employment as servants.

The liberation of emotions that have been bound, gagged, inhibited, and repressed, is always a festive and joyful occasion. The most impressive of these triumphant jublations are those appalling "orgies of hate" which occur, after all scruples and moral obstacles have been thrust aside by a blood-drunken mob. When, however, the liberated spirit is not a blazing flame of

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hell-fire, but has warmth, steadiness, and a direct purpose, the triumph is less explosive, but may result in something productive and valuable. The mind is lifted out of its ordinary rut, and casts into the corner the familiar, worn and dog-eared sentimental book of rules and precedents. Old, long forgotten impulses, interests, and enthusiasms will then re-appear like long lost friends. Even an external change of surroundings may work that way. Wonderfully refreshing as these liberations of the mind are at first, some of them become irksome, after a while. The ordinary run-of-the-mill mortal is not willing to sustain the new endeavor, and the high demands which it makes on his psychic energies, for a long time. If he is not too far gone, he will, as soon as circumstances permit, return to his old self and slip into his accustomed protective shell. He feels as if he had been at a picnic-party: it was nice and enjoyable to eat for once in the open air, under trees and on the green sward, but he changes back from the pine-needles in the coffee and the sand in the butter to the amenities of an orderly household with a sigh of relief.

Some go not only for a picnic, but for life-long excursions, or speaking unmetaphorically, their passion or enthusiasm or whatever it is, has a profound and lasting influence on their lives. These people are loath to come home to the former way of living; and when

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they get homesick and try to turn back, a dismal surprise is in store for them. Their adventure has worked a transmutation of their personalities, which cannot find the road back to their old ways. The new channels in which their interests move, the ideals and plans for a better world, have no place in their previous life. They have ceased to fit into their places and feel at odds with the views and opinions of their friends. They look with a critical eye on traditional customs and conventions. Soon friction arises between their concepts of right and wrong, beauty, and triviality, and the rules approved by their neighbors. They begin to protest against acts as outrageous, which to the normal citizen appear perfectly natural and indispensable. They point out the harm done by laws and institutions which are obeyed as beneficent or venerated as sacred. They are becoming reformers.

Certainly, a disposition toward independence and rebellion was in them before they started on the career of a reformer. However, some special occasion — as the protest against the sale of indulgences for Luther — is needed to set their face toward the new goal. Something has to happen — it might be insignificant in the eyes of everybody else — which reveals to them their mission, and with it the beginning of a new life in a changed world when they have passed through one of the open doors by which their contemporaries are

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shut in. "*Fiunt, non nascuntur Christiani*" (Christians are made, not born) says the grumbler, Tertullian (*Apologeticus*: XVIII, 4) and the early Christians were certainly thoroughbred reformers.

The extent of the reformer's mission is limited from the start (except if he is a genius who is free to move to any distance in any direction) by the constellation under which he entered his new course. The same power which made possible the release (the rebirth, or the conversion, or the awakening) prescribes also the limitations. It fixes the utmost boundary, as well as the starting-point, of the reformatory move. The external events of the course which seem to be the decisive factors are but the material out of which the pre-ordained figure is contrived. Whoever has hitched his wagon to a star is bound to follow strictly its charted course.

All the innovations which the reformer attempts are variations of the same theme. They develop the purpose that remained hidden from him while it impelled his first step; and no matter how large the dimensions may grow, his reform will never overstep this line. To this definite renouncement of any move beyond the initial boundary is given the name of "*programme*." It condemns anything that transgresses the line for the width of a split hair; considerably more violence is used in the defense of this boundary than

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the dyed-in-the-wool conservatives show who are in favor of an unremitting standstill. The reformer will eventually be satisfied with less than he bargained for, but never with more. (Luther's intolerance of the *Schwärmgeister*," that is, against all of his brother-reformers who didn't stop exactly on the dot that he had indicated is a good example.)

The task of replacing outmoded laws, customs, and concepts by more modern ones is not only carried on by those who are prompted by their spiritual needs; it is attacked from a different side by another group. The members of this fraternity are not called reformers, but have, in some respects, a better right to this title, although they can boast neither of the purity of their intentions, nor of a programme, nor of a humanitarian purpose. Their self-expression lies in *direct action*; they are the criminals.

When the term "criminal" is used in the juridical sense, it does not serve for the differentiation of a special psychological type from the rest of the P. S. P. The accidents of the statute book and of formal logic draw artificial lines of distinction so that acts which spring from dissimilar motives and are due to impulses of a perfectly heterogenous nature fall within the same definition of a certain kind of crime. The law has hitherto been exclusively interested in the immediate motives of criminal acts, not in the far and forgotten

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past by which the peculiar asocial attitude of the criminal has been determined.

The sociological point of view is more to the purpose, but it has a regrettable tendency to beg the question. It takes for granted that, by definition, the crime is an attempt against social organization. Led on by this prejudicial statement, it emphasizes its destructive and negative aspects, and pays little attention to its positive functions as a factor of reform and progress. "*Aussi est il inutile d'observer les moeurs puisque on peut les déduire des lois psychologiques.*" (It is unnecessary to study the social factors, since they can be deduced from the psychological laws.) says Marcel Proust (*A l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs*, Vol. I, P. 119). We may trust to the words of this oracle. To bridge the great distance between the impartial observer and his object, no other scientific instrument is needed than the telescope furnished by psychology. With its help, the picture resolves itself into one of the familiar problems of interplay between the primitive drives and their lackadaisical management by the Ego and Super-Ego. The latter, in this particular case, stresses unsuccessfully the demands of civilization, the self-protection of society, and warns of the pressure brought to bear by the collective on the lone individual.

The criminal, like the hero, the artist, and the re-

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former, has loosened his ties with society through "individual action," and, like them, he has not, by so doing, severed them entirely. He retains his membership, and with it his Super-Ego, although the latter gets partly refurbished, partly dilapidated. There is an active influence on both sides: society trying to reform the criminal, the criminal occasionally reforming society, without asking or getting credit for it. Crime forms a part of every successive stage of civilization, and, therefore, deserves to be studied as one of its characteristic expressions. It is an incongruous and contradictory, but none the less essential, element of society, like the devils and gargoyles hovering on the roof of every Gothic cathedral.

Nobody lives "outside of society," just as nothing exists which is "unnatural," but an organism may develop unusual qualities, and an individual can bring to the civilization of his time a new and uncharted position. These variants will emerge every time when a person refuses to accept the inhibitions, imposed by the rules of his society, and throws their yoke off his shoulders. When the restraining bonds within him have been loosened and lightened, or, eventually, if they had no hold on him from the start) his hands are free to reach out for the things which he wants, and on which those who stay within the fold look with hungry eyes.

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He does it usually in a clumsy and uncouth manner, but when he possesses a grain of originality, courage, and character, his deeds invite some others to imitate him; they attract finally the attention of the crowd and stimulate its fantasy. The story of the clever thief must have been popular a long time before Herodotus told the tale of Rhampsenit. Our modern detective stories are but morally patched up glorifications of the same envious wish-fantasy; they legitimize the reader's fascination by crime, overlaying it with the interest in the solution of the problem and the punishment of the villain. Each incident of law-breaking and successful transgression opens the chance of a new and tempting way of opposing or evading the impositions of existing society, and thus sows the seeds of change and reform. At certain times, these seeds fall on prepared soil and produce a remarkable crop. Then the commission of some special type of crime will not only become frequent and habitual, it will, after a while, form a part of the "mores" of the socially approved behavior, while it still stands as punishable in the penal code. Such a double-faced attitude has been taken flagrantly and universally at the time of prohibition, but it exists, although not quite so celebrated an instance, and more by way of voluntary blindness, in regard to "criminal" birth-control, prostitution, homosexuality, or occasional smuggling. Certain privileged

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methods of illegitimate gains are a semi-official element in several lines of respectable business.

The criminal is not a reformer in the sense that he creates new ideologies or draws blueprints for a future better world. He is the pioneer of civilization who leaves the trim fields of legality and order behind him and goes out into the wilderness to do his spade work by himself. When in the natural sequence of events he is followed by the road-builder and the surveyor, when the legitimate settler builds a home where he had been hunting for easy game, these valuable assets, won against old restrictions and inhibitions, are the result of his efforts, but not of his intention.

He is a reformer *malgré lui*,* by setting an example, which, lawless as it is, may produce good when it is followed by others. In this way, the usurer who disregarded the laws which prohibited the asking of interest ("*mutuum date, nihil inde sperantes*")** became the advance guard of capitalism. Almost all enterprises of colonizations started with forays of plundering adventurers. The abolition of slavery was preceded by the "underground railway," which was strictly against the then existing law.

Crime is a new beginning, but not in the sense that it starts again at the phase before the first foundations

* In spite of himself.

** Grant a loan, without hoping to gain anything from it.

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of social life were laid. The criminal disregards the rules which stand between his wishes and their satisfaction, but he does not deny their validity. On the contrary, being a practical philosopher and no theoretician he approves and endorses them, as far as the others are concerned. He is a staunch upholder of all the laws which do not jeopardize him or interfere with his own activities. Against his wish, he instigates a reform movement when his unorthodox behavior provokes society to shake off its static stupor and to do something about it. Whatever this reaction may be, it is bound to make it likewise swerve from the beaten track. The new move may consist at first in nothing more than in devising more laws and stricter punishments for the obnoxious crime, but punishment is a double-edged sword since it always tends to repeat from the other side the act which it is designed to suppress. The undoing what has been done by a sort of homoeopathy leads to the universally popular *lex talionis* — an eye for an eye — or a crime for a crime. A corsair, *corsair et demi*. In the higher reaches of criminology, this primitive rule becomes unrecognized, but never wholly lost. The tenacity with which capital punishment is retained as the only adequate retribution for the taking of a life illustrates this very well.

In times of transition and social uncertainty, the close relationship between crime and reform becomes

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manifest. Anti-social acts point to the vulnerable spots in the existing order and arouse the conscience of those who feel responsible for the suppression of abuses. In this indirect, but efficient, way crime causes the abrogation of obsolete laws, draws general attention to the evils bred by oppression and reckless exploitation. It exposes the social lies and the conventional fictions in a more convincing manner than the theoretical reformer could do with all his eloquence. When an old system is worn thin, crime is the first to demonstrate that its authority is a pretense, and that the strength has gone out of it.

The close relation of crime and reform becomes an identity when the transition from the old form to the new realities comes to pass suddenly, that is, during a revolution. At such times, people have got to live fast and yet are unable to catch up with the breathtaking speed of the events like Alice running with the Red King. Bloodshed and violence are commonly used as means to keep the pace from slackening. Changes which otherwise would take years, or even several generations, are brought about within a few weeks. What yesterday was proclaimed as the final goal is today left far behind, a mere milestone on the road.

The first leaders in a revolutionary movement — and who are they but reformers? — are bound to over-

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step the limits of loyalty to the existing laws. Otherwise they would be left behind at the start. In such days, a head-on collision with sacred rules and hallowed conventions becomes inevitable. The men who attempt to break down the resistance of the old order and their followers appear, under these circumstances, either as liberators and great political reformers or as criminals and malefactors, according to the partisanship and point of view of their contemporaries. In the later stages, when the first reformer is supplanted by more and more radical leaders, the distinction between them and ordinary criminals becomes almost negligible.

On the other hand, the social value of the criminal is enhanced in turbulent days. His acts are still invariably dictated by purely personal motives without regard to general or altruistic tendencies. But they expand and grow, being nourished on the soil of wide approbation and are merged with the most violent currents of a violent time, so that the egoistic law-breaker, for a short time, becomes indistinguishable from the genuine revolutionary reformer.

This is more than a mere accidental and superficial resemblance. The way in which the criminal does his job, how he gets what he wants and meets emergencies, is a valuable lesson for those who have found their ordinary peaceful methods unavailing. He sets an example for those who don't know how to act in, and

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for, the new order. Toward the end of the Russian revolution of 1905, Lenin with a logical sharpness which provoked many protests approved of the gangs of hooligans and robbers because they were useful "to keep the revolutionary spirit alive."

Besides the groups which include criminals who become reformers in spite of themselves, and of reformers becoming criminals contrary to their intentions, another type of character exists, who is perfectly willing to commit crimes when occasion serves. This type — luckily a rare one — is set apart by his peculiarly unattractive motives. He is actuated by the sheer love for malevolence and practices evil-doing with the same disinterested devotion and self-dedication as a saint his virtue. Those who, misled by a certain trend in literature, expect these lovers of wickedness, for art's sake, to appear with the sulphuric halo of diabolic grandeur, will be sorely disappointed. These "*génies du mal*" are people of narrow minds, using petty means toward repulsive, but insignificant, ends — mendacity, malicious gossip, perfidy, low intrigues. When they dabble in crime it will be petty larceny, confidence tricks, card-sharping and — dearest to their hearts — blackmailing.

Their maliciousness is the natural product of an empty and impotent Ego that has not attained the faculty of creating any feeling of inner warmth. Af-

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fection is thrown away on them. It falls to the ground; for they are unable to hold and cherish it. The emptier their Ego is, the more it tries to assert itself with a faked feeling of superiority and self-assurance which, in default of any sound foundation, relies on this: "I can hurt others, therefore I am someone." *Noceo ergo sum*.*

When after a long period of lying and meanness, they eventually succeed in building up a following of dupes (toward whom they feel no more charitable and have no more human regard than toward the rest of mankind) their blind homage will puff them up like a toy-balloon. In this inflated state, they will stop at nothing. A small-time sharper made power-drunk by the devotion of an infatuated mass will become the most ruthless of tyrants. Yet, while his aims expand and stop at nothing short of the enslavement of the world, he will still remain the petty swindler.

The genuine criminals with all their cruelty and mean egotism are characters of a quite different order. Even the worst of them is distantly related to the tragic hero whose guilt consists solely in daring to struggle against the jealousy of the gods.

* This is, of course, a parody on Descartes's celebrated dictum "*Cogito ergo sum*" (I think, therefore I am) which ushered in the modern era in philosophy, and became the basis of all subsequent idealisms.

— EDITOR.

CHAPTER XV

NEW BEGINNING

*Where pretensions don't displease?
In children, they have the world in lease.*

*(Wo Anmassung mir wohlgefällt?
"An Kindern, denen gehört die Welt.)*

— GOETHE: *Sprüche in Reimen.*

Certainly, the world is theirs. Each of them begins life as a natural, true-born reformer. They open their eyes on a world of their own; with all parts and organs of their bodies they receive, and with the first working of their mind they assimilate, their own unprecedented, unique, personal sensations. Nothing has ever existed before exactly like this individual apparatus for the choice between giving entrance or rejecting new impressions which try to rush in through the open doors of the senses. So is the reaction to every sensation, the retaining traces and registering of the traces left by their impact. Theirs is a new world, built up from new sounds and colors, desires and surfeits.

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How does it happen that this constant series of fresh beginnings does so little for the rejuvenation of the P. S. P., and suffers them to trudge on in their old weary, well-trodden tracks? Of the original outlook, the new beginning brought into the world by untold myriads of children, but few traces remain. Little that's new — setting aside the idea of "progress" — is added to the stock of human possibilities. Technical discoveries have been plentiful, but the acquisition of a new order of emotional experiences, the enlarging of the borders of the mind are left to blind fate and fickle fortune. All this seems to lie somewhere beyond the borderline of human endeavor.

Part of this may be attributed to the biological inheritance which the child brings with it into the world. It seems to contain certain constantly recurrent dispositions which preclude wandering too far afield from the fixed pattern. Yet, the same element may enter into different combinations and out of the same inheritance are produced manifold character-types, fine and coarse, strong and weak, creative and destructive. The kaleidoscope of hereditary traits ought to show an infinite number of original and surprising arrangements; actually they are so few and far between.

The earliest impressions on the child's senses are unlike anything that happens later and not comparable with any other human experience. Light and darkness,

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smell and sound, pleasure and pain, and other simple sensations are the blocks with which it builds its world, all by itself and for itself, ignoring that other worlds exist. At this period, every child is absolutely original — a perfect creative genius, although within the narrowest boundaries.

It is a difficult enterprise to penetrate into one of these private worlds of infancy without a full regression to its level, which would defeat the ends of the observer. Everything there is so different that it would look to an adult like life on the strangest of strange planets. The best knowledge that can be obtained about it is not better than scientific abstractions and logical generalizations, founded on some of those traits which all infantile worlds have in common. We are bound to assume that at the beginning of individual existence, the distinction between internal and external, subjective and objective is missing. The experiences by which this borderline is drawn become the nucleus for the formation of the Ego. All its future development is rooted in the conviction that I and not-I, myself and the universe are two entirely different propositions. Many attempts are made to shake or nullify this conviction or to drown it in orgiastic ecstasies, but their success is imperfect or fugitive. The intensity of these frontier-building perceptions and sensations is probably higher than of anything experienced in later years.

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Over the virgin soil of the mind, the flood of the rising evolution breaks in and covers it by succeeding waves. The inundation starts from two different directions: inside changes, caused by the growing, by the development of the organs, by endocrine processes and what-not; and on the other hand, the pressure and attraction of the world outside, the discovery that of so many desirable things only a small part is attainable, due to the harsh denial by immovable facts and to the enforced obedience to the rules of correct social adaptation. The mouthpiece of the demands of civilization is first the nursery, then the family, and later the school; finally the various educational influences of life, by friends and foes, sweethearts and rivals; chance encounters play a not inconsiderable rôle. The internal and the external factors, nature and society, ought to supplement each other in a perfect coöperation. As a matter of fact, this coöperation is accidental, haphazard, and unreliable in the extreme; and it happens quite often that they clash and fight; the result of their interaction is the intricate and frequently enigmatic course which the development from childhood to maturity runs. To know exactly and in detail these internal and external powers is the main business of psychoanalytic investigation. When the "what" is answered, the question of the "how" remains: how does the process of prying open and finally demolish-

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ing the primeval mind of the child start, and how does it move on? How and when does the child's world lose its exclusiveness and originality?

The most powerful instrument for this purpose is speech. When ideas form in the mind, taking shape into words, its whole set-up undergoes a transformation; it ceases definitely to be "a closed system." Communication by speech furthers the recognition of independent non-Egos and puts them on a footing of equality, progressing from a comparison with them to an eventual partial or total identification. Primitive sensations are converted into verbal concepts, which can be arranged and manipulated, called up and dismissed by an act of the will. Immediate sensations are replaced by their sign-posts and signals. Logic prunes down the too luxuriant vegetation of wishful thinking (or, as Bleuler called it, autistic thinking) with its sharp and precise shears till they look like the straight-lined hedges in a Rococo park. In short, the primitive, direct, and purely individual sensations become overlaid by ideas and abstractions which are kept and conveyed by words. The strictly private world becomes indistinct, and in its place is put a social reality in common with everybody else as a practical basis for a general exchange. Trade in ideas is made easy insofar as their content can be reduced to the legal tender of words. Yet, this sort of conformity never becomes

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absolute. The traces left by the early impressions survive as overtones or undercurrents, faint but indelible. The red or the white roses which the child saw from his bedroom window makes a difference for life. The intruding words, which replace and destroy their original impact, become themselves the medium by which they are in some part preserved and saved from total eclipse. The *avant-garde* formed by the first words which the child learns becomes assimilated to the primitive mentality, like an explorer who acquires some of the habits of the savages. The child treats these words just in the same way as the rest of his experiences, and something of that quality sticks to them and their successors in spite of their servitude to reason and reality, abstraction and generalization. Where this quality has become extinct it can be revived by a certain technique of which the poets possess the secret.

A part of the mind refuses to yield to the encroachment of civilization and remains untouched by evolutionary processes and social adaptations. It pays for this gain by losing its *entrée* to consciousness, and by being cut off from all direct communications with the outside world. A time comes in every man's life when the bridges to this world are cut off, and the interest in it withdrawn so that the portion of his personality which is kept incommunicado can re-assert

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itself. The sleeper becomes a dreamer; he celebrates a joyous and sometimes anxious return to this childhood, to his own independent ways of feeling and wishing, of handling words and things in the old, sovereign manner. His creative power throws off the fetters of reality by which it was held and restrained. It forces the words to contrive in a few seconds more fantastic shapes and events, more "fairy toys" than his waking imagination could ever bring forth.

In this way, the P. S. P., all and sundry, lead a double life; they are simultaneously citizens in two worlds. In daylight, trying to become progressive and adaptable to reality, at night erratic and entirely self-sufficing. One half is a straight-laced and correct philistine; the other an incorrigible bohemian.

Now and then, but not often, nor for any length of time, the two disparate halves become concordant like hostile brothers walking lovingly, arm in arm. This is a most auspicious event, and all whose minds are strong enough to bear the gift of creativeness wait for it as the parched earth in times of drought waits for the rain that will bring back fertility. It is commonly called *inspiration*, and by this or any other name it is the life-giving centre for the liberation of the spirit, be it artistic, philosophical, or scientific, be it great and monumental, or consisting of nothing more than slight vibrations passing through the mind. The

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finest, hair-splitting logic and the most accurate experimentation remain sterile without the rush of primitive energies which, in their eagerness, care not a whit about precedent and rationality. This "new beginning" starts from a point where psychic acts have not yet been regulated and conventionalized by language and other straight-jacket devices; the road leading back to it has been kept open, and the power of the Unconscious does the rest.

Regarding the release of words from the barren servitude of reality, the poets are the true heirs of childhood's "new beginning." That they delude otherwise serious people by making words play bo-peep and tag with each other — a game that is ordinarily called versification, is but one of their minor tricks. They re-invest them generally with their lost values in sound, in rhythm and rhyme, in modulation, in softness or hardness, in high sonority or melancholy cadences. By their skill they release all sorts of surprising faculties, as if striking sparks from a stone; in short, they transmute the dry timber into an apple-tree in full bloom.

Nor did the other master-builders and architects of the mind lag behind. They played with the cyclopic resistance of matter and with the stubborn law of gravitation till they wheedled out of them order and liberty, grace and beauty. Each of the arts went its own

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way to substitute for the commonplace reality some fragment of the lost world of the "new beginning." The queen to whom the others bow in gratitude, knowing how much they all owe to her, is Music. Her building material is harmonious in itself, free from earthiness and heaviness. Music does not need to be refined and distilled, nor is it harnessed to the single-mindedness of facts; its free-born loveliness is not embarrassed by the burden of reason and logic of which poetry, held down by the use of words, cannot free itself altogether.* "*Es bleibt an Erden zu tragen peinlich.*" (A speck of earthy dust remains, painful to carry.) GOETHE: *Faust*, Part II. Music comes nearest to the immaculate conception of beauty, being like Ariel, "*but air*," and rises to every height accessible to human emotion.

Every child is a born king, but the royal robes and insignia are soon taken away, and in their place a hand-me-down suit, with a few individual fittings, are put on him. A few exceptional beings retain through life something of their royal splendor. Everything considered, it is all for the best. The private worlds have no exits and lead nowhere; if they were not broken down, they would become a cage for the growing mind. The world that the P. S. P. have in common has

* The author forgets about the rules and canons of composition even in modernistic music, of which musical vigilantes were ever zealous.

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at least the advantage of opening a wide perspective in the future. It might be a trick worked out with mirrors, but it stands before our eyes and gives us hope.

Since the conflict between the perspective of progression and the allurements of regression is never quite silenced, the result is that we want to push ahead for all we are worth, so as to reach, as soon as possible, the point we look back on and wish to be children again.

CHAPTER XVI

THE PATH TO THE TREE OF LIFE

Like most people, when they have to perform, half-heartedly, a tedious and not very urgent task, I used to expostulate about it with myself. On such occasions my customary reflection is: "Why work for the fellow who will stand in your shoes tomorrow? Let him do his own chores! The only 'thank-you' you get from him will be a condescending smile. The chances are that he will consider himself immensely superior and take this as a proof that you are a simpleton who had nothing better to do."

A similar aversion, as to my future Ego, I feel regarding my immediate past. This unfriendly and critical attitude goes so far that I have a strong, sometimes insurmountable, resistance against reading what I had written a day or two before. This disappears after a longer interval, when the lapse of time has relieved the tension between the two successive embodiments of myself. Years later, when the persons I had been have become so remote that they appear as a

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unified entity to my present Ego, accidental meetings with the relics of a former self may give me a pleasant thrill, especially if they bring with them a faint trace of sentimental reminiscence. But the intimacy of close contiguity between the past and present Ego breeds, if not contempt, at least coldness and estrangement.

These little habits are not cited for the reader's delight in my interesting personal whimsies. I believe that they express something universal and common to all of the P. S. P. The forms under which they manifest themselves range from the pathetic to the moronic, from the painful to the comical, but their common cause is the insecurity of the Ego-structure and its unwillingness to be faced with the proofs of the make-shift, day-by-day changes of its make-up.

Wedged in between its immediate past and immediate future, and out of sympathy with both of them, our Ego does not find sufficient elbow room to assert itself freely and unconcernedly. The marks left by constraint and inhibition, by friction and resistance are ineradicable. Their typical consequence is the boredom which usually sets in when the mind is not preoccupied with care and worries, nor torn by desire or anxiety. It turns the longed-for restfulness and peace into dust and ashes. Instead, a beatific equanimity ("*ataraxia*" the Stoics called it), the piteous close past, and the monotonous immediate future dominate the

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scene. Life appears so wearisome at such periods that anything arousing and surprising, even a mere affectation, an artificial interest, becomes attractive. Children soon receive the visits of this grey spectre. "Mother, I don't know what to play!" is the first signal; later on the formula varies. "I haven't got a single dress I could wear." "Let's have a few drinks," are typical outcries from a constricted Ego.

The easiest means of escape is by way of fantasy. In place of the dreary past and future which surround the present, and overshadow it, are placed glamorous images on a remote horizon. Fantasy has the great advantage that it works backwards as well as forward. Reminiscences of the "happy childhood," castles built in the air to be inhabited in a vaguely defined future, mitigate and eventually remove the *taedium vitae*. But woe to the miserables whose fantasy is inhabited by internal conflicts! They become the helpless martyrs — and eventually the prophets and propagandists — of boredom.

An effective remedy, but one that is not to be had on order, is the birth of a passion which sweeps boredom out of the way as a conflagration consumes dry leaves before it; past, present and future are illuminated by its flames. When passion is burnt out, its smouldering cinders will often be a great help to keep boredom out. Blessed are those who bestride a hobby-horse

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never to dismount from it. He who is unable to attach his emotions to a permanent object has to err through life, oscillating between dreariness and bursts of enthusiasm.

Hobbies, passions, day-dreams, reminiscences are all serviceable for the same purpose—to divert attention from the present self. Introspection of the mind, not of the one which existed long ago, nor of the blueprint of one that has been planned for future use, but of the insecure and timid fluttering one of the present, is an unpleasant task and not willingly chosen by the P. S. P. Most of us are like Wilhelm Busch's travelling Englishman who goes around holding steadily a telescope to his eye.

*"While I walk," he said, "just why
Shouldn't I in the distance spy?
Nature elsewhere too is great
And here I am at any rate."*

The sensations of which the P. S. P. are aware at a given moment, and which they call their present life, are, in fact, but disparate fractions, an imperfectly understood code of the signals emanating from the invisible source of their real life that flows, in an unbroken stream, from birth to death.

Of this, the true and veritable life, which is, at the

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same time, inextricably interwoven of body and mind, the Ego gets not more than passing glimpses as if glancing into the boss's sanctum through an occasionally opened door. The rest consists in distorted reflections from the mirrors of memory and fantasy.

Consequently the business of living, as manifested in the diverse affairs, concerns, perceptions, passions, desires, frustrations, and dreams of life, has not the character of a continuous transaction in which we so much would like to believe, but gets performed fitfully, and at odd times, in single spurts. The torch of life is handed over from each runner to the next one, but beyond that they care little for each other. The narrow present, cut off from the neighboring past, and uncertain of the near future, finds insufficient space in which to get squarely settled.

The unrest is heightened by a mask staring at everything human with the same inscrutable lack of expression — "*deadpan*" is its correct designation. Man's hairy ancestors had always taken their own existence for granted without limitations. The possibility of a world without them, a world in which they have no part, never appeared before their minds' eyes; their ignorance is bliss; since they need not worry about the inconceivable. But in humans, the notion of everlasting destruction of the individual has been thrust in such an energetic manner that they could not over-

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look it. Their eye-openers were partly their observations from which their intelligence drew, willy-nilly, conclusions by way of analogy; partly their own destructive drives, which were directed against their fellow-men, and eventually, by way of their guilt feeling, the principal source of morality, were in repercussion brought home where they started.

All this made man aware that there was a future which held no future for *him*. That he had seen his friends die, and at times had wished it, convinced him that he, too, might get killed — by his foes, including his close friends, and, ultimately, by an inexorable, impersonal fate. The constantly present notion of the reality of death and of the inescapable voice of his conscience ("to you will be done what you want to do to others") made it hard for him to consider himself as the sole exception to this universal destiny. Yet, in spite of these voices, he remained incapable of conceiving whole-heartedly an all-embracing universe in which he was missing, *i.e.*, to imagine a survival without himself as survivor.

In order to avoid this glaring contradiction and to retain the belief in his interminable existence, he endowed all his fellow-men with immortality, good and bad alike, so that he could acquire a title to immortality without seeming to claim an unlikely privilege for himself alone. In face of all beliefs and re-assurances,

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the ambiguity remained; and none of these auxiliary constructions ever found enough trust to overcome entirely the fear of extinction. This makes man still more unwilling to look closely at his Ego and to realize that it is not, and never was, a fixture, but is changeable and unstable from its beginning to the end.

"I am alive." Expressed in humble words, that means "I am an organism, and as such I am permanently in direct touch with life." But this "I" is impossible without including a body; and the body is not on speaking terms with the rest of the Ego. It gives to consciousness only some rudimentary data, like pleasure and pain, desire and anxiety, but in regard to all more explicit revelations, it is silent, or else it speaks the language of the Unconscious, which the Ego, unhappily, cannot understand. The direct contact with life, which is denied to the Ego by the subsoil from which it draws all its strength, cannot be supplied from outside. The present, immured between past and future, can become aware of its own life only in snatches. More often than not, it is like "the hand that digs for treasures and is glad when it finds earthworms." Fantasy and memory try their best to supplant the present, but theirs is a circuitous route which brings those who trust it too much out of touch with life, instead of giving them its essence. The question which stands before us is one which our forefathers for many, many centuries formu-

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lated in the language of their mythology: "Where lies the path leading to the tree of life?" (*Derekh eytz hakhayim.*)*

Ecstasy, the concentration of life, seems the best approach. The hope survived that life, reaching its orgiastic peak, would use this highest moment, before it plunges itself into the abyss of nonentity, for the attainment of perfect self-awareness. But, alas, such is not the case. The higher the flame of passion mounts, the more dimmed becomes the light of consciousness. At the moment when life throws away all its veils, and exposes itself in undisguised nakedness, the mind's eyes are stricken with blindness. No mortal eye will ever see Isis, the great mother, in the splendor of her nudity. When the eyes are opened again, the ecstasy has ended in self-extinction; and instead of the blinding light of life, they perceive the sombre shadow-play of death.

There is another indirect approach which has nothing in common with the wild onrush by which ecstasy breaks down all obstacles and blots out the distance between the higher levels of the mind and the lower ones, between sublimity and sensuality; but in its quiet and unobtrusive way it is one of the few effective consolations for the ills of the flesh and the spirit. We

* The author here uses the Hebrew, because of the Biblical setting.

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have for that the guarantee and the express testimonials of two truly great man, each as unlike to the other as possible: Goethe and Proust. "In the colors of its reflected radiance, we hold life." (*"Am farbigen Abglanz haben wir das Leben,"* (Faust, Second Part). Proust is more explicit in *A la Recherche du Temps perdu*,"—which I would translate, "On the search for the repressed"—(Vol. II, P. 16). "At the same time, in the present and in the past, real without being tangible, ideal without being abstract, the permanent and habitually hidden essence of things finds itself liberated, and our true self that sometimes for long stretches of our life seemed dead, but was not, wakes up and is animated by receiving the heavenly nourishment. . . ." *

This happens when, be it by accident or by the grace of one of the higher powers, the strife and antipathy between the present and its neighbors, the past and the future, is stilled. The present moment, now undaunted by the antipathy against the past and the anxiety instilled by the future, expands freely and securely. Its expansion is infinite — not into eternity, but into timelessness. Life and the Ego, which ordinarily rush past

* "*A la fois, dans le présent et dans le passé, réels sans être actuels, idéaux sans être abstraits, aussitôt l'essence permanente et habituellement cachée des choses se trouve libérée et notre vrai moi qui parfois depuis longtemps semblait mort, mais ne l'était pas autrement, s'éveille, s'anime en recevant la céleste nourriture . . .*"

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each other in opposite directions, meet and stop and stand still, eye to eye. They are both at rest, not as at a movie when the projecting apparatus gets jammed, but as if the great Sabbath of eternal peace had already begun.

Every great gift of the gods is fraught with dangers, and this is no exception. Life at a standstill means the same thing as life beyond its orgiastic climax: death. Life, when it approaches its fulfillment, brings with it, as its finest aroma, the foretaste of death. That is the meaning of "*The irony of fate.*"

There exists another, not quite so exceptional, situation in which life's conflicts are not extinguished, but at least their glare is dimmed to an agreeable twilight. This gentle benefactor, who deserves the name of a blessing in disguise, is *Old Age*. This sounds paradoxical since old age, not without reason, is decried as cold and dry, monotonous and ill-humored, far removed from the fresh springs of life. But there are exceptions: those who are able to enjoy something else than the pleasures of mating, eating, drinking, etc., and the elation bestowed by the harmonious functions of their muscles and their organs can see the days of their youth glide away without too much regret. To be young includes certain obligations; and they feel relieved when these are lifted and they are no longer in duty bound to be energetic, aspiring, amorous or

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heroic. They don't become annoyed and cross-grained when they are growing old, and their minds welcome the new and last stage of their existence.

The foreknowledge of an impending departure, if it means a removal for a long time or, still better, forever, gives to old surroundings a new freshness, a revival of interest. What, for a long while past, had been stale and ordinary becomes meaningful, attractive, endowed with a new beauty, when the time draws near to say farewell to it. Looking at things for the last time puts them in a perspective which reveals a new outline, imbues them with a charm that they did not possess before.

This is one of the benefits old age bestows on sensitive souls; its value is enhanced by a curious, contradictory circumstance, *viz.*, together with the awareness of the impending departure comes the feeling that the stretch of time lying ahead is extending instead of shortening. The epoch of the final leave-taking, engrossed by the loveliness of life which, at all other times, is hidden behind harsh actualities, is free from rush and hurry. Time is an altogether subjective experience, independent of clock and calendar. Mechanical devices are meaningless when the inner time-sense contradicts them.

This sense registers, in earlier years, the impetuosity of youth which dashes forth in haste and, therefore,

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feels time scurrying past it at high speed. While the mind is troubled by passionate wishes, entrancing prospects and illusions, it feels convinced that their realization is quite near, almost within grasp. Since the mind's vision is mostly unable to reach beyond its wishes, the time perspective, although frequently changing, always stays, under these conditions, at short range. Pressing, and often contradictory, aims crowd the near future and blot out everything lying beyond them.

Another advantage: The sharp sting of conscience and self-criticism loses much of its power for tormenting. Knowing that it is now too late to mend, the wisdom of old age can afford to become indulgent without being complacent in regard to its frailties and failures. The Ego accepts finally its limitations. To this indulgence toward oneself is added the forgiving spirit toward all former enemies: that they have either died or grown old is a sufficient revenge.

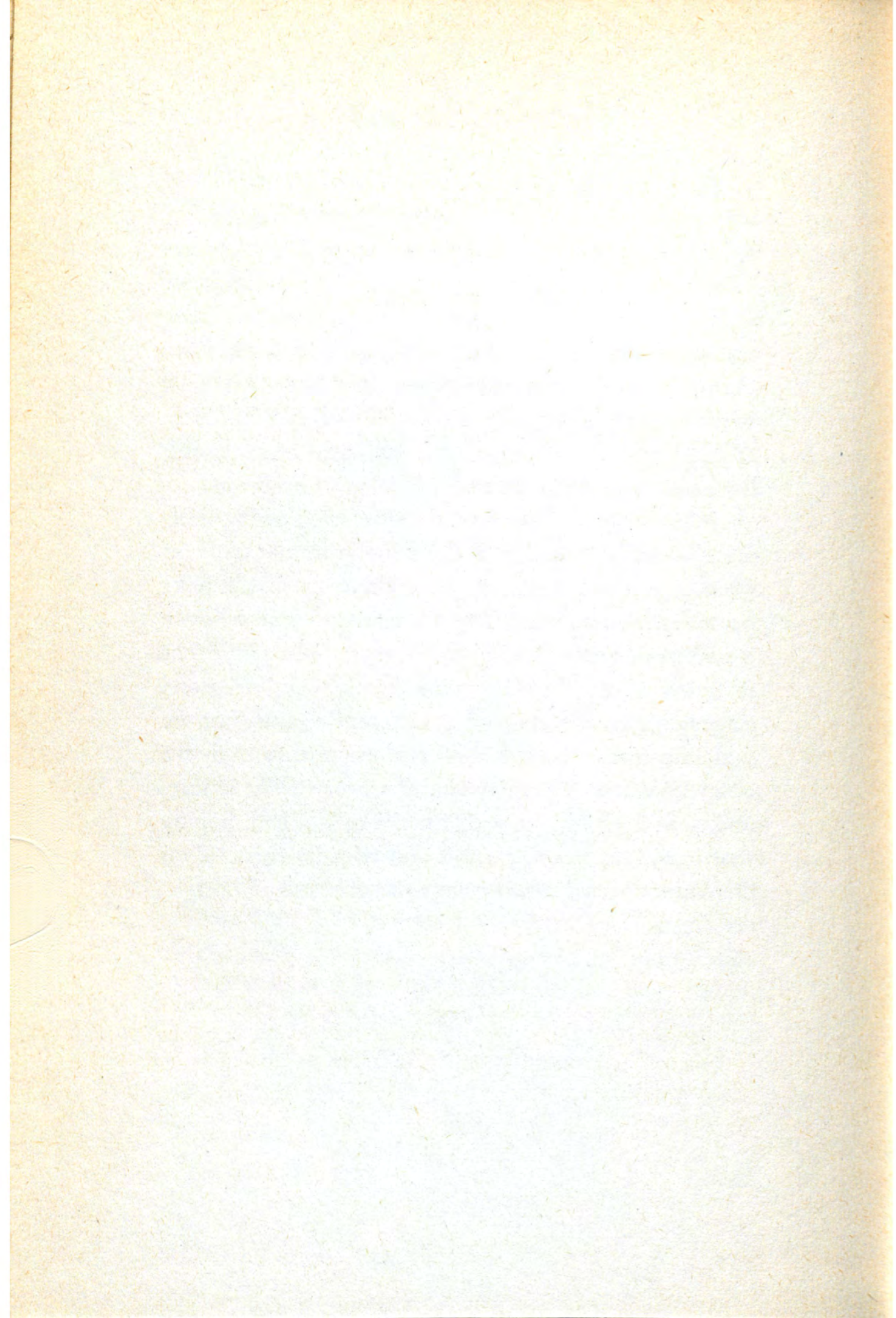
Moreover, old age has learned that hurrying too eagerly after a fulfillment is apt to rob it of the illusions by which it was surrounded and lent it glamour. Self-control, generally, is made easier by the diminution of pressure on the part of the instinctual urges. The cruel idols, such as lust and domination, which devoured the good life and insatiably insisted on sacrifices at their altar, become less formidable. From giants they shrink to toy figures.

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The best part of any party is its end. The hustling and bustling is over. No more empty flirtations, no hollow compliments, no shrill laughter. The lights are lowered to a pleasant dimness. In our easy-chair we ruminate how it all happened — what people said to us, and about us, and what we thought of them. Even the painful reminiscences lose their bitterness now when they are used as a means for one end and aim: to get a look at our life — not backwards, nor forward, but as an indivisible entity.

It is shown to us in the light of growing self-detachment as through a thinning mist, not only as what it was, or ought to have been, or might have been, but also as what it was bound to be because we were just this sort of a human creature. We admit that it failed to be the fairy tale, heroic epic, or grand tragedy which we planned at different epochs, but we find it a truer expression of our personality than we ever thought. We enjoy our discovery with leisure, and, leaning back, we wait for the call to bed, hoping that it will be given by a soft and friendly voice. Thus the forerunner of death brings the message of life.





A SIMPLIFIED GLOSSARY FOR THE LAY READER

PREPARED BY A. A. ROBACK

Note: The following terms represent only such as are found in Dr. Sachs's book and are not fully explained in the text. In describing this as a *simplified* glossary, I am cautioning the reader that the definitions, which in most psychiatric and psychoanalytic books are rigid, are here treated with some latitude; for I find that generally the highly technical definitions are too abstract to be of any use except to those who are already familiar with the terms. They offer an excellent frame of reference disallowing any swerving from the prescribed course, but it leaves the poor reader of even more than average intelligence in doubt as to what the particular verbal construction means. If at first, it was only a single word which was obscure to him, then after the definition, the obscurity is diffused over a whole clause or series of clauses. As one illustration of a great many, we may take the following definition out of a purportedly popular account of psychoanalysis, designed for the general public: "*Projection*: perception of an endopsychic phenomenon as external and alien to the Ego." Correct as the definition is, it may be asked whether it is of much service except to advanced students, who surely know what "projection" in psychoanalysis means.

AFFECT — not to be confused with *effect*, is an emotion of considerable strength, brewed in the unconscious but without reference to the organic counterpart, so far as psychoanalysis is concerned. An inexplicable resentment is one instance.

Glossary

- AMBIVALENCE — an attitude consisting of contradictory emotions, such as love and hate, good wishes and malevolence, *toward the same person.*
- ARETOLOGY — the discussion or discourse in the realm of virtue and its external influence. Dr. Sachs uses the term in the sense of miracle-endowment as a result of saintliness.
- AUTISTIC (thinking) — wishful (thinking) resulting from strong personal striving which is uncontrolled by realistic or actual considerations, *e.g.*, when a struggling author receives a testimonial from a pseudo-literary society angling for monetary contributions, and thinks at once that his genius has at long last been recognized, and moreover, expects others to treat him as such.
- EGO — in psychoanalysis, *not to be identified with conceit* or self-aggrandizement, or domination, but representing the realistic side of our mental make-up, and coinciding with the ambitious or professional or esteem-seeking part of us; the governing control in us which usually aims to steer a middle course between the ID and the SUPEREGO (*consult on another page*).
- FANTASY (Phantasy) — the mechanism or dynamism in the unconscious which develops imagery in reference to our wishes and drives, often transforming the objects seen, heard, or touched into ideal forms, or (occasionally) into something much worse than the actual or objective facts warrant.
- GUILT COMPLEX — the source of guilt-feeling or other such manifestation, *e.g.*, anxiety, tension, obsession, due to the urge for gratifying repressed wishes; and kept alive by the activity of the SUPEREGO.
- ID — the reservoir of primitive and unorganized impulses (in the mind) which society frowns upon, and which the EGO,

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with the help of the SUPEREGO, as the individual develops, tames and checks (See *Ego* and *Superego*).

IDENTIFICATION — the wishful linking of oneself with someone thought to be of superior merit (the child's father or teacher, or an adult's physician or historical ideal) to such an extent that the one assumes the manner and behavior of the other. The identification may also be of two people both of whom stand in some relation to the identifier, like father and physician.

IMAGO — any image of a love-object (mother, *e.g.*) carried in the unconscious, through life, in an idealized form, and affecting one's outlook and work.

LIBIDO — a craving which is generally associated with the gratification of the sex instinct but is of broader scope than the sex act alone.

NARCISSISM — the state of being "stuck on oneself" going together with an inadequate capacity for finding someone else to admire and love; a preoccupation with oneself, stemming out of an infantile "hangover" and leading to neurosis.

PHANTASY — see *fantasy*.

PRIMAL SCENE — the trace, in the unconscious of the adult, of the first sexual scene witnessed in early childhood, which, though forgotten, is held to be the cause of the later neurosis, upon a reactivation of the element, for the reason that the original memory, inadequately repressed, is waiting for a chance to "come to a head."

PROJECTION — the ascribing to others of certain traits, generally undesirable ones, which the individual wishes to annul in himself, and, therefore, does not recognize them in himself.

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PSYCHONEUROTIC — an individual who is held so strongly by the pattern evolved in childhood so as to interfere with adjustment to the subsequent demands of a new reality. (*After Hanns Sachs; see page 44.*)

REACTION-FORMATION — the appearance of a trait in an individual in contrast with something which was hitherto characteristic of him/her, and which serves to cover up the repressed remnants of infantile development: thus a sloppy boy may become immaculate or a bully at some stage turns into a protective youth, etc.

REGRESSION — the process of reverting, in adult life, to a mode of behavior indicating sexuality on a pre-genital (oral, anal, or auto-erotic) level, the theory being that sexuality passes through several stages, in the life of the individual, before it reaches the normal.

REPETITION COMPULSION — a tendency of neurotic individuals to repeat in one form or another, mentally, verbally, or through symbolic acts, an experience in the past which was particularly distressing, and which, in psychoanalytic treatment, is exploited to bring to the surface repressed material which is the source of the trouble.

REPRESSION — the process which causes us to forget *i.e.*, drives from the conscious to the unconscious, any incident which is distressing or produces an emotional shock; to be differentiated from *suppression* which is a *conscious* inhibition of the specific fact, whereas *repression* stems from the *unconscious*.

SUBLIMATION — the process, in the unconscious, of diverting the libido from actual sexual outlets into socially useful activities, such as art, philanthropy, religion, etc.

SUPEREGO — *not to be understood as excess conceit or arrogance* (a mistake which it is generally difficult to root out

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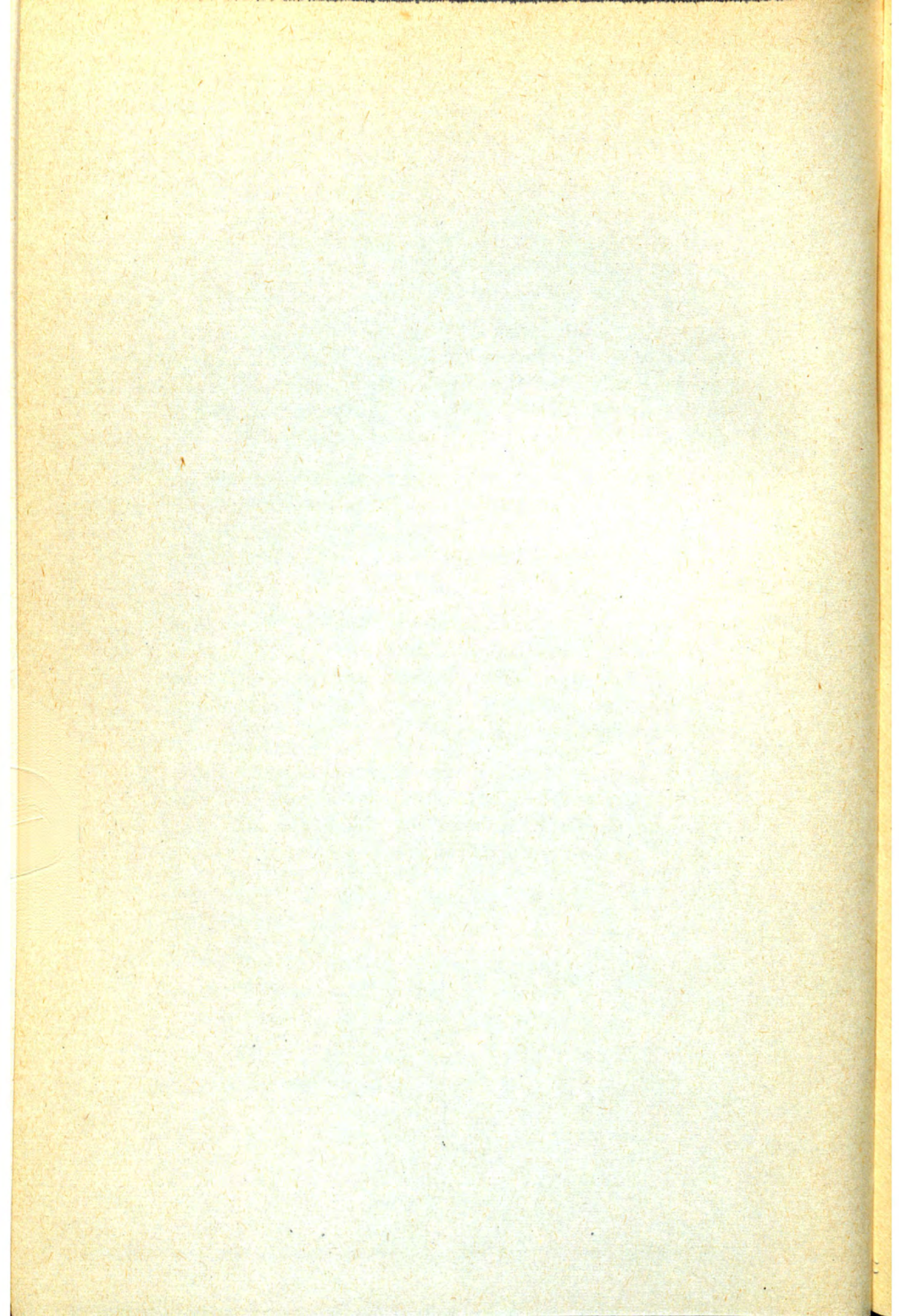
in students), but that phase of the mental make-up, akin to conscience, ideals, the ethical sense, which causes anxiety, pangs of remorse, or feelings of guilt when any impulse emanating from the *id* is allowed to be carried through, even half-way, by the *ego*.

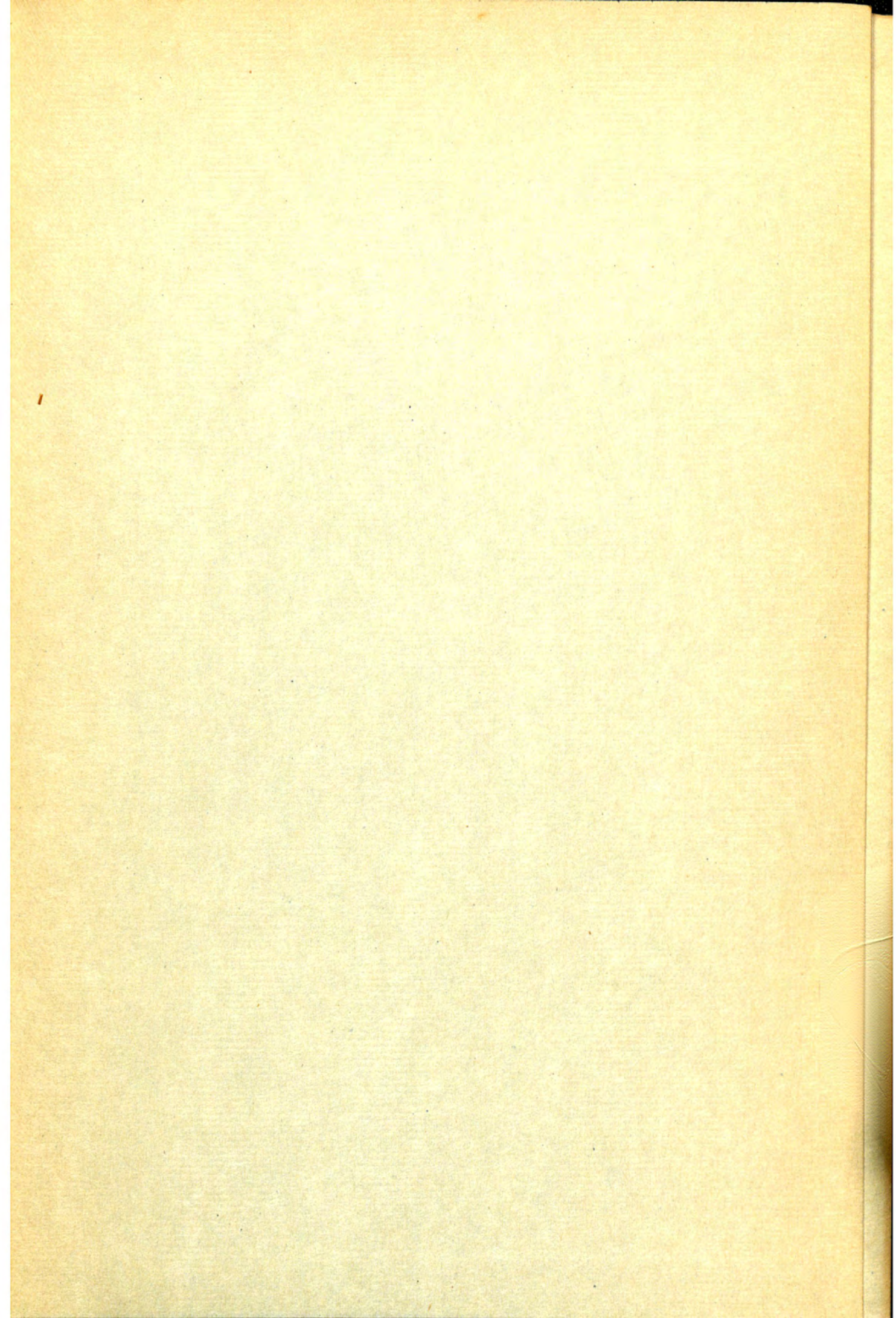
TRANSFERENCE — the process of investing the psychoanalyst, on the part of the patient, during treatment, with qualities attaching to one of the latter's parents, so that the particular unconscious attitude toward that parent, whether of love or hostility, is now taken toward the therapist.

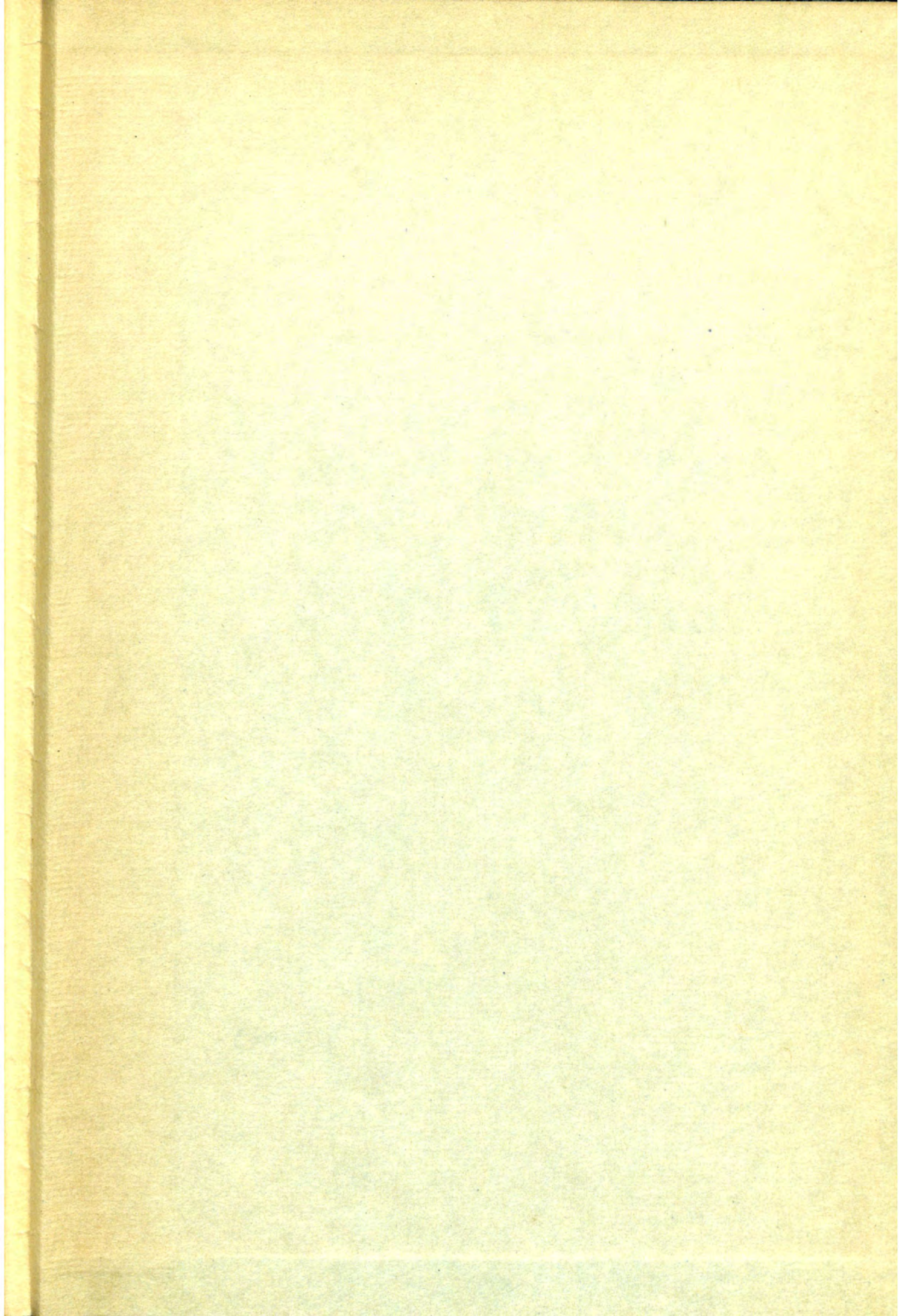
SYMPTOMATIC ACT — anything done supposedly without intention, but in reality determined by an unconscious wish, such as breaking a vase belonging to the in-laws, or accidentally dropping a loosened dress so as to embarrass the husband.

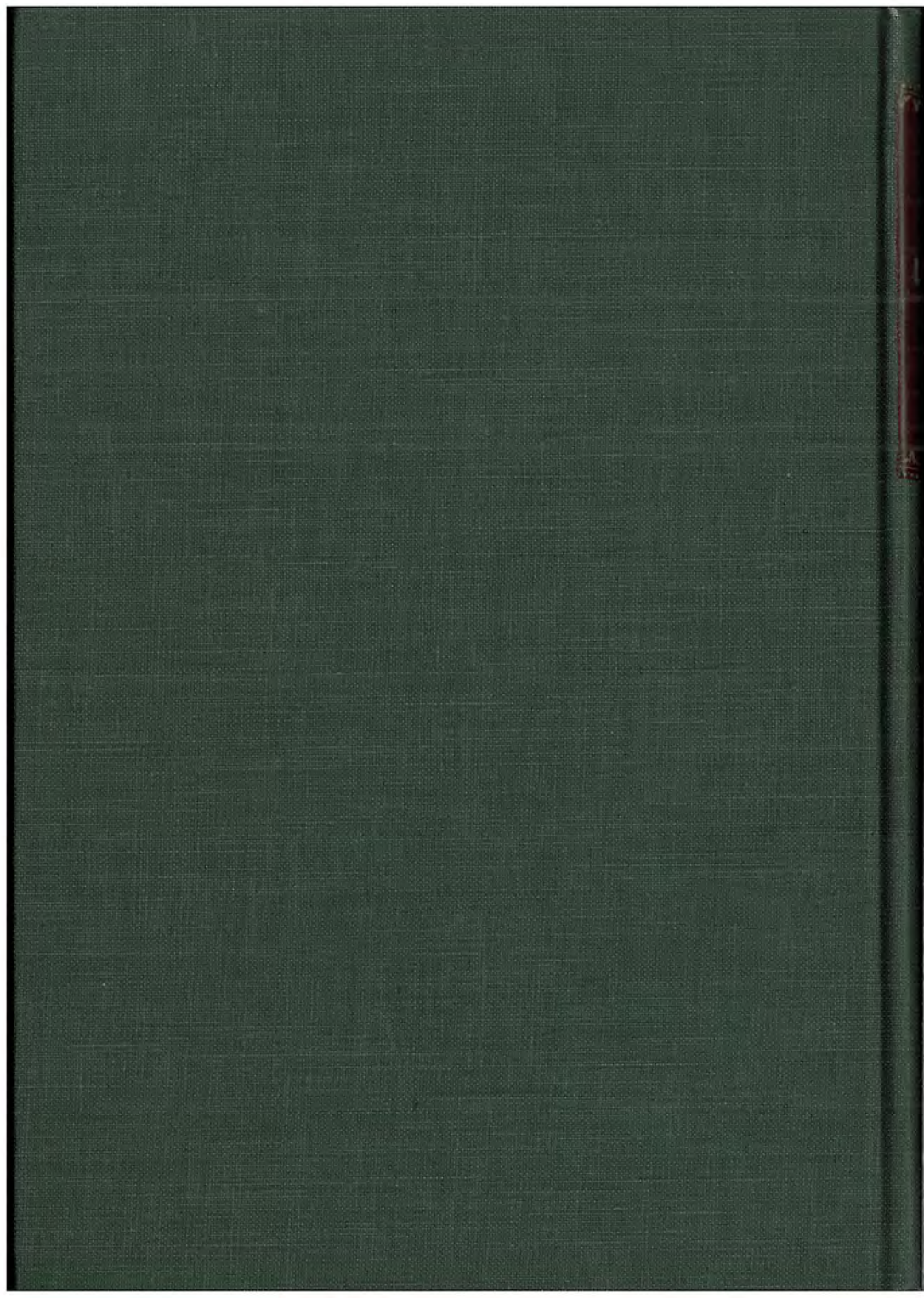
UNCONSCIOUS, THE — that part of the mind, *i.e.*, its contents, of which we cannot be aware, except through the application of the psychoanalytic method, and which nevertheless functions intensively, through various mechanisms, often with grave consequences.

WISH — a dynamic process in the unconscious which directs the behavior of the individual, through all sorts of devious channels (fantasy), in order to relieve the underlying tension but *not necessarily consciously experienced* as such.









MASKS
OF
LOVE AND LIFE

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A. A. ROBACK



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HANNS SACHS